DEPTFORD PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Deptford Public Libraries

CENTRAL LIBRARY

Lewisham High Road, S.E.14.

LENDING DEPARTMENT

F 84 Vol. I

Open from **10.30** a.m. to **8** p.m. on week-days, except **Wednesdays,** Christmas Day, Good Friday, Bank Holidays, May Day and such other days as the Libraries Committee may specially direct.

This Book must be returned to the above Library within 14 days from the date of issue, and is due on the same day of the week as issued. Borrowers detaining books beyond that period, unless a Renewal has been granted, will be fined for each book **1d.** for the first week or part of a week, and **½d.** per day subsequently.

Books may be renewed, on presenting them at the above Library to be re-dated, for a further period of 14 days, provided they are not in demand. Books may be exchanged daily, but two exchanges cannot be made on the same day. Books cannot be bespoken.

Borrowers are particularly requested to protect volumes in their possession, and are liable to fine or cost of replacement for returning books in a wet or damaged condition. Books must not be marked, or the leaves turned down. Borrowers should examine books when issued to them, and report any damage or imperfection, in order that they may not be held responsible for the same and that the source of the injury may be traced.

Borrowers at whose house a case of infectious disease has occurred are notified by letter not to apply for books, or return those which have been in any such house, but to retain them until removed by the Sanitary Authority.

Tickets are available at any of the Deptford Libraries, d must be renewed annually. Loss of ticket and change ldress must be notified immediately.

copy of the complete Rules and Regulations may ratis on application.

942

LONDON BOROUGH
OF
LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

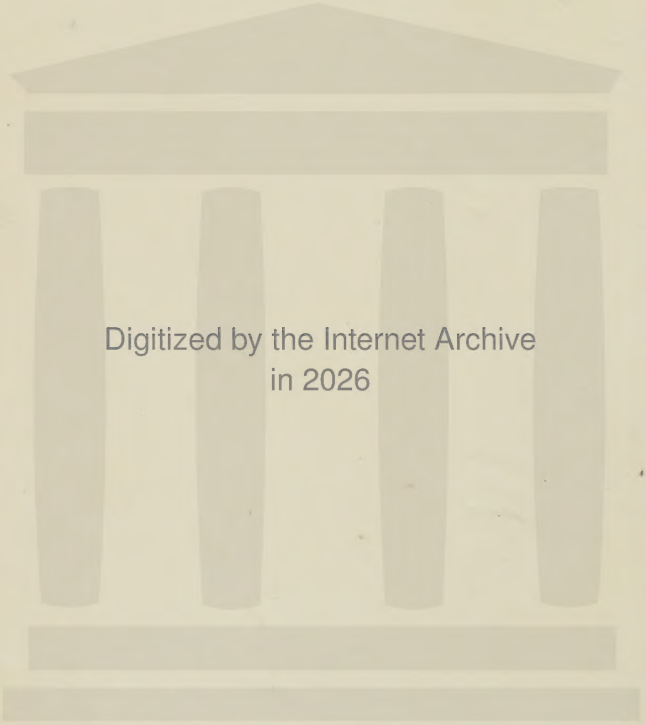
Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

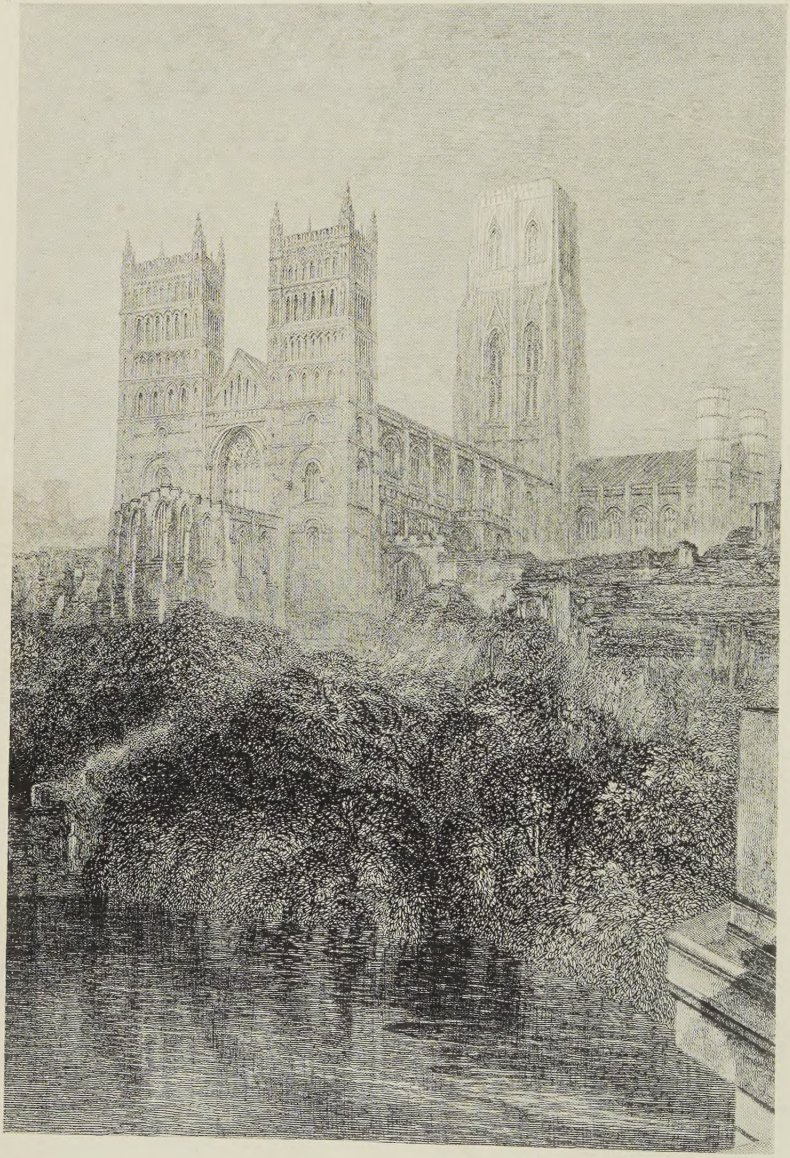
https://archive.org/details/countiesofenglan0001phdi

The Counties of England

Volume I.

GEORGE ALLEN
& COMPANY LIMITED
PUBLISHERS LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE

DEPTFORD
LIBRARIES



Durham Cathedral.

THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND

THEIR STORY AND ANTIQUITIES

BY

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A.

Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature
Fellow of the Royal Historical Society Rector of Barkham, Berkshire

AND OTHER WRITERS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PLATES AND DRAWINGS

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN AND COMPANY, LIMITED

RUSKIN HOUSE, RATHBONE PLACE

1912

All Rights Reserved

F 84
.5 Vol I

160CT31 B.

CENTRAL
12250
LIBRARY

PREFACE

THE genesis of this book is the long series of volumes which for several years we have been producing, entitled the *Memorials of the Counties of England.* Some thirty volumes have been published, with the aid of patient and accomplished editors and of skilled and devoted antiquaries, who have carefully studied the history and archæological remains in each shire. The main interest taken in our series has been principally local, each volume appealing to the patriotic residents in the county of which that volume treated. It has been deemed advisable to extend that interest, to widen our field of vision, and to gather together in this work the historical annals of all the English counties, recording their characteristics and touching upon those great events in their story which connect them with the history of the nation. It has been necessary to compress much, to touch lightly upon great subjects, which would require a volume for their complete elucidation, to give a sketch rather than to paint a complete picture. The sketch, however, has some advantages. It enables the reader to obtain a general view, and prevents him from complaining that he is unable to see the forest because of the trees.

The story of the counties reveals their individuality. Each county has a personality, a corporate existence, and this is for the advantage of the nation. It fosters local pride and the sense of local responsibility, and it diversifies a country as a whole and enriches the national individuality. The bane of modern times is centralisation, the tendency to rub off all angles, and to produce a uniform type of man and woman with all kinds of deadening and tedious results. Those influences which tend to develop actual sameness in custom, education, life, and modes of thought cause the national character and temperament to suffer grievously. Local patriotism has left an indelible mark on our national annals, and it would be a pity if it were allowed to disappear.

The counties of England furnish a grand subject for close and accurate study, and their story affords an illustration of the complex character of English institutions, and of the gradual growth of our social organisation. Their origin, development, and history show wide differences. Shire, or scir, signifies a division of some larger whole. When the Saxons settled in Britain and made it Angle-land, they formed their Hundreds—territorial divisions wherein a hundred men capable of bearing arms dwelt, which embraced several *hams* and *tons* and *stokes*, the original settlements of various families. Superior to the Hundred was the shire, which was presided over by a superior officer. Thus a diocese was a "bishop's scire." The shire was under the control of an ealdorman, an officer who is variously designated. Bede calls him *princeps* or *sub-regulus*, the Latin chroniclers style him *dux*, and when the Normans came

they called him *comes*[1] or count, and the shire became a *comitatus* or county. Before the Norman Conquest the country was divided into shires. The name county came with the Conquerors, but there was no new division. The old boundaries remained the same. The Conqueror did not attempt to disturb the existing shires, as Napoleon mapped out a new France. The shire-moots, or county-courts, were in 1108 and onwards held "as in King Edward's days, and not otherwise." He found the system working well, and he would not disturb it; nor would he suffer to grow up on English land a powerful race of hereditary and independent counts, similar to those on the Continent, who harassed France and made life unbearable in the Netherlands.

In Saxon times there were many shires which have not developed into counties. Simeon of Durham, as late as the twelfth century, states that in Cornwall there are six small shires, of which one was Triconscire. The great shire of York was divided into Richmondshire, Kirbyshire, Riponshire, Hallamshire, Islandshire, and Norhamshire. Why have these divisions failed to grow into counties? Why have we great counties like Yorkshire and Lancashire, and small ones like Rutland, Middlesex, and Huntingdon? Who mapped out the boundaries, and why are some of these so arbitrarily fixed, while others seem to have been selected on account of natural features, a range of mountains, or a prominent river? Boundaries that now seem to us artificial are old tribal divisions, the lines of which have thus been preserved through the ages. Some of the stories of the

[1] Asser is the first writer who uses the word *comes*, signifying ealdorman; and this seems to indicate that his book was by a later scribe.

shires carry us back to the time when England was divided into seven kingdoms. Kent is itself an ancient kingdom, the cradle of English Christianity. It was called Cantescyre as early as Athelstan's time; the only shire that retains by its name a trace of the old Celtic kingdom, Cantium, that existed before the Saxons came. Sussex was the kingdom of the South Saxons, another Heptarchic kingdom. Essex, Middlesex, and Surrey are all ancient kingdoms, inhabited respectively by the East Angles, the Middle Saxons, and the Germanic Suthrige people. East Anglia was divided between the North-folk and the South-folk of the Norse settlers, and in the redistribution of the lands, owing to conquest, sometimes included Cambridgeshire and Huntingdon. Wessex ruled over by powerful kings, the great West Saxon kingdom, at an early date divided itself into shires. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* mentions Hamptonscire (Southamptonshire or Hampshire), Defnascire (Devonshire), and Bearrocscire (Berkshire), and also the Dorsætas, Wilsætas, and Sumersætas.

Ecclesiastical arrangements also assisted in the division, shires being often the territorial extent of an episcopal see. Durham is the county palatine of the prince-bishop of that see. The division of the great kingdom of Northumbria is complicated. It at one time extended from the Humber to the Forth, but the Danes drove a wedge into the most southern shire. The Norman prelate held the palatinate of Durham, and Northumberland is all that remains of the once powerful realm that nearly extended its sway over the whole of England. On the western shore at one time the Strathclyde British kingdom extended from the Mersey to the Clyde.

Cumberland, the land of the Cymbri, is all that remains of that Celtic kingdom. Westmoreland, a lately formed county, was made up of two baronies, those of Appleby and Kendal; and Lancashire was not formed till the twelfth century, when the district south of the Ribble, forming part of Mercia, was united with the barony of Lancaster.

The old Mercian kingdom testifies to the mighty sway of its rulers, and included all the Midlands. Its original unit was the see of Lichfield, with the royal city of Tamworth, Mercia proper. But under Penda and other kings it extended its rule over Hwiccia, the diocese of Worcester, Lindsey, the country of the Lindisfari around Lincoln, Middle Anglia, and South Anglia. But when Edward the Elder conquered Mercia and drove out the Danes, the great unwieldy district was divided in the tenth century into shires, each shire taking its name from the chief town within its borders. Thus we see the beginnings of Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Buckinghamshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Derbyshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Shropshire. Rutland, part of Mercia, was not framed into a county until the reign of King John. And, lastly, we have the kingdom of West Wales, a Celtic realm, consisting at one time of Cornwall, Devonshire, and part of Somerset. But the Wessex kingdom bore down upon the rule of British folk and drove them westward, and Cornwall remains a memorial of the old Celtic power that once held that region, victim of the English onslaughts.

Such were the divers origins of the counties of England, which differ as much in custom and usage as

in size and shape. As we have said, they were divided into Hundreds, and these carry us back to the earliest German times, long before the time when the Hundred had any territorial meaning. But this system of division is by no means identical in every county. Thus in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Northamptonshire, Rutland, and Leicestershire, these divisions are known as Wapentakes. As these counties constitute the district occupied by the Danes, it may be conjectured that this term is of Scandinavian origin. Bishop Stubbs connects the Wapentake with the custom of the members of the local court resuming their weapons, which had been laid aside during the session. If we go further north the district termed in the south a hundred we find designated a Ward. In Kent it is known as a Lathe or Lest, probably a term of Jutish origin; and in Sussex a Rape, a name introduced by the Normans—so various is the usage in different shires.

Even the law is different in various shires. A thirteenth-century writer on the laws and customs of England, Henry de Bracton, says: "Whereas in almost all countries they use laws and written right, England alone uses within her boundaries unwritten right and custom. In England, indeed, right is derived from what is unwritten, which usage has approved. There are also in England several and divers customs according to the diversity of places, for the English have many things by custom which they have not by (written) law, as in divers counties, cities, and boroughs, and vills, where it will always have to be inquired what is the custom of the place, and in what manner they who allege the custom observe the custom." Throughout the greater part

of England in the inheritance of property the law of primogeniture is in force. But in many places the custom of Borough English, or junior right, prevails—*i.e.*, the youngest son inherits his father's property in case the latter dies intestate. I believe that at the present day if a man so dies in the city of Gloucester, his property goes to his youngest son. The same is, or was, the custom in Leeds, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Stafford, and Stamford, and also in many manors in the counties of Sussex, Suffolk, Surrey, Essex, Norfolk, Middlesex, in a part of Somerset, and some few manors in Hampshire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Hertfordshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Kent, Devon, Cornwall, Rutland, Herefordshire, Berkshire, Shropshire, and Monmouthshire. Whence its origin? It probably comes from some general race custom, and has been preserved by the descendants in the settlements they occupied. It shows the attachment of the people to the customs of their forefathers. We must look for its origin in Eastern Germany, to old Slavic lands, and to German territories which were influenced by Slavs, as the source of Borough English or junior right.[1] Another remarkable custom is that known as gavelkind, which obtains in Kent in the present day. By this rule the property does not go to the eldest son, as in primogeniture, or to the youngest, as in Borough English, but is divided amongst all the children. There are also other incidents, such as the right of the widow to half her husband's estate as dower, freedom from escheat for felony, and an infant's right to "aliene by feoffment" at the age of fifteen

1 *Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race* (T. W. Shore), p. 151.

years. This is the law of Kent. There are a few other manors in other counties where proof is required that the custom of gavelkind prevails before the custom can be exercised; but in Kent such proof is not required. It is the law of the county, and can be traced back to Jutish or Frisian origin.

Counties differ also in the style, character, and material of their buildings. Some produce good building stone; others are remarkable for their timber. Some have an abundance of clay for making bricks, and others have flint. Along the line of the great Oolite Limestone that extends from Dorset, through Wilts, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Northants, ending in Yorkshire, are to be found the grand triumphs of architecture, the noble cathedrals, churches, mansions, manor-houses, and cottages. The forests of Cheshire, Shropshire, and Hereford, and the south-eastern district, produced excellent timber. Hence in those regions we find the charming half-timber houses, with their picturesque gables and projecting upper storeys. The brick structures of East Anglia, Sussex, and elsewhere add beauty to the scenery. The modern habit of building cheaply, the easier methods of transit that bring slates from Wales and timber from Norway, and bricks into stone countries, all tend to produce sameness and uniformity. In olden times each county had its own methods of construction. Thus it was possible to determine that Somerset builders were employed in the erection of Wadham College, Oxford, from the peculiarity of the style of workmanship observed therein.

Though the schoolmaster is everywhere, and the tendency of the age is to obliterate divergences of speech

and utterance, there still exist vast differences in dialect. Before the days of rapid inter-communication, the variety of dialect and pronunciation was much more marked than it is at the present day. Even now a south-countryman has some difficulty in understanding how "Lancaster doth speak," and a Cockney would not be intelligible to a Somerset native. As Mr. Garnier states, "Here in the mother-land the rolled r's of the Scotchman, the gutteral consonants of the Welshman, the burr of the Northumbrian collier, the melodious intonation of the Yorkshire tyke, the accentuated z's of the Somersetshire peasant, all keep up the associations of a time when Picts, Scots, and Britons, Angles, Jutes and Saxons, Danes and Normans, strove for the mastery throughout the length and breadth of this island."

Customs, too, vary. Why should Devonshire farmers shoot their apple-trees on New Year's Day to make them fruitful, singing curious verses, and those of Surrey or Sussex be ignorant of the custom? Why should a dark man bring luck as a first-foot on the same day in Lancashire, and a fair man in Shropshire? Why should the Plough-bullocks perform a weird play in Lincolnshire and the Mummers in Berkshire, and other shires be ignorant of the custom? The whole story of English customs points to an immense variety of usage and tradition. The various breeds of cattle indigenous to certain shires constitute another break in our uniformity. Our Berkshire pigs differ much from the Tamworth breed or the light-coloured north-country variety. Cows and sheep preserve their individuality, though the tendency of modern farming is to select the best stock and not to preserve local breeds. Thus we had a century ago a

Berkshire breed of sheep called the Berkshire Nott; but it was not deemed a very satisfactory animal, and its good qualities were maligned. It was of great size, and its characteristic features were not easily obliterated in spite of much crossing. It had a black face, a Roman nose, black mottled legs, and a long tail. Its wool was fine and commanded a high price. But it has become extinct. A small breed of forest sheep, vulgarly known as heath croppers, used to roam over Windsor forest. But Hampshire down sheep, Exmoor, Dartmoor, and South Downs roam the hills where the native flocks used to pasture.

Even agricultural methods differ in various counties. In former days there were varieties of ploughs, of which the most famous were the Norfolk and Berkshire. I am not agriculturalist enough to be able to record the different species, but I expect each district had its own variety. Waggons still differ in size and shape, the East Anglian variety permitting the sides to turn on hinges and to be lowered in order to receive its load. The modes of making hay and cocking the crop and of thatching differ. You will remember that King Charles II. was nearly detected in his flight for freedom after the battle of Worcester by a country blacksmith, who was required to fasten a cast shoe on His Majesty's steed. He observed that the "three remaining shoes were put on in three different counties, and one looked like a Worcester shoe." And the blacksmith went and told his suspicions to a Puritan minister, and the matter got abroad and Charles was pursued, but, happily, contrived to escape, after other adventures, in the *Surprise* from Shoreham to Fécamp.

The character of the people differs largely in different counties. The late Poet-Laureate sang "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and if the exigencies to rhyme and line had permitted, he might have added Celtic and even Iberian. The anthropology of the English presents many problems. The tall, wiry, long-armed, big-handed, dark-grey-eyed dalesmen of Cumberland and Westmoreland differ widely from the "silly" Suffolker, the Cockney artisan, the Berkshire labourer, or the Celtic Cornishman. Even methods of sport differ. The Westmoreland wrestler is not at home with the Cornish hug, and the Berkshire and Somerset back-sword play would have astonished a sturdy Yorkshireman.

All these variations and differences show the composite character of the English people, and how England was built up out of divers materials.

It was my intention to have written these various sketches of county history with my own pen, but owing to the pressure of other work I was obliged to abandon the task, and I have readily availed myself of the co-operation of several of my colleagues who have been associated with me in the production of the English Counties' Memorial Series. I desire to express my most grateful thanks to them for the assistance they have so willingly rendered. I am responsible for sixteen of these sketches. The rest are the work of those able and learned writers who have so largely contributed to the success of the series. Owing to exigencies of space and its close connection with Wales, the county of Monmouth, which was not severed from Wales until an Act of Henry VIII.'s reign was passed, has been omitted. London, too, is technically a county, but the story of

the Metropolis is too large to be included, and we have already treated of it in two thick volumes. If any of our readers should deem our sketches of county history too slight, we would refer them to the volumes of the Memorials series, wherein the story of each shire is studied in detail.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

Barkham Rectory,
October, 1911.

CONTENTS

VOL. I.

		Page
Northumberland	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	1
Durham	By Rev. Henry Gee, D.D., F.S.A.	16
Yorkshire	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	41
Cumberland	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	65
Westmorland	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	78
Lancashire	By Lieut.-Col. H. Fishwick, F.S.A.	91
Cheshire	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	119
Derbyshire	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	139
Lincolnshire	By Dr. E. Mansel Sympson	153
Nottinghamshire	By Everard L. Guilford	177
Northamptonshire	By Miss Alice Dryden	188
Staffordshire	By Rev. W. Beresford, M.A.	210
Worcestershire	By J. W. Willis-Bund, M.A., F.S.A.	240
Warwickshire	By Miss M. Dormer Harris	260
Shropshire	By Rev. T. Auden, M.A., F.S.A.	278
Herefordshire	By Rev. Compton Reade, M.A.	309
Gloucestershire	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	329
Oxfordshire	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	346
Buckinghamshire	By Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.	368

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I.

Durham Cathedral (*From the picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*) *Frontispiece.*

PAGE OR FACING PAGE

Lindisfarne Priory, Holy Island 4
(*From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*)

Alnwick Castle . . (*From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*) 10

Norham Castle . . „ „ „ „ 14

Monkwearmouth Church 20
(*From a drawing by Wilfrid Leighton*)

Bishop Pudsey's Charter to the City of Durham, with the Confirmation of Pope Alexander III. 24
(*From a copy made by Christopher Fawcett of Newcastle, originally issued as one of the Allan Tracts*)

Barnard Castle . . . (*From a drawing by E. Dayes*) 30

Finchale Priory: View of the Church from the North-west . 33
(*From a drawing by J. Tavenor-Perry*)

Portrait of William James, Bishop of Durham (1606-1617) . 34
(*From a portrait at Lambton Castle*)

The Palace, Bishop Auckland (*From a drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.*) 38

Interior of the Multangular Tower, York 44

The West Front of York Minster in 1809 (*From an old print*) 52

Tower near Layerthorpe Bridge, York 60

Old House in Newgate, York 60

Carlisle Castle . (*From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*) 68

Penrith Castle . . . „ „ „ „ 72

Shap Abbey . . . „ „ „ „ 88

Silver Ring found in Manchester, 1907 92

PAGE OR FACING PAGE

Gold Fibula from Ribchester 92

Bronze Helmet found at Ribchester 94

Sculptured Tombstone from Ribchester 94

Speed's Map of Lancashire, 1623 95

Lancaster Castle in 1778 . . (*From a drawing by T. Hearne*) 98

Clitheroe Castle in 1753 100
(*From an engraving published by the Society of Antiquaries in 1753*)

Manchester Church, as seen from Stanyhurst, Salford . . 106

Lathom House, as it was before the Siege 108
(*From a drawing by G. Pickering*)

Liverpool in 1779 . . . . . (*From an old drawing*) 110

View of the City of Chester . . (*From an old engraving*) 122

Hugh Lupus and his Parliament 126

Beeston Castle . . . . . (*From an old engraving*) 136

Melbourne Castle . . . . (*Survey, temp. Elizabeth*) 144

Wingfield Manor (*From an Indian Ink drawing by Colonel Machell, 1785*) 148

Haddon Hall (North View) 150
(*From a water-colour drawing in possession of the late Hon. F. Strutt, shewing sixteenth-century Brewhouse, now removed. J. Buckler, 1812*)

Revolution House at Whittington 152
(*From "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lxxx., part 2, page 609*)

Crowland Abbey from the East 154
(*From a photograph by Aymer Vallance*)

St. Mary's Church and Hall, Stamford 166
(*From a photograph by Nicholls*)

Tattershall Castle from the South-West 176
(*From a photograph by G. Hadley & Son*)

Nottingham Castle . (*From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*) 180

Rufford Abbey . . " " " " 184

Sir Thomas Tresham 192
(*From a photograph, the property of the Duke of Buccleuch*)

Statues of Queen Eleanor, Northampton 197

Hall Porch, Kirby . . . (*From a photograph by A. Dryden*) 200

PAGE OR FACING PAGE

Triangular Lodge, Rushton 204
(From a print in the "Gentleman's Magazine" Dec., 1841. C. J. Richardson, F.S.A., del.; J. Swaine, sc.)

Ludchurch, looking North 210
(From a photograph by Rev. C. H. L. Barnwell)

Lichfield Cathedral, West Front . *(From an old engraving)* 216

Alton Castle . . *(From a photograph by Rev. C. H. L. Barnwell)* 220

Tutbury Castle . „ „ „ „ 224

Caverswall Castle . „ „ „ „ 230

Boscobel House . *(From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.)* 234

Norman Gateway, Evesham „ „ „ „ 246

The Keep, Dudley Castle „ „ „ „ 252

Warwick Castle: South Front 260
(From a photograph by Edith M. Garner)

Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, looking East . . . 266
(From a photograph by Edith M. Garner)

Stoneleigh Abbey: Gate House 270

Compton Wynyates: South Front 276

Shrewsbury . . . . . *(From an old engraving)* 279

North Gate, Bridgnorth . *From a drawing by Miss K. M. Roberts)* 289

The Guildhall, Much Wenlock „ „ „ „ 293

Condover Hall . . . „ „ „ „ 295

Whittington Castle . . „ „ „ „ 299

Ludlow Castle . . . „ „ „ „ 301

Buildwas Abbey . . „ „ „ „ 303

Lilleshall Abbey . . „ „ „ „ 305

Glyndwr Tower *(From a block lent by Jakeman & Carver, Hereford)* 312

Old Timber Houses, Weobley 320
(From a picture in the possession of F. H. Leather, Esq.)

Berkeley Castle . . *(From a photograph by R. W. Dugdale)* 328

Stroud . . *(From a photograph by Taylor, Campden, Gloucester)* 334

View of the City of Bristol as it appeared on the night of October 30th, 1831 346
(From an old engraving)

PAGE OR FACING PAGE

The Rollright Stones . . . (*From Camden's Britannica*) 347

Hoar Stone, Enstone . (*From a drawing by C. W. Hughes*) 348

Dolmen and Menhir 349

Font in which Edward the Confessor is said to have been Baptised . . . (*From a drawing by C. W. Hughes*) 353

The Ruins of Minster Lovel . „ „ „ „ 360

Old Houses and Cake Shop, Banbury 364
(*From a photograph by W. E. Sansbury, Banbury*)

Blenheim . . . (*From a photograph by Charles Vaughan, Acton*) 366

Milton's Cottage, Chalfont St. Giles 372
(*From a photograph by White & Co., Reading*)

Hampden House . (*From a photograph by S. G. Payne, Aylesbury*) 382

PUBLIC
DEPTFORD
LIBRARIES

NORTHUMBERLAND

THE history of this northern shire is one of battles and raids. The trumpet call to arms is ever sounding from the time of Britons and Romans till the last fight fought on English soil in the rebellion of "forty-five." Its name tells of a vast northern kingdom that stretched from the Humber to the Forth, and at one time seemed destined to rule all England. We shall see presently how it became dismembered, and reduced to the confines of the present county. The scene opens with the Celtic people holding the land, the powerful Brigantes nation composed of the two tribes—the Maiatai and the Coroniatotai. Their neighbours on the north were the Otalinoi and the Selgoouai, with whom they doubtless often fought after the usual British fashion. There are those who say that the origin of the great wall, those Four Dykes over which antiquaries have fought with as much ferocity as ever Celt or Roman strove, was really a tribal boundary between the Brigantes and their northern neighbours; but into that controversy and into the many vexed questions which are connected with the wall wild horses shall not drag us. Our space is too limited for contest. Tacitus tells us of the exploits of his father-in-law, Agricola, who marched north with his legions on his adventurous journey, and of the native dignity and courage of the Brigantes, who treated these strange visitors on terms of equality. In the summer of A.D. 79 Agricola came, and wishing to extend his march northwards and subdue the whole island, it is suggested that he built a chain of forts between the Tyne and

Solway, not so much to keep back the wild hordes of northern Picts, as to prevent these semi-conquered Brigantes from attacking him in the rear. It is noticeable that the forts are on the north of the Dykes, and not on the south, a position they would naturally occupy if an attack was expected from the north. Some of these forts were at Wallsend (Serdunum), Benwell (Condecor), Rudchester (Vindovala), Halton Chesters, Chesters, and Great Chesters (Esica), Birdoswald, Ellenborough, Carnovan (Magnæ), and Little Chesters (Vindolana). We can see the stone-built walls of the forts, the roads made, and companies of active soldiery, when the Emperor Hadrian visited Britain in A.D. 121. He marched northward and built the Ælian Bridge and a fort to guard it, where in after ages the great city of the shire, Newcastle, was destined to rise; and then set to work to construct, or ordered to be constructed, the mighty wall which preserves his name. It was eighty miles in length, stretching from Bowness to Wallsend, 16 feet in height, strengthened at intervals by towers and turrets. Mr. Cadwallader Bates contends that Hadrian constructed this wall not as a means of defence against northern foes, but as a dividing-line marking the limit of the Empire. Hither, too, came Antoninus Pius, and had occasion to pursue the Brigantes for raiding a neighbouring tribe friendly to the Romans.

Recent excavations conducted by Mr. R. H. Forster have thrown much light on the Roman occupation of this region. The work at Corstopitum, or Corbridge-on-Tyne, shows that it was the largest and most important settlement in the north. We should like to record all the "finds" Mr. Forster and his colleagues have discovered, showing a high degree of civilisation and a devotion to art; but that would require too long a space. Christianity had penetrated these northern lands, as a silver basin inscribed with the sacred monogram has been unearthed. Here and elsewhere altars dedicated to

heathen deities and temples, inscribed monuments, actual figures of Roman soldiers, articles in bronze, pottery, coins, have been discovered, revealing the character of the people who thus guarded this remote corner of the Empire. It was not always an easy post. Fights and forays occasionally had to be undertaken against the Caledonians or the Maiatai on the west. The wall itself had to be kept in repair, and Septimus Severus was obliged himself to come to reduce the northern folk to submission.

We need not follow the succession of Emperors who held rule in Rome or Britain. Life usually passed placidly beside the wall, heedless of the deaths of the wearers of the imperial purple. At the beginning of the third century some geographical changes may be noted. Severus divided the whole country into Britannia Superior and Britannia Inferior, the latter embracing the region north of the Humber and Mersey. This was later on divided into Maxima Cæsariensis and Flavia Cæsariensis; the latter, with its capital at Benchester, embracing the country with which we are now concerned.

At length the Roman power decayed, and the legions were needed to guard the central city of the Empire. Honorius, in A.D. 407, departed southwards with his soldiers, and Britain was left to protect itself. Fearfully the poor natives—unused to self-control and self-government; accustomed to be led rather than to lead; deserted, too, by their most stalwart sons, who had departed with the legions to save Rome—scanned from the citadels of the wall the gathering hordes of wild Picts, and for a while checked their progress. But all in vain. Onward came the relentless host, and with darts attacked the poor defenders, who fled before them, and upon the scene darkness falls, through which no ray of historical light can penetrate.

Two hundred years have passed away, and again the curtain rises upon a happier setting, when Paulinus

planted the Cross among these northern hills. Legends cluster thick about the wall during this period. King Arthur fought his mighty battles, if we may credit myths. The English came in their long boats from across the seas. Up the Tweed they came and formed their settlements, driving back the Britons. The King of the English, one Ida, arose—the Flame-bearer he was called by the trembling natives—who carried fire and sword into many a home, and welded the Saxon tribes together. He "timbered Bamburgh," we are told, "that was first with hedge betwined and thereafter with wall," and fixed his seat in that mighty stronghold on the northern coast that played so prominent a part in Northumberland history. His sway extended from the Tees to the Forth, his kingdom being known as Bernicia, while south of it arose Ella's kingdom of Deira —the *De ira* of Gregory's pun in the Roman slave-market. These English chieftains loved not peace, and the kings of these two kingdoms often fought; and once the Britons and Scots nearly drove the invaders back into the sea, and the bards sang the praise of Urien, Prince of Reged, and the victory of Argoed Llwyfain, and how the English fled across the sands to Lindisfarne, and the Celt triumphed. But King Ethelfrid retrieved the fortunes of the English, and extended his sway over Deira, until Redwald, of East Anglia, came northwards, and slew Ethelfrid at Idle; and Edwin ruled the northern kingdom and married a Christian princess of Kent, and St. Paulinus preached and baptized him in 627, and brought the whole nation to the foot of the Cross, though the conversion was only temporary. Then came the fierce Penda of Mercia, champion of the Pagans, and slew Edwin. In 635 Cadwalla of Wales attacked the defenceless kingdom. No king was there to lead the northern army. Oswald, of saintly memory, was at Iona. From the peaceful cloister he was called to arms, and full of trust in God near Hexham met the

foe. A wooden cross was the standard of his people, who agreed to become Christians if God gave to them the victory. Thus the battle of Heavenfield was fought. Cadwalla and his wild Welsh were driven back and the leader slain. Over Bernicia and Deira Oswald's sway spread, and he invited some monks of Iona to instruct his people in the truths of Christianity. St. Aidan came to be their bishop, and fixed his episcopal seat at Lindisfarne, that lonely rocky island, the cradle of Northumbrian Christianity. King and bishop worked lovingly together, and far and wide the light was spread. Monasteries were founded and sent forth preachers to proclaim the truths of the Gospel, and everywhere they found ready listeners and converts.

But Oswald fell in battle fighting against the Welsh and Mercians in 642, and troubles distracted the kingdom. Penda tried to overturn the faith, but Bernicia clung to the Cross. Bernicia and Deira were again rivals. Oswi and Oswin were preparing to fight, but the latter would not wage war against his neighbours and was killed. St. Aidan was gathered to his rest, but Cuthbert, the shepherd boy, was called to carry on the work. We have no space to tell of the life of this wondrous man, his vision of angels bearing to heaven the soul of Aidan, his holy, simple life, his love of birds and beasts, and his reluctance to become a bishop, his strenuous labours and his holy death at Lindisfarne.

In the meantime the tide of war rolled on. The scourge of the Christians, cruel Penda, wasted with fire and sword the northern land, until at last his course was run, and the swollen waters of the Tweed and the Bernician spears swept away his savage host. With Penda died the worship of the old gods.

There was strife, too, in the Christian camp. Roman and Celtic customs about the keeping of Easter, the shape of the tonsure, and other small details of usage,

contended with each other, until the Council of Whitby (A.D. 664) decided in favour of the former. But the golden age of Northumbrian Christianity had dawned, and produced men whose names were known and honoured throughout Europe. It was the age of Wilfrid, of Benedict Biscop, the founder of the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, the builder of churches, the encourager of art; and of Bede, the venerable, the saintly historian, whose glory will never fade. We cannot stay to dwell upon the lives and work of these holy men, or on their triumphs and chequered careers; nor to wonder at that wondrous triumph of early art, the Lindisfarne Gospels, which was borne away with the bones of St. Cuthbert during the Danish raids, and was nearly lost in the waves of the Solway Firth. Never was the northern kingdom greater than in the first half of the eighth century. There were troubles about the succession to the throne, but Edbert triumphed and established his sway far and wide, his fame reaching far-distant France. King Pepin le Bref sought to make an alliance with him, and northward his army penetrated till Dumbarton on the Clyde owned him lord. But the fall from greatness of the Northumbrian kingdom was rapid, and the chronicles of the next two hundred years show little but war, slaughter, and disaster, ending in its complete extinction. The great Edbert suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the Britons which shattered his kingdom. The Scots pressed him on the north, regaining much of their lost possessions. Corbridge, the old Roman Corstopitum, became the seat of the Government, such as it was; but kings weak and worthless ruled, were dethroned and murdered, or driven into a monastery. Amidst wild scenes of tumult and lawlessness stands out the figure of the learned Alcuin, a true Northumbrian, who carried the fame of the northern learning to the country of Charlemagne, and did good service in the court of the great king.

But soon, as if in vengeance for the depravity of rulers and ruled, a fiercer trial befel. Along the eastern coast appeared the barques of the wild Vikings, who came to sack and to destroy. Fierce pagan warriors defiled the holy shrines of Northumbria. Lindisfarne was made desolate. Hexham was plundered. Yorkshire fell entirely into the enemy's hands, and there they throve and settled, leaving the northern districts to work out their own destinies. An evil destiny it was. Crime stained the annals of the royal house. Kings were murdered. The see of Hexham was abolished; Wessex, with Egbert for its king, subjugated the northern kingdom; on the north the Scots pressed heavily upon it, and the ever constant Danish peril wrought havoc in the domain. We follow the wanderings of the bones of St. Cuthbert, and at last the crown fell from an unworthy head, and the kingdom of Northumberland ceased to be. Henceforth Oswulf and his successors were earls acknowledging the supremacy of Wessex. Wild and lawless were the lives of these Northumbrian earls. Such an one was Earl Uhtred. His wife was a bishop's daughter. After defeating the Scots who had besieged Durham, he abandoned his wife and agreed to marry a wealthy noble's wife on condition that he slew that noble's enemy, Thurbrand. Instead of killing him, he was slain by Thurbrand in the presence of King Cnut. Then a vendetta was established. The victim's son slew his father's murderer, and the son of the latter vowed to kill the avenging son, and so the miserable story of fierce and ungovernable revenge ran on, and law and order found no place in the blood-stained chronicle.

The Norman conquest scarce stayed the annals of crime. With justice, perhaps, the northerners opposed the triumph of the Conqueror. They liked not Norman upstarts, and when William sent them a new earl, Robert de Comines, who came in pomp to Durham with a company of knights, they fell upon them and slew

them. Fierce was the Conqueror's vengeance, and fire and sword swept through the land, sparing neither man nor maid, nor the houses of God. Vain were it to tell of the ravages of the Scots, who destroyed all that Norman rage had left; of the treacherous conduct of Gospatric; and then came Walcher, Bishop of Durham, to the earl, who was not loved, and when at Gateshead he met his rebellious subjects, they shouted, "Short rede, good rede; slay ye the bishop," and Walcher fell pierced with many daggers. Northward hurried the fighting prelate, Bishop Odo of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother, and again fire and sword were let loose on the land, and then the stern new castle arose nigh the Pons Ælius, arose to keep in awe the northern folk, and gave birth to the great city which now bears its name. Then the chains were riveted upon the unhappy country. Norman lord replaced Saxon thane, and the land had to acknowledge an alien sway. Malcolm, the northern terror, twice again descended upon the unhappy border, until at last he met his fate on the banks of the Aln.

But the northern air breathes the love of freedom, and even Norman earls perceived the infection. Robert Mowbray, Earl, rebelled against the Red King, who came in person to chastise him. But the walls of Bamburgh were too stout and resisted a long siege. Rufus could not capture the castle; so he raised, after the fashion of his age, a wooden fort nigh Bamburgh dominating the castle, and hence called Malvoisin, a bad neighbour. Still the garrison held out. Rufus returned south. The dread enemy, famine, began to stalk within the walls of Bamburgh. Mowbray heard that Newcastle would receive him. So he sallied forth one night, but the warders of the Tyne fortress refused him admission. He was captured by his foes, and borne back to Bamburgh, where in sight of his bride his cruel captors threatened to put out his eyes if she did not yield the castle to them. The brave countess could not doom her

lord to their vengeance, and gave them entrance. Mowbray was condemned to imprisonment. The Earldom ceased to be, and the last remains of Northumberland's old independence was swept away, the Earldom being vested in the English Crown. Lands were portioned out to the supporters of the royal cause, and hither came Henry Beauclerk to visit his northern shire. After his death David, King of Scotland, came to fight for the Empress Maud against Stephen, but the latter preferred to make terms of agreement rather than to fight; but peace was of short duration. Soon Scots and English were making the shire their battlefield. Wark was besieged, Norham destroyed, and David carried fire and sword through the country. Stephen yielded to him the shire for the sake of peace, and his son Henry became Earl, during whose rule the land had rest. Monasteries were founded which inculcated many forgotten lessons.

Henry II. was of sterner stuff than the feeble Stephen, and was not content to abandon Northumberland to the Scots, but made it again English ground, building castles at Wark and Harbottle and elsewhere to enable him to hold it. For a time the war clouds rolled away, save for the adventurous expedition of William the Lion, King of Scotland, which ended in disaster to himself, the King being captured near Alnwick in a fog when separated from his army. He was afterwards released, terms satisfactory to the King of England having been arranged. For some time peace reigned, but the shire was ever the victim of the quarrels between England and Scotland. On its soil the rival kingdoms fought. Scottish raids were ever dreaded, and therefore guarded against. Hence the shire has many castles. Besides Norham, Bamburgh and Newcastle, there were Wark, Etal, Ford, Chillingham, Alnwick, Dunstanburgh, Warkworth, Harbottle, Bothal, Morpeth, Mitford, and Prudhoe. Nor were these the only means of defence

against marauding neighbours. There were numerous peel towers capable of affording shelter, being surrounded by a stockade, and having an entrance on the first floor. Church towers were also built square and massive in order to provide shelter in time of need. Bishop Creighton pointed out that "the northern part of the country strikes the stranger as singularly cold and bare. There are no picturesque houses of any antiquity. The architecture is severe, simple and solid. There are scanty traces of ornament even in the few ancient churches which have any pretensions to architectural beauty. The reason is that for centuries the dwellers in Northumberland encamped rather than dwelt on their land. The villages are small and at long distances from each other." All this tells the story of raids and fighting, of insecurity and dread of attack. Nor were these fears groundless. We cannot record all the fights that took place, and can only mention prominent incidents. Nor is it necessary to recount the story of the great wars between England and Scotland that made Northumberland a battlefield. The match was struck at Berwick where the Scottish garrison set fire to some English ships. Soon followed the terrible massacre of the citizens of the border-town, and then the Scots descended on the luckless shire, ravaged Redesdale and Coquetdale, Hexham and Corbridge, and left behind them blackened ruins.

Edward I. at length conquered Scotland and secured peace for the border, but then Wallace roused the fighting spirit of his countrymen, fell upon the county and slew its sons, destroyed its homesteads, and plundered everywhere. Never was the unfortunate land in such a terrible condition. The Scots spared not either lives or Church's treasure, until at length in 1303 Edward's victories brought the county rest.

Then Robert Bruce renewed the war, and the feeble second Edward was a poor substitute for his heroic father.

Alnwick Castle.

He marched north to check the bold Scots, but on his return southwards the attacks were renewed and country laid bare. After the disastrous Bannockburn, Bamburgh afforded a shelter to the luckless king, and hostile bands of Scots and discontented lords plundered as they listed. The land lay waste for years. There was no security, and even a warden of the marshes ravaged the country, kept a band of outlaws, and imprisoned his neighbours for the sake of ransom. He was at length captured and hanged. Poor Berwick felt the force of the storm of war, and was besieged frequently and held stubbornly by the Scots. For thirty years the tide of fighting rolled, and was concluded in 1328 by the treaty of Northampton; but it was only a nominal peace. Private raids and daring deeds continued, and Scottish invasions were frequent, with their usual accompaniments of pillage and destruction; and the bards sang their lays and ballads, and praised the exploits of the Percys, Douglas, Lindsay and the rest.

A strange story is that of the Battle of Otterburn, fought on a moonlight night in 1388, whence sprang the famous Ballad of Chevy Chase. The victory was undecided, but the Scots returned home laden with booty. The English obtained revenge in the victory of Hamilton fourteen years later.

The Percys had now attained to the height of their splendid fortunes. They were the lords of Alnwick and possessed estates in many counties.

Hotspur well deserved his name. Fierce and formidable in fight, bold and impetuous in council, he incurred the anger of Henry of Lancaster, took part with the rebel Welsh, and was slain at the Battle of Shrewsbury.

The Percy estates were confiscated, but restored to the family in the person of Henry Percy, Hotspur's son, by Henry V., and they were faithful to the House of Lancaster during the Wars of the Roses. Fierce fights

ensued in the northern county. At Hedgley Moor and Hexham battles were fought in 1464, and for some years Henry VI. and his heroic wife lived in retirement at Bamburgh. This castle, Alnwick, and Dunstanburgh endured long sieges, the garrisons being reduced to eating horse-flesh.

It was on Northumberland soil that Queen Margaret experienced her well-known adventure with a border thief, to whose care she entrusted her son. The Yorkist monarch, Edward IV., dealt kindly with the Percys, and to Sir Henry Percy were restored his paternal estates and the Earldom. Craft and cunning were not wanting to the race, as well as courage and valour. When the fortunes of England were decided by the Battle of Bosworth, Henry Percy deserted Richard, and thus gained the victory for Henry of Richmond. But the Earl would not bow the knee to the new sovereign until prison bars brought him to submission, and soon after he was murdered when trying to carry out the Tudor monarch's fiscal policy.

Again the northern shire was laid waste in 1496 by James IV. of Scotland, who supported the rebellion of Perkin Warbeck. Men and women were ruthlessly slain, and castles captured and destroyed, but peace was at length secured by the marriage of Henry Tudor's sister, Margaret, with the Scottish King.

However, the old bitterness revived, and when Henry VIII. was fighting in France, James invaded Northumberland, but met his death at the fatal Field of Flodden, where perished the flower of Scottish chivalry. The Earl of Surrey led the victorious English forces, but these, too, suffered severely, and if it had not been for the gallantry of Sir Edward Stanley and his Lancashire archers, the result might have been different. Flodden Field lives in many a ballad, telling of the gallantry of the combatants.

But nothing seemed to daunt the spirits of the border men. It would be a wearisome and endless task to record all the raids and scenes of wild savagery that took place, the burning of villages, destruction of crops, cattle-raiding, and the slaughter of men and women. Great efforts were made to reduce the Borders to order, and at length during the latter half of the sixteenth century the Wardens with great exertions managed to produce some approach to tranquillity, and when marauding Scots and Tyndale thieves tried to carry on their usual practices, they were met with force and duly punished.

Not without warlike resistance was the suppression of the monasteries carried out in the northern shire. The Canons of Hexham refused admission to Sir Richard Carnaby, to whom the house was granted by the King, and held the gates by force of arms. Sir Thomas Percy, with many other lords, was involved in the Pilgrimage of Grace and was hanged at Tyburn, and the great Earldom of the Percys became extinguished with the sixth Earl. Queen Mary subsequently created Sir Thomas's son Earl of Northumberland. No county, perhaps, was ever in a worse condition than the Borderland when Elizabeth came to the throne. French armies aided the Scots in war and rapine. Feuds existed between the great families, which led to raids and rapine. Jesuit priests stirred up the people and almost stamped out Protestantism.

Northumberland and other leaders formed a conspiracy against Elizabeth, but the policy of the strong-minded Queen triumphed, and when the Scottish King came to the English throne it seemed as if the sordid story of murder and savagery had for ever closed. But the habits of centuries were not easily eradicated, and theft and robbery by bands of moss-troopers were not infrequent. Thomas Percy took part in the Gunpowder Plot, involving the Earl, his relative, though innocent, in that conspiracy. Meanwhile, the great capital of the

shire, Newcastle, had grown into a large and important town. Trade flourished, and coal mines brought wealth and prosperity to the town.

But wars and fightings were not yet over. Soon the bugle call summoned loyal subjects to fight for King Charles against the Parliamentarians. Conway, a feeble fighter, was governor of Newcastle when a Scottish army descended upon the shire. A great battle took place at Newburn, when the Scots were victorious and then occupied the capital. Newcastle was regained by the Royalists and gallantly defended by the Marquis of Newcastle and Sir John Marley during a second siege. Alnwick was bravely held by Sir Thomas Glenham and Colonel Grey. At length, after severe fighting, Newcastle was captured, and the Scots sacked the town and carried off a plenteous store of booty. Unwisely King Charles resolved to trust himself to the Scots, and surrendered himself into their hands in 1646. They received £200,000 from the Parliament for their services, and then basely resigned their sovereign into the hands of his enemies. We need not follow the course of the war, the gallant defence of Tynemouth Castle by Henry Lilburn, the cowardice of other commanders, the capture and re-capture of Berwick, the starvation of 3,000 prisoners at Alnwick, the sleighting of castles. The account of the troubles resembles the old stories of raid and rapine.

When the Restoration came General Monk marched north and was welcomed with enthusiasm. The leading families supported the Stuarts and liked not the coming of "Dutch William." Sir Francis Radcliffe had been created Earl of Derwentwater, and was especially a supporter of King James. The Fenwicks and Forsters were Jacobites, and in the rising of 1715 many of the Northumberland squires joined the Scots and proclaimed King James III. at Warkworth. The fight at Preston crushed their hopes and drove Earl Derwentwater to

the scaffold. The tide of the Jacobite rising in 1745 flowed westward and little affected the county, save that the only son of the Earl was beheaded on Tower Hill. Since that period few events of historical importance have occurred on Northumberland soil.

We might note that it is the birth-place of railways, the invention of a native, George Stephenson, and mark the progress of the shire. No longer the moss-troopers ride to commit slaughter and rapine. The kine graze peacefully in the fields without danger of being "lifted." The Scots invade still, but in a peaceful fashion to trade and get gain after the manner of their race. The shades of the saints of old still haunt their secluded shrines, and tell of the past glories of that ancient kingdom and shire which have shed light and lustre upon England.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

DURHAM

IN the older maps of England, that portion of the county which we call the county of Durham is generally described as "Episcopatus Dunelmensis," or the Bishopric of Durham, or simply the Bishopric. A further glance at the adjacent districts of Northumberland and Yorkshire shows that there are portions larger or smaller of those counties which are marked as integral parts of Durham. These members of the Bishopric are Norhamshire, Islandshire, and Bedlingtonshire in Northumberland, with the manors of Northallerton, Howden and Craik, and certain lands adjacent to them in Yorkshire. These portions of the Bishopric were only cut off from it and merged in their own surrounding counties within the memory of persons still living. Indeed, the distinction between Bishopric folk and County folk—that is to say, people of Durham and people of Northumberland—is not yet quite forgotten, and looks back to a very interesting piece of English history that has to do with a state of things in the North of England which has now passed away.

Visitors who come to the city of Durham to-day and look on cathedral and castle have some vague idea of a time when the Bishop of Durham had "the power of life and death," as it is popularly called; but what this means, and what the peculiar constitution of the neighbourhood was, they do not, as a rule, understand. It may be worth while to try and get a clearer view of the Bishopric of Durham, and more especially of the main portion between Tyne and Tees, which forms the

modern county. We to-day are so much accustomed to a strong central Government controlling the whole of England, that we find it hard to think of a time when certain districts had a large independence, and were ruled by a local Earl or by Bishop, rather than by the King in the capital. Yet there were such times both in England and upon the Continent. The district so ruled is known as a franchise or liberty, and the history of its independence, won, maintained, or lost, generally forms an attractive subject of study, with many exciting episodes in it. The assertion is certainly true of Durham; and although it is not possible to go into detail within the limited space at our disposal, it may be possible to explain what the Bishopric was, and how it came to get its distinctive characteristics and its later modification.

The franchise of the Bishop of Durham may be most aptly understood if we try to regard all the members of it mentioned above as a little kingdom, of which Durham City was the capital. The Bishop of Durham was virtually the King of this little realm, and ruled it, not only as its spiritual head, but as its temporal head. As its spiritual head, he was in the position of any ordinary Bishop, and possessed exactly the same powers as other prelates. As its temporal head, he had a power which they generally did not possess. Dr. Freeman has explained his position in the following words: "The prelate of Durham became one and the more important of the only two English prelates whose worldly franchises invested them with some faint shadow of the sovereign powers enjoyed by the princely Churchmen of the Empire. The Bishop of Ely in his island, the Bishop of Durham in his hill-fortress, possessed powers which no other English ecclesiastic was allowed to share. . . . The external aspect of the city of itself suggests its peculiar character. Durham alone among English cities, with its highest point crowned, not only by the cathedral, but by the vast castle of the Prince-Bishop, recalls to

mind those cities of the Empire—Lausanne, or Chur, or Sitten—where the priest, who bore alike the sword and the pastoral staff, looked down from his fortified height on a flock which he had to guard no less against worldly than against ghostly foes."[1] And this sovereignty was no nominal thing, for the Bishop came to have most of the institutions that we connect with the thought of a kingdom. He had his own courts of law, his own officers of state, his own assemblies, his own system of finance, his own coinage, and, to some extent, he had his own troops and his own ships. As we understand all this, we shall appreciate the significance of the lofty throne erected by Bishop Hatfield in Durham Cathedral. It was placed there in the flourishing days of the Bishop's power, and is not merely the seat of a Bishop, but the throne of a King. So too, hard by, in the Bishop's castle, as the chronicler tells us, there were two seats of royalty within the hall, one at either end. No doubt it was before the Bishop sitting as prince in one of these, that the great tenants of his franchise—the Barons of the Bishopric, as they were actually called—did homage in respect of their lands. Perhaps, when he sat in the other from time to time as Bishop, his clergy and others recognized his spiritual authority, or submitted themselves to his "godly admonitions."

The county of Durham has been marked out by nature, more or less distinctly, as separate from the neighbouring counties. The Tees on the south, and the Tyne on the north, with the Derwent running from the western fells to the Tyne, sufficiently differentiate it. In what follows we will keep mainly to the district represented by the modern county, leaving out of view the members outside to which reference has been made. Its history, until modern times,

---

1 Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, i. 321. The Empire, of course, means that great medieval constitution of Central Europe corresponding very roughly indeed to Germany. The German Empire, as we know it, only dates from 1870.

is largely ecclesiastical, owing to its peculiar constitution, in which the Bishop plays so important a part. It had, indeed, virtually no history until the Church became the great civilizer in Northumbria. Its prehistoric remains are few, if interesting. Its occupation by Brigantes, a Celtic tribe, is a large fact with no details. In the days when Romans made the North of Britain their own, there is still no history beyond the evidence of Roman roads, with camps at Binchester, Lanchester, and Ebchester. Certainly no Roman Christian remains have been found as yet; but when in the seventh century Christianity came to the Anglian invaders who settled in these parts after the departure of the Romans, the history of the English people was born within the confines of the modern county. Bede, the first of English scholars and writers, compiled his history in the monastery of Jarrow. He tells us all we know of the earliest Durham Christians—of Benedict Biscop and of Hilda, who, with himself, are the first three historic personages in the district. In one pregnant sentence he tells us how churches were built in different places, how the people flocked together to hear the Word, and how landed possessions were given by royal munificence to found monasteries. These monasteries became the centres of religion, civilization, and learning all over Northumbria; and, in particular, the monasteries of Jarrow and Wearmouth, twin foundations of Benedict Biscop, were the commencement of everything best worth having between Tyne and Tees.

Thus religion, art, and literature were born in Durham. In the last years of the eighth century a terrible calamity fell upon the wider province, of which Durham was only a part, when the Danes raided Lindisfarne, where had been the starting-point of the Northumbrian Church. When the mother was thus spoiled and laid desolate, the daughters trembled for their safety, but they were left for awhile, not unassailed, yet not destroyed. In those days of disturbed peace further gifts of land were made

MONKWEARMOUTH CHURCH.

to the Church, and in these we trace large slices of Durham handed over in the ninth century to the monks of Lindisfarne by those who had the power to give. And here we must notice that the great treasure of the monastery at Lindisfarne was the body of St. Cuthbert, the great Northumbrian saint, to whom the endowments named were most solemnly dedicated. They formed the nucleus of the Bishopric—the beginnings of the Patrimony of St. Cuthbert, which is only another name for the Bishopric. Repeated invasion of the Danes at last drove the monks out of Lindisfarne, and destroyed the Durham monasteries of Jarrow and Wearmouth. The Lindisfarne monks left their island, and bore away for safety's sake the body of St. Cuthbert, and after various wanderings brought it back to rest within the fortified enclosure of Chester-le-Street, and so within the confines of Durham. Here the Danish conquerors confirmed previous gifts, and added others to them, until the lands of St. Cuthbert increased very widely, whilst Chester-le-Street became a centre of pilgrimage.

For 113 years Chester-le-Street was the Christian metropolis of the North, until the final fury of the Danes began to fall upon Northumbria. In 995 another exodus began, and the clergy bore off the body to Ripon, returning a few months later when the tempest seemed to have abated. Many legends cluster round this return, but in any case the fact is clear that the Bishop and his company took up their abode, not at Chester-le-Street, but on the rocky peninsula of Dun-holm, or Durham, which the River Wear nearly encircled. In this way the seat of ecclesiastical authority was changed for the second time, and Durham City now became the centre of the still-expanding Bishopric. Great prestige gathered round the Saxon cathedral in which the shrine of the saint was placed, for kings and princes vied with one another in doing honour to it. So Canute, walking to the spot with

bare feet, gave fresh donations of Durham land and confirmed what others had bestowed.

But again dark days fell upon the North. To say nothing of Scottish encroachments upon the Bishopric, which were sustained in the eleventh century, the worst blow fell when the Norman Conquest took place. In no part of England was a more determined patriotism opposed to William than in Durham. Submission was nominal, and desperate efforts were made to keep Northumbria as a separate kingdom by placing Edgar Atheling upon an English throne in York. When the Conqueror made a Norman called Cumin his viceroy in these parts, the men of Durham rose and murdered him within their city. It was an act that William never forgave and never forgot. He wrought such a deed of vengeance that the whole of the smiling district from York to Durham was turned into a wilderness. When he came to die he is represented to have said of this ruthless episode: "I fell on the English of the Northern counties like a ravening lion. I commanded their houses and corn, with all their tools and furniture, to be burnt without distinction, and large herds of cattle and beasts of burden to be butchered wherever they were found. It was thus I took revenge on multitudes of both sexes, by subjecting them to the calamity of a cruel famine; and by so doing, alas! became the barbarous murderer of many thousands, both young and old, of that fine race of people."

William placed foreigners in most positions of importance. To the See of Durham he appointed Walcher from Lorraine, and the new prelate came from his consecration at Winchester, escorted across the belt of depopulated, ravaged land, until he reached Durham. North of the Wear the Patrimony of St. Cuthbert was as yet largely untouched, but the men of Durham had no love for the foreigner, and no wish to regard him as their lord. Fortunately for him the Earl of Northumbria

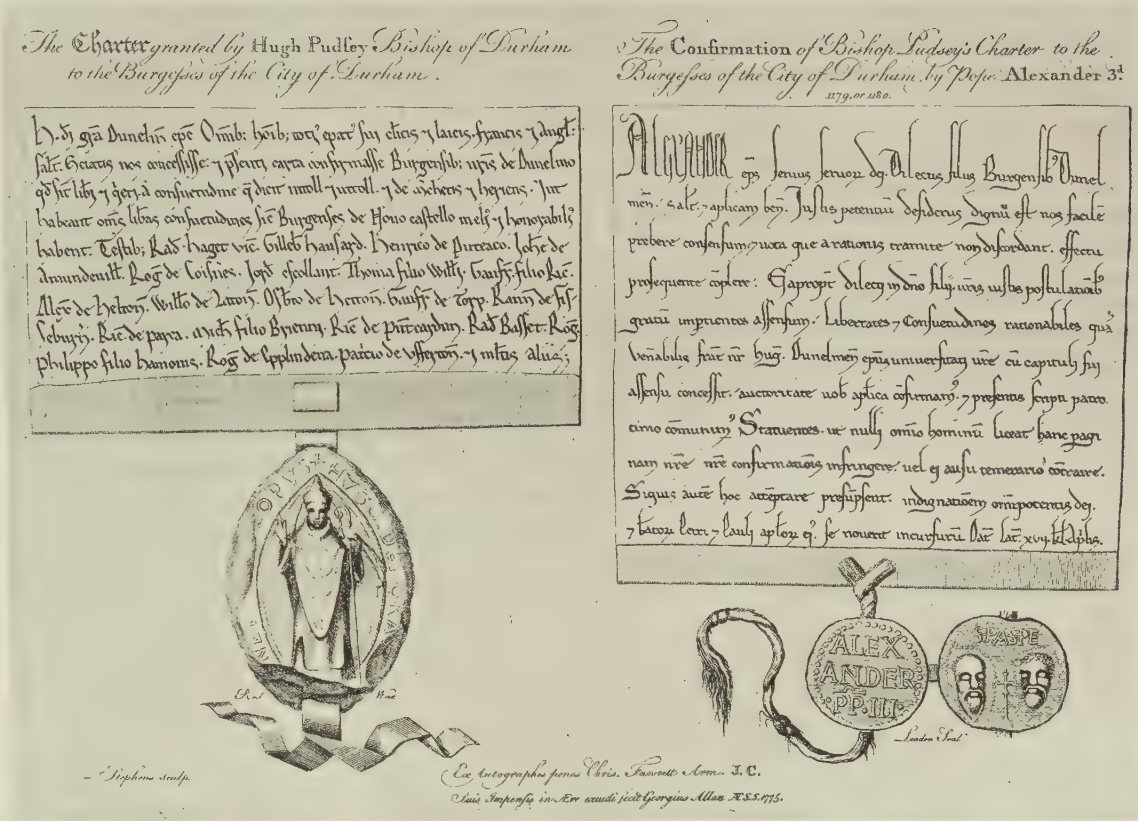
stood his friend, and built for him in 1072 the Norman castle overlooking the Wear, which was destined to be the Bishop's fortress for seven and a half centuries. Within that castle Walcher was safe, and, helped by the Earl, he ruled his recalcitrant flock, not always wisely, but with all his power, until an insurrection which he strove to quell cost him his life. He died, however, not as mere Bishop of Durham, but as Earl of Northumbria as well, for when Waltheof the Earl died, William appointed Walcher in his place. Thus in the hands of the first Bishop after the Conquest was held the double authority of Bishop and of Earl. Whatever may have been the powers of the Prelate in the Bishopric until this time, it is certain that from this point he claims a double authority within the Patrimony of St. Cuthbert. As for Walcher, stern example was made of what resistance to the Bishop's lawful authority would mean, when William laid waste the land that had escaped ten years before, and extended his ravages north of the Wear and towards the Tyne.

Just before the eleventh century expired, an event of considerable importance took place when Bishop Carileph began the great cathedral which still crowns the height above the Wear at Durham. About the same time an understanding was reached between the Earl of Northumbria and the Bishop, by which all the rights and the independence of the Bishopric seem to have been recognized and confirmed, so that henceforward the Bishop was the undisputed lord of the lands of St. Cuthbert.[1] When in 1104 the cathedral was sufficiently advanced to receive the body of the saint within its eastern apse, a great ceremony took place, which serves to carry the prestige of Durham beyond anything it had yet reached. Henceforward the stream of pilgrims which had steadily flowed to the shrine, whether at Lindisfarne, or

1 This important matter, with its bearing upon the Palatinate Power, was first noticed by Mr. K. C. Bayley, *Victoria County History*, ii. 137.

Chester-le-Street, or Durham, swelled in volume until the attractiveness of Durham exceeded that of any place of pilgrimage in England. Only when the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury drew to it so large a share of patronage from the end of the twelfth century did a serious rival manifest itself. Carileph had divided the territory of St. Cuthbert, reserving part for the Bishop, and part for the Benedictine monks whom he placed in the new cathedral. Thus the Bishop had his estates henceforward, and the monks had theirs. At first the portion belonging to the monastery seems to have been disappointingly poor, a fact very probably due to recent ravages whose brand was not yet effaced. By degrees, however, the lands of prior and convent improved, and the gifts of pilgrims made the monks prosperous.

The Bishop who presided when the body of St. Cuthbert was translated in 1104 was Ralph Flambard. He was not the character to allow the prestige of the Bishopric to decline. Under him the resources of the county were ably administered, and the organization of his dominions was carefully developed. By degrees the traces of the Norman harrying were obliterated. How fair a country Durham was in the early twelfth century we may discover from the poetry of a monk from the monastery who was called Lawrence, and wrote a description of events and localities connected with Durham. He speaks of its scenery, its excellent products, its fine breed of horses, its open-air amusements, to say nothing of indoor revels at Christmas. The twelfth century, with sparse population, open moor and plain, and increasing prosperity, is far away from the noise of anvil and forge, the smoke of endless coke ovens, the squalor of congested towns, as they exist in the county to-day. But the scene changed too soon. After the accession of Stephen in 1135 fierce dynastic feuds broke out, and the Scots joined in the anarchy of the time, attempting to annex the territory of St. Cuthbert to the lowlands of Scotland. Durham


The Charter granted by Hugh Pudsey Bishop of Durham to the Burgesses of the City of Durham.
The Confirmation of Bishop Pudsey's Charter to the Burgesses of the City of Durham by Pope Alexander 3d.
1179. or 1180.
ALEX
ANDER
PP. III
S. PASPE
London Seal
Siophow sculp.
Ex Autographis penes Chris. Fawcett Armr. J. C.
Sumptibus Impensis in Aer excudi fecit Georgius Allan A.S.S. 1775.

Bishop Pudsey's Charter to the City of Durham with the Confirmation of Pope Alexander III.

suffered severely in the conflict, and a mock-bishop, supported by the Scots, actually held Durham Castle and City against the lawful prelate. At length more quiet days came, and in the reign of Henry II. Bishop Pudsey, the King's own cousin, succeeded in resisting the centralizing efforts of the monarch, and although he had to bow to the imperious Henry on more than one occasion, he carried on in the main the liberties and rights of the Bishopric. A little later he was enabled to round off the Bishopric lands when he bought the wapentake of Sadberge from King Richard, the only important part of the county which had never yet been included in the territory of St. Cuthbert. From this time the Earl of Northumbria disappears, and at last there is no rival whatsoever to powers which had been steadily growing. The Bishopric is now complete in head and members, and the Bishop is virtual sovereign of it, whilst the King is supreme outside. At this stage we may freely call the Bishop's dominions the Palatinate of Durham—a name which continues to be usual until the power so described is, in 1836, annexed to the Crown. The word "Palatinate" is a conventional legal title which the lawyers brought into fashion to describe a great franchise with its independent jurisdiction.[1]

We are able to get a very much clearer notion of the Palatinate in Pudsey's days, when the hitherto scanty materials of Durham history begin to swell. We have some of his buildings before us yet—St. Cuthbert's, Darlington, the Galilee of the cathedral, the rich doorway in the castle; we have seal and charters and writs of his episcopate; and, in short, are able to trace in outline the way in which Pudsey developed the Bishopric on the analogy of a little kingdom, with institutions and officers of its own. Moreover, some notion is gained in the

1 See Dr. Lapsley's book, *The County Palatine of Durham*, which forms a very able survey of the development of the whole system.

famous Boldon Book[1] of the episcopal lands and how they were held. There we get a Domesday, as it were, of the Bishop's holdings, to which those who desire to study the intricate methods of medieval land tenure on the Bishop's property must be referred. A little later on we find somewhat similar information about the lands of the monastery, so that, as the centuries wear on, a fairly detailed picture is gained of the conditions of life in the medieval Bishopric. Thus we see the lands divided up into a large number of manors, which vary largely in character, for some are pastoral, others agricultural, others moorland, or forest, and others still are connected with townships like Gateshead or Sunderland. The Bishop's or Prior's steward makes a circuit at different times, visiting all the units in some special locality, and looking to his lettings or his rents. The holdings vary very much in size and in tenure, and the tenants likewise differ in status and in service. There are villeins who are not free, and are bound to render certain dues of personal service, mowing, or reaping, or ploughing, or sowing, for so many days, and receiving perhaps doles of food, a cottage, and some land, but no money wage. There are farmers who take a manor or farm on condition of rendering so much agricultural produce to the lord. There are cottiers who work so many days in the week, and have to give so many eggs, or so many fowls for the table, in return for the little home that they occupy. In Durham itself certain houses were let to tenants, who had to defend the North Gate, or help act as garrison, or render herbs and other necessaries for the Bishop's kitchen. The conditions of service among the villeins were often onerous, and a tone of deep discontent is marked in the medieval villages of Durham. In time of war external service might be demanded of the men, and a rally to join the Bishopric troops was no unfamiliar incident of life in those days.

[1] Dr. Lapsley describes Boldon Book in *Victoria County History of Durham*, vol. i. See also ii., p. 179.

If it extended beyond the bounds proper of the territory of St. Cuthbert pay was claimed, though it was not always given. Small quarrels and differences were probably adjusted by steward or bailiff, but more serious cases came before justices of the peace specially appointed, whilst murder and other grave offences were reserved for judges whom the Bishop appointed to sit at various centres, of which Durham was the chief. And this power of appointing judges to try criminals and to convict or acquit them is what is meant by the popular and inexact phrase, "the power of life and death." The Bishop's revenue was managed by special officers of his own appointment, who got returns from the local bailiffs, and then recorded them at Durham, where a special audit was held. A special set of buildings was erected near Durham Castle, with various adjacent offices, for the management and arrangement of all the mass of business —financial, judicial, and administrative—which was entailed by the Bishopric.

In this way the conditions of life, and the administration of the Palatinate, followed roughly the general order of the kingdom outside, and the Bishopric was, as has already been said, virtually a little kingdom ruled by a bishop instead of a king. The Bishops who followed Pudsey maintained and developed his organization, but not without strife. The thirteenth century, in particular, presents a long record of obstinate struggle between the Bishop and those who tried to limit his power or to gain concessions which he was unwilling to make. Indeed, the struggle between the King and the people, which is the great feature of English history in that century, finds a close parallel on a small scale in Durham. At one time it is a long feud between the Bishop and the Monastery over their respective lands, a feud which was at last ended by an agreement between the contending parties. At another time the Bishop is trying to curb the independence of the Barons of the Bishopric, who held large

estates for which they were supposed to yield homage, or to perform some kind of service. In this way Nevilles and Balliols, two of the great Bishopric families, held out against the crusading Bishop Bek, and in the end they had to give way. And once more there was strife on more than one occasion with the King, who now and then attempted to restrain the exuberant independence of the Bishop of Durham; and here, in the main, the Bishop was successful in asserting his rights and powers as inalienable.

Over this scene of complex organization and activity dark shadows came in the fourteenth century. The Scots, who had been quiescent for some time, fell upon the Bishopric with great ferocity during the reigns of the first three Edwards, and the years were seldom free from the record of invasion or pillage. It had come to be regarded as a prime duty of the Bishop to repress all northern incursions, and, as a contemporary document puts it, to serve as a wall of brass against the Scots. He had his fortified castles, Norham in Norhamshire, Durham in its own county, and Northallerton in Yorkshire. These three lay on one of the chief routes by which the invaders entered England, and were kept in threatening times well defended and provisioned. In 1312 Bruce pushed his forces right through Northumberland, and advanced into the heart of the Bishopric, delivering a blow against Durham itself, which must have been severe. Two years later in Scotland the troops of England were beaten at Bannockburn, and the humiliation of Edward II. was only effaced some years later by Edward III. in the victories of Halidon Hill, and more particularly of Neville's Cross in 1346. The latter battle was the great glory of the men of Durham until it was forgotten in the greater prestige of Flodden nearly 200 years later. The tomb of Ralph Neville, badly battered by Scots in later days, still stands in Durham Cathedral as a local

memorial of Neville's Cross, in which he led the Bishopric troops.

The joy caused by these successes was soon dimmed when the terrors of the Black Death overwhelmed the district. Perhaps no part of England suffered much more severely. The pestilence rolled up towards the North in the year 1349, and at last made its dreaded appearance in the south-east of the county. From this point it spread with frightful rapidity, carrying off all orders and conditions of men, for none escaped. Sometimes a whole household perished, and here and there an entire village was obliterated. "No tenants came from West Thickley, because they are all dead," is the steward's entry at one manorial court or halmote, as the local word is. In the winter that followed there was no sowing, and when the spring came men had not the heart to go to work on the fields, for the plague was renewed with increasing virulence, and everything was thrown out of gear. Villeins had run away from sheer terror; even madness was not unheard of; and whilst there was little to eat, famine and misery stalked unchecked.[1] The Bishop's lands and the Prior's lands were going out of cultivation, for it was impossible to find labourers, or to bind them down in the old way. Grotesque attempts were made to keep up the former conditions of service, until by degrees stewards and bailiffs found out that they were face to face with the greatest economic difficulty which had ever appeared in the Bishopric. The Black Death practically brought to an end the rigid system of land tenure which had been kept up so long, for it gave the death-blow to serfdom, and the old services in kind, of which mention has been made. Discontent had long lurked in the manors of Durham, but from this time it became active and aggressive, until it pushed the peasants out to assert themselves and to seek for more congenial

1 See Dr. Bradshaw's account of the Black Death and its effect in the *Victoria County History*, ii. 209-222.

conditions of life. Elsewhere the transition was effected by bloodshed; in the territories of St. Cuthbert it came more peacefully, but to the accompaniment of much mutual mistrust and variance.

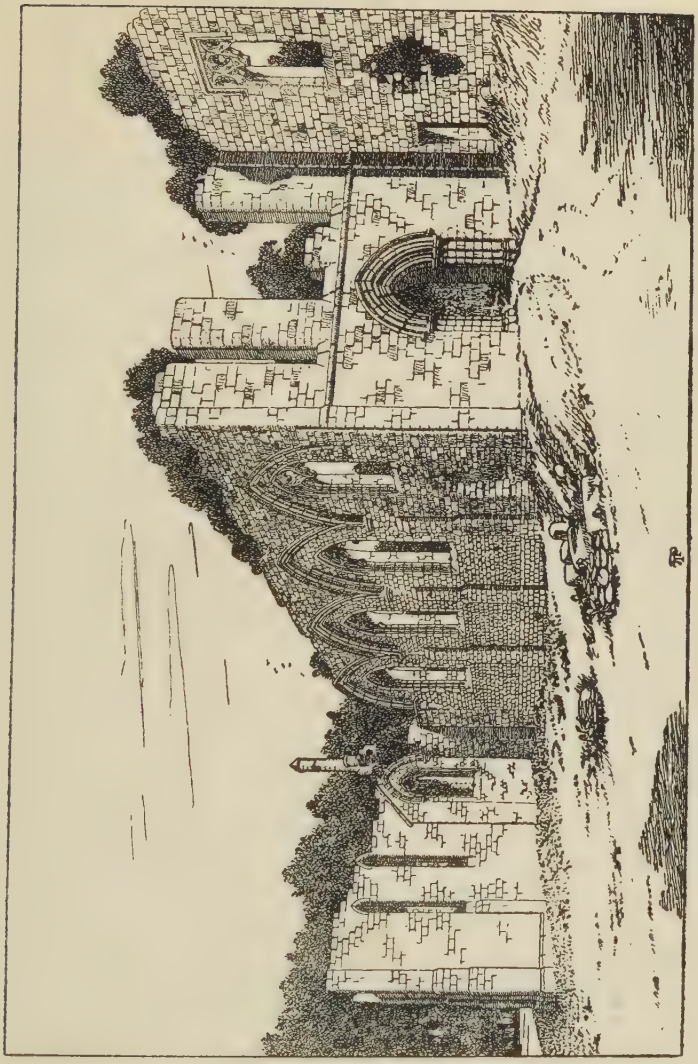
It is possibly in connection with all this covert rebellion on the part of the masses that Cardinal Langley built or finished the great gaol in the North Gate in Durham. This large building, running up to the castle keep on one side, and down towards the river on the other, spanned Saddler Street for four centuries, until it was taken down in 1820. It was often filled with criminals who were imprisoned here for various offences in its gloomy dungeons. There was another gaol at Sadberge, but it does not seem clear what relation this bore to the more important building in Durham. But the fifteenth century brought its own special anxieties. In the dynastic troubles which led to the Wars of the Roses, the Palatinate was generally Lancastrian in sympathy. Henry VI. (only one of many English kings who visited Durham) came to the shrine of St. Cuthbert at a time when his dominions had been cut short upon the Continent, and were still further menaced by the Scots. In the bitter days that followed, when he was driven from his throne, he took refuge in the Bishopric, whilst his brave wife went to the Continent to seek for troops to enable him to regain the crown. Even rectories were fortified in those days, for men had to take one side or the other, and to defend their property against bands of marauders. Of religious trouble and dispute, Durham had no large share at that particular time, though elsewhere the ferment caused by the Lollard Movement was producing much unrest. The Bishopric was too much under the control of the Church to allow much freedom of thought. Yet there were isolated instances of Lollard sympathy, exceptions to prove the rule, which were instantly repressed by ecclesiastical authority.

Dynastic trouble did not end when Henry VII. and his

wife, Elizabeth, united the Red and White Roses. The Bishopric men, indeed, had no desire to rise against the strong government which the King set up in England; but they were caught in the tide of rebellion which was set going by Simnel and Warbeck. It was to stem this tide that Henry placed Richard Fox as Bishop of Durham in 1494. This prelate, the King's tried friend, fortified afresh the castles of the See, and placed garrisons in them to check the advance of Warbeck through the northern counties. Fortunately, the invasion followed another line to the Battle of Stoke, and the men of Durham were spared the anxiety of decision. But Fox, keeping vigilant guard in his fortresses, was instrumental in concluding that alliance which was destined eventually to unite the English and the Scots as one nation. Henry's young daughter, Margaret, was affianced to James IV. of Scotland, and in 1503 passed right through the Bishopric on her way to her northern home. Nowhere in all the long progress did the Princess receive a warmer welcome than in Durham, from the moment she entered the Bishopric at the Tees to the moment she crossed Tyne Bridge from Gateshead into Newcastle. A mighty banquet was given in her honour in Durham Castle, to which all the nobles and important personages of the district were invited. Little Margaret's great-grandson was James VI. of Scotland and I. of England; and in his days border feuds passed away for ever. And yet at the moment of the banquet that consummation was a long way off. Ten years later the Scots invaded England at a time of grave national anxiety, when the King and his troops were warring in France. But the Bishopric musters turned out. Bishop Ruthall rushed up to Durham, and his men at Flodden contributed not a little to the great English success as they bore the banner of St. Cuthbert into the battle.

The century that had so recently dawned was destined to witness great changes in the Bishopric. Henry VIII

laid ruthless hands upon the power of the Church, and the monarch who extorted the submission of the clergy was not likely to allow the great power and independence of the Bishop of Durham to pass unchecked. Accordingly, in 1536, he cut short the judiciary authority of the prelate. This, as we have seen, was one of the most characteristic privileges of the Bishop, and neither Henry II. nor Edward I. had interfered with it. From this date the King was the authority who appointed the judges; and although in practice the old forms and methods were largely followed, the sanction was royal, and not episcopal. And next year, when the Council of the North was set up for the purposes of defence, execution of justice, and finance, in the northern counties, a still further blow was aimed at the Bishop's power, for this court could, if it willed, supersede the Palatinate machinery. As a matter of fact, its first President was Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, who prevented such degradation of the Palatinate for the present. Yet one thing of large importance was carried out under the Council's authority, when the great Abbey of Durham was dissolved in 1539. The monastery had stood unassailed for 450 years, but Henry set going the process of destruction which ended in the total suppression of every religious house in the land. It had been a wealthy foundation, a kindly landlord, an influence for good in the district, with its library, and its schools, and its varied means of usefulness. Yet every good object that it had served was eventually carried on. Prior and convent became Dean and Canons; monastic lands were now capitular estates; its chief school and library were maintained with greater efficiency; its solemn offices soon became the familiar vernacular service of the Church of England. Otherwise there was little monastic destruction in the county of Durham, for the great monastery had brooked no rivals; and a friary or two with a single nunnery were scarcely rivals. The dependent cells of



FINCHALE PRIORY: VIEW OF THE CHURCH FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

Jarrow, Wearmouth, Finchale, however, shared in the fall of Durham Abbey.

Three or four years before the surrender of the monastery the people of Durham had taken part in the

Pilgrimage of Grace—that exciting demonstration in which popular resentment against the fall of the smaller houses was exhibited. When Durham Abbey fell there was no repetition of that rising, for severe punishment had been meted out in 1537; whilst in 1540 pestilence was desolating the district, and the gloom in consequence was depressing. But there was no sympathy with the changes which soon began to hurry on, and Durham was probably more opposed to the Reformation than any other district. Under Edward VI. the Bishopric became the object of the ambitious designs of Northumberland—one of the noblemen whom the rapid religious and political revolution of the time placed in power. He cast a longing eye on the Patrimony of St. Cuthbert; and in building up the fortunes of his upstart family (he was a Dudley, not a Percy, for the true Northumberland title was at the moment suspended) he probably intended to lay hands upon the whole Bishopric, and to arrogate for himself the Palatinate jurisdiction. He succeeded in getting the Bishop thrown into prison on false charges of treason, and then forced a Bill through Parliament which abolished the power of the Palatinate, and created two Sees—one at Durham, the other at Newcastle. There can be little doubt that he intended to secure the Palatinate power for himself, and to rule in Durham as Duke of Northumberland; whilst his son, Guildford Dudley, recently married to Lady Jane Grey, was to be Prince Consort, and to share the throne of England. This most daring scheme fell to the ground when Mary came to the throne, and the recent legislation was at once abolished, and things went back to the conditions obtaining before the reign of Edward.

Under Elizabeth the Bishopric underwent a process of reconstruction in various ways. It was not a pleasant process. Socially the old system of land-tenure, which had been breaking up since the Black Death, was abolished, and a new method of leaseholds was evolved

Portrait of William James, Bishop of Durham, 1606-1617.

after much friction between the tenants on the one side, and the Dean and Chapter, or the Bishop, on the other. The power of the Bishop was now further attenuated, for the Queen laid hands upon large estates which were the undoubted possession of the See, with a history of many centuries' attachment to the Patrimony of St. Cuthbert. The settlement of religion carried out in the early years of the Queen's reign was largely unpalatable in Durham. Certainly the majority of the clergy acquiesced, but the acquiescence was largely external. So the people at large tolerated the changes that were wrought in churches and services, when the English liturgy took the place of the Latin offices restored by Mary, and when altars were broken down, and the church furniture in general was destroyed. The great Bishopric families—Nevilles, Lumleys, and others—scarcely concealed their dislike of the new régime in Church and in State, and after some years of endurance, they rose at last in 1569. Feeling sure of wide sympathy in Northumberland and Durham, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland gathered retainers together, and restored the old order in Durham Cathedral, whilst the people of Durham, lowly kneeling, were absolved from the guilt of schism. But inferior leadership caused the rising to collapse outside the Bishopric, and when the Queen's army marched through Durham it swept the undisciplined forces of the Earls across the Tyne to be dissipated in the rigours of a cold Northumbrian winter. But, although the rebellion came to nothing, passive resistance was maintained. As the reign proceeded, this quieter condition was roused into greater activity by the seminary priests and the Jesuit missionaries who came into the country from institutions abroad, which sent over into England, and not least into Durham, a long succession of these emissaries. They went up and down the district, welcomed and protected by friends who received their ministrations, but not seldom hunted down by the vigilance of the Ecclesiastical

Commission, which increased the stringency of its measures as the century drew to its close.

The last years of the great Queen witnessed a rather distressing condition of things in the county. Pestilence was a frequent visitor in times that were insanitary, and the transition to happier conditions in religion and in society was not complete. The villages were frequently unpopulated, and tillage was decayed, whilst the starving families wandered into the neighbouring towns in search of food. Probably the depressing state of affairs was worse in the Bishopric than in other parts of England, for it received a special aggravation in the Scottish inroads, which were renewed towards the end of the reign before their final extinction at the accession of James. When the Elizabethan Poor Law began its work, the county of Durham benefited by its operation, for regular collectors for the poor were appointed, and sometimes rates were levied, in place of the very uncertain alms of the "poor man's box" in the church, to which parishioners were asked to contribute under the Injunctions of Elizabeth.

The Stuarts showed more regard for the Palatinate of Durham than did the Tudors. No Tudor sovereign, it seems, entered the county, but James I., Charles I., and James II. when Duke of York, paid ceremonious visits to Durham, and in general upheld the dignity of the See, though they never completely restored its independence. One of the most interesting episodes of the seventeenth century is the religious revolution carried out during the first forty years. Bishop Neile is credited with introducing to Durham a series of prebendaries who altered the aspect of the cathedral and produced great changes in the services. These "innovations" caused much comment, and although Charles in 1633 paid a special visit, and by his presence and countenance sanctioned what had been done, frequent remonstrance was made. The long reign of Elizabethan Churchmanship had accustomed the people to one uniform type

of worship and ornament, and they were not prepared for the alterations now made in ritual and in the appearance of the churches. When the Scots entered England in 1640, by way of remonstrance against the King's policy in Church and State, the Bishopric was not altogether unsympathetic; but when the armed demonstration proved to be armed occupation extending over a year in duration, the royalism of Durham reasserted itself. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642 it was warmly Royalist. A second Scottish occupation after Marston Moor in 1644 kept this spirit in check, whilst the Long Parliament virtually superseded the Palatinate and governed the district by committees. Bishop, prebendaries, and other high ecclesiastics had fled when the Scots entered Durham in 1640. Parliament now seized upon the lands of Bishop and Chapter, and sold them or let them as opportunity offered. Thus for several years the old ecclesiastical constitution of Durham was destroyed, and in the parish churches, carefully cleared in 1644 from all "monuments of idolatry," a Presbyterian system was set up. It was not, however, fully carried out, and all manner of ministers were in possession when the Protectorate was set up in 1653. The cathedral services had long been silenced, and in 1650 Cromwell used the buildings as a convenient accommodation for the Scottish prisoners captured at Dunbar. On the petition of the people of the county, the Protector undertook to establish a college in Durham and to devote the cathedral and castle buildings to that purpose. Resentment and discontentment smouldered during these years of tyranny. Indeed, more than one Royalist rising had to be repressed. When, at the beginning of 1660, there was talk of restoring the King, no voice of dissent was heard in the county.

Exuberant loyalty greeted the Restoration. Cosin was made Bishop. He was one of the group of influential men appointed by Neile forty years before, and now for

twelve years he repaired the breaches of the city, and diocese, and carried out the principles which he had formed in earlier life. The Palatinate jurisdiction was revived, with perhaps greater lustre than it had exhibited for a century past. In these days of Royalist triumph Nonconformist and Puritan scarcely ventured at first to show their heads, but in Durham they were only biding their time. They found opportunity to promote a formidable rising, which was known as the Derwentdale Plot, aiming at some kind of overthrow of the restored Church and Crown. It was badly managed, and speedily collapsed; but Anabaptists, Quakers, and other parties managed to maintain their existence despite strenuous measures, and more particularly despite the vigorous working of the Conventicle Acts which were intended to crush Nonconformity.

Generally speaking, the county of Durham accepted the Revolution in 1688, though here and there some reluctance was manifested, and notwithstanding the efforts of Bishop Crewe and Dean Granville to promote allegiance to King James. Jacobitism, indeed, was spasmodic in the Bishopric, and it does not appear that in 1715 or in 1745 very wide sympathy was exhibited in the district when elsewhere the excitement was considerable. The eighteenth century witnessed two events of the greatest importance in Durham history. In the first place, after a period of long stagnation, industrial development caught the whole district and entirely changed its character. The coal trade had been prosecuted continuously since the thirteenth century at least, and the mines had proved a considerable source of revenue to the owners. Lead was an ancient industry, and the salt-pans of the county have a connected history ranging over many centuries. These and other operations had increased in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, more particularly when a great development of shipping at Sunderland and at Hartlepool took place after the

The Palace, Bishop Auckland.

Restoration. A large export trade by sea spread rapidly. In the early part of the eighteenth century 175,000 tons of coal was the annual output on the Wear, and the history of the collier convoys at that time is a large chapter in the general history of North Country shipping. All this meant a considerable increase of prosperity, and by degrees the county which had been thinly populated, for the most part, became a hive of industry, in which rapid fortunes were made. The mines and the shipyards attracted labour from other parts of England, and the population of the county, returned as 58,860 in the early days of Elizabeth, amounted to 149,384 in 1801, a figure which has been multiplied by ten in the last hundred years. The Bishop and the Dean and Chapter largely shared in the vast increase of wealth which the working of coal-mines in particular produced. It cannot, however, be said with truth that the Church authorities neglected the cause of charity. A list of the benefactions directly due to the various Bishops, and also to Dean and Chapter, shows how much they did in various ways for the cause of education as well as for the spiritual well-being of the people. Indeed, subscription lists of the early nineteenth century, which still survive, prove that the clergy gave the chief proportion of what was given when some public call was made. It must not be forgotten that Durham University and Durham School were the direct foundations of the Church within the Bishopric.

The other important event to which allusion has been made was the appearance of the Wesleyan movement in Durham. Bishop Butler wrote his famous work, the *Analogy*, in the western parts of the county, and published it in 1736. It may be doubted whether its local effect was considerable. Within a few years John Wesley passed and repassed through the county, and established his societies in Durham, Sunderland, Darlington, and elsewhere. They prospered exceedingly, and left a

permanent impression upon the district, and this was deepened and extended when a fresh wave of Methodism travelled over the North of England early in the nineteenth century in connection with the spread of Primitive Methodism. There can be no manner of doubt that the Methodist movement deeply stirred and influenced some classes of the increasing population which the Church left untouched.

The real dividing-line between Old Durham and the present day is to be found in the series of changes which took place in the reign of William IV. The spirit of reform was operating in various directions, and it was not likely that Durham could escape. The increasing wealth of the Church and the still independent powers of the Bishop attracted the attention of the party of change. The Dean and Chapter rose to their opportunity, and founded the University of Durham. The newly formed Ecclesiastical Commission reduced the large staff of the cathedral, and reduced the stipends of those who were left. The Bishop was henceforth to be no longer a great landowner, managing his own revenues and estates, but a prelate, like any other, drawing a fixed stipend. His officers went, and the Palatinate jurisdiction which Dudley had coveted was finally annexed to the Crown. Thus to-day George V. is, within the confines of the Bishopric, Earl Palatine of Durham.

HENRY GEE.

YORKSHIRE

YORKSHIRE is almost as large a county as the whole Principality of Wales, and everything connected with it corresponds with its size. It is great in history, great in the wealth of its treasures of antiquity, and great, too, in its commercial prosperity. In our outline of the annals of Northumberland we have recounted some of its history, as Yorkshire formed part of the great North-Humber-land that stretched from the Humber to the Forth, and though at one time it constituted the main part of the Saxon Kingdom of Deira, it was often ruled jointly by the Kings of Bernicia, and encountered much the same periods of storm and stress that shook the framework of the northern realm.

The early inhabitants left many traces behind them, which the wild, uncultivated condition of the moors and wolds had tended to preserve, and diligent antiquaries have not failed to discover. The relics of prehistoric times reveal the fact that the arts of civilization had reached a decidedly advanced stage, and that the skill involved in making the fine bronze-castings of the Bronze Age, and the splendid enamels of the late Celtic period, was of a very high order.[1] We find very numerous barrows of the long or circular type, containing stores of relics, a very curious one being a chariot at Danes Graves, and elsewhere food-vessels, drinking vessels, cinerary urns and incense cups. Megalithic monuments, rock sculpures, celts, torcs, and moulds made up a wonderful

1 " Prehistoric Yorkshire," by G. Clinch (*Memorials of Old Yorkshire*).

roll of prehistoric treasures. There is, however, so much to record about Yorkshire history, that we cannot dwell upon this early page which the earth has preserved for us. Of Roman remains it possesses an extraordinary wealth. Professor Haverfield describes it as, perhaps, the most interesting county in England for its Roman relics. Before the advent of the conquerors the land was occupied by a fierce confederation of tribes known as the Brigantes. Many years passed after the coming of the Romans before any impression was made on these warlike tribesmen. The county was difficult of access, and only sparsely populated. The great central plain of York, lying between the eastern wolds and the hills and dales of the western and northern moors, and extending to the borders of Derbyshire, was a huge woodland waste, extending to the walls of York. The district around Leeds, afterwards known as the Saxon Kingdom of Elmete, was a vast forest stretching to the head waters of the rivers on the west, and filling all the valley bottoms with a dense scrub. The south-eastern portion of the county, into which the Don, Idle, and Trent poured their unregulated waters, was an impassable morass, along the western side of which ran a line of British entrenchments (still to be traced) from Wincobank to Mexborough. The western moors and dales on the slopes of Blackstone Edge and Stanedge, forming a boundary between present Yorkshire and Lancashire, were so bleak and desolate that they were in after ages known as "Desert." Here and there on the banks of the rivers were settlements of the inhabitants, communicating with each other by narrow and devious tracks. The bulk of the population was not, as now, gathered in the West Riding, but was settled on the eastern wolds, where the streams break out and run into the valleys below.[1]

---

1 "Roman Yorkshire," by J. Norton Dickson (*Memorials of Old Yorkshire*).

Into this region came the victorious legions. Mr. Dickson, whose admirable description of pre-Roman Britain I have quoted, and whose chapter on "Roman Yorkshire" in the *Memorials* of the shire contains most that need be said on the subject, attributes the conquest to Petilius Cerialis, the Imperial Legate, who advancing, A.D. 71-75, from Lincoln across the Humber, "struck terror into the enemy by an attack upon the Brigantes, who were reputed to compose the most populous state in the whole province. Many battles were fought, some of them attended by much bloodshed, and the greater part of the Brigantes were either brought into subjection or involved in the ravages of war."[1] His work was completed by C. Julius Agricola, who, according to Tacitus, instructed the conquered tribes in the art of building houses, temples, and places of public resort, and taught the sons of their chiefs the liberal sciences and the Roman language, customs, and manners. They were also forced to fell trees, open quarries and carry stones, groaning under the tyranny of their rigorous task-masters, who caused them to make roads, embank rivers, construct causeways, and fell forests. York, Malton, Ilkley, and Aldborough were the chief Roman places in the county, and Eboracum (York) became the chief seat of the government for the whole of the island, the capital of Britain. We need not tell again the story of the building of the famous wall which was defended by numerous bodies of Auxiliaries, the Legionaries being placed at York and Chester. They made, or re-made, three great roads, using doubtless old British trackways. These were Watling Street, running from Richborough across England to Chester, and thence along the western side of the district by Aldborough (Isurium) to Carlisle and the Wall. The eastern line was the western branch of the Ermine Street from Lincoln to York by way of

1 Tacitus, *Agricola*, ch. xvii.

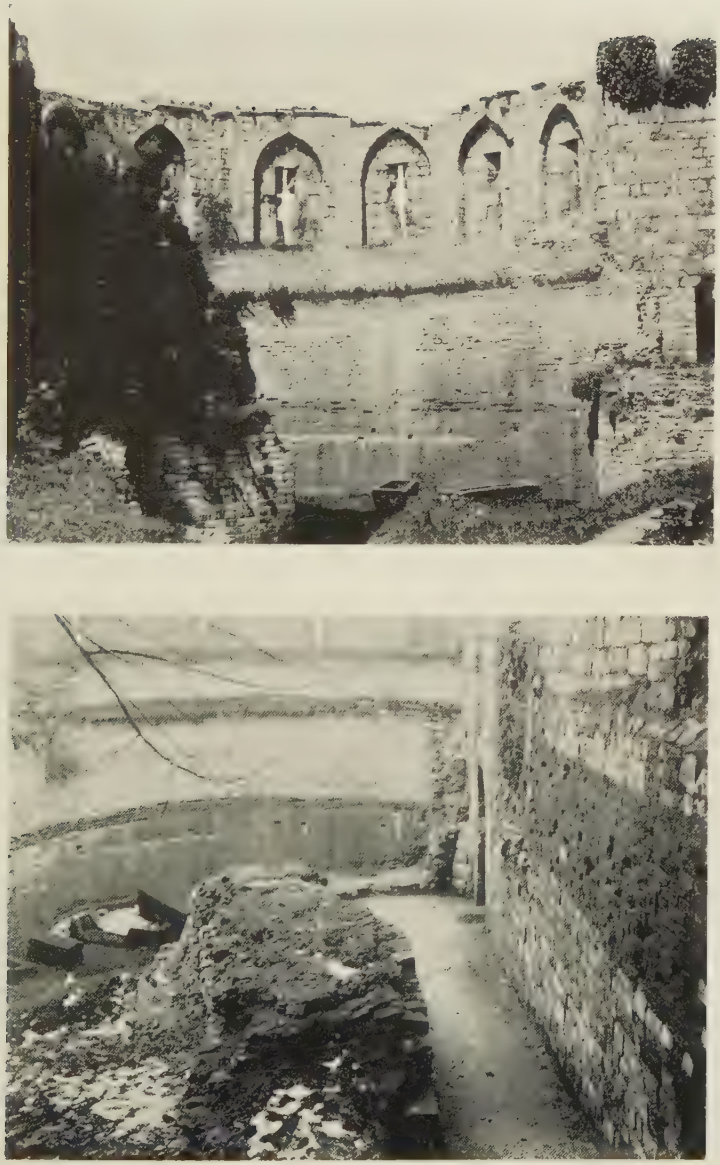
Doncaster (Danum). A third legionary way led from Lincoln to Winteringham, and crossing the Humber to Brough, proceeded by an ancient British trackway to Malton and thence to the Wall, throwing off a branch to York by Kexby and Stamford Bridge. There were also a large number of vicinal and other roads connecting station with station, forming a network of ways that were most useful in the holding of the county.[1]

To York came the Emperor Hadrian, and for a time made it his residence. Here lived the Emperor Severus, and here he died in A.D. 211. Cæsar Constantius lived and died here, and his son Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, was first proclaimed by the Roman legionaries. The second Legion (Augusta), the sixth (Victrix Pia Fidelis) and the ninth (Hispania) were stationed at one time or another at the Imperial City, Eboracum. The only standing remains of Roman work in the city are the Multangular Tower and a piece of wall near Monk Bar; but countless relics of Roman rule have been discovered—baths, temples, villas, inscriptions; and in many parts of the county we find an endless number of memorials of our ancient conquerors. Signs of wealth and prosperity appeared everywhere; cities arose beneath the shelter of the camps; villas studded the vale of the Ouse, and often the spade turns up unexpected treasures that tell of the extent of Roman civilization.

Soon, however, the legionaries were withdrawn, and the hills and dales of the county were left a prey to the Picts and Scots. And then came the English. From Sleswick they sailed in their long ships to the mouth of the Humber. Some turned southward by the forest of Elmet and covered the district around Leeds, following

---

[1] Their courses have been traced by Mr. Dickson, who has recorded them in the chapter of *Memorials of Old Yorkshire* already mentioned. We are indebted to Mr. Dickson for the above information regarding Roman Yorkshire.



Interior of the Multangular Tower, York.

the course of the Trent, and were called Southumbrians. Other warriors marched over the Yorkshire wolds and founded the kingdom of Deira in the fens of Holderness and on the chalk downs eastward of York. The imperial city fell a prey to them and was left a blackened ruin, while the conquerors spread northward, slaying and burning along the valley of the Ouse. They drove the Britons westward, who found a precarious shelter in the wild hilly district of the West Riding. There was much strife between the rival kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia, and of this some account has been given in our chronicle of the northern realm; until at last Ethelfrid extended his sway southward and formed the united kingdom of Northumbria. We have already told how Edwin married a Christian princess, how Paulinus turned him from his idols, and how the King called his Witen together and took counsel with them about the new faith. Bede tells us of that Council. Coifi, the chief of the idol priests, declared "the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; yet they have not shown favour to me." Another of the councillors said, "The present life of man, O King, seems to me like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, only safe from the wintry storm for a short time, then vanishing into the dark winter from which it emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."[1] Coifi then girt a sword about him, and with a spear in his hand, mounted the King's stallion, and rode to the idol temple at Godmundingham (now Goodmanham, in the Harthill

[1] Bede, *Eccles. History*, ii., c. 14.

Wapentake, East Riding), cast his spear into it and destroyed it with fire. The conversion of the people followed. After baptising the people in the north, Paulinus came to Deira, and in the River Swale, near Catterick (*Cataractonium*), baptised many converts, "for as yet oratories, or fonts, could not be made in the early infancy of the Church in those parts."[1] Bede tells that Paulinus built a church at Campodonum, which was burnt by the Pagans, and on its site the later kings built a country seat in the country called Loidis (Leeds).

Edwin ruled well and worthily. He conquered the Britons who dwelt in the western lands and united the West Riding with the other divisions of the great county. He fought the mighty power of Wessex and subdued it. He conquered all who opposed him. Pope Honorius wrote to him a letter addressed, "To his most noble son and excellent lord, Edwin King of the Angles," testifying to the integrity of his Christian character which is so inflamed with the fire of faith that it shines far and near, and being reported throughout the world, brings forth plentiful fruits of your labours.[2] The Pope sent him two palls, one for Honorius, Bishop of Canterbury, and one for Paulinus, Bishop of York. This letter shows the extent of Edwin's rule, embracing almost the whole of England and the almost complete supremacy of Northumbria. His rule extended to the Forth, when Edinburgh, or Edwin's burgh, guarded his frontier. Peace he established in his own kingdom; travellers passed along the highways in safety, and an English proverb says, "A woman with her babe might walk scatheless from sea to sea in Edwin's day."

But troubles came. Pagan Mercians under Penda fought with Edwin and slew him at Hatfield in 633. We have told already[3] of the wasting of the land by

1 Bede, *Eccles. History*, ii., c. 14.
2 *Ibid.*, c. 17. The letter is too long to be quoted here.
3 *Cf.* "Northumberland."

Cadwalla, of the coming of Oswald, his victory at Heavenfield, and of the rule of the saintly king who brought St. Aidan to shed the light of the Gospel over the northern realm. But heathendom triumphed again when Penda slew Oswald at Maserfield in 642, and Deira (unlike Bernicia) bowed before the conqueror, until Oswin met the Pagans at the River Winweed, and vowed twelve monasteries and his daughter to God if he might win the day. Penda and his warriors perished, and Thor and Woden died too with their champion.

We have seen that the Christianity of Deira came from Paulinus, who held the customs of Rome and the Western Church with regard to the keeping of Easter and other matters; whereas Bernicia was converted by Aidan and the monks of Iona who preserved the Irish or Celtic use. In order to promote unity, Oswin summoned the Council of Whitby (or Streoneshalh) in 664, which decided in favour of Roman customs. In that place was a noted monastery founded by St. Hilda. There men were taught learning, priests were trained, as in other houses established in the seventh and eighth centuries. There John of Beverley learnt his wisdom, and there as a poor servant lived the immortal Caedman, the father of English song. No longer young, he knew not the art of verse-making; "wherefore being sometimes at feasts, when all agreed for glee's sake to sing in turn, he no sooner saw the harp come towards him than he rose from the board and turned homewards. Having one night thus retired to the stable where he had to take care of the horses that night, he there composed himself to sleep, when he heard a voice saying, 'Caedman, sing some song to me.' He answered, 'I cannot sing; for that was the reason I left the entertainment.' The other said, 'However, you shall sing.' 'What shall I sing?' he rejoined. 'Sing of the beginnings of created being,' said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God which he had never heard.

Awaking out of sleep, he remembered all that he heard, and added much more. In the morning he repeated his verses to the brethren. They all concluded that heavenly grace had been conferred upon him. They expounded to him a passage in holy writ, ordering him to put the same into verse. This he did, and was received as a monk."[1]

King Egfrith ruled vigorously, and extended his realm by waging war on his British neighbours on the west, conquering Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and overcame the rising power of Mercia, absorbing the district of Lincolnshire, and even carrying his victorious troops to ravage the Irish coast. But overconfident by success, he tried to extend his Kingdom too far, and perished with the bulk of his army at Nectans Mere in far-off Fife (A.D. 685). The power of Northumbria was shaken, but in other ways it triumphed. Under the five successors of Egfrith Yorkshire and the whole of Northumbria became the literary centre of Western Europe.[2] No schools were more famous than those of York and Jarrow. The praise of Bede we have already sung, "whose constant pleasure lay in learning, or teaching, or writing." York had one of the best libraries in Europe. Alcuin was a pupil of its school, and Wilfrid and Boniface lent lustre to its palmy days of learning.

But disasters fell heavily on the doomed shire. Tumult and lawlessness reigned. The Wessex Egbert established his supremacy over the old Kingdom. In 827 he "led an army to Dore against the Northumbrians, and they offered him obedience and allegiance,"[3] and then the Danes came and carried fire and sword through the land. The sun of glory of Northumbria had set, but it had done its work. "By its missionaries and by its

1 Bede, Bk. iv., c. 24.
2 Green, *Short History of English People*, p. 38.
3 *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, A.D. 827.

sword it had won England from heathendom to the Christian Church. It had given her a new poetic literature. Its monasteries were already the seat of whatever intellectual life the country possessed. Above all, it had first gathered together into a loose political unity the various tribes of the English people, and, by standing at their head for half a century, had accustomed them to a national life, out of which England, as we have it now, was to spring."[1]

In 867 "the army," as the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* styles the Danish hosts, went from East Anglia over the mouth of the Humber to York in Northumbria. Owing to the dissensions among that people, they were unable to resist them. The Pagan Danes attacked churches and monasteries, and burnt and destroyed wherever they went. "Later in the year," the Chronicler states, "the Northumbrians resolved to fight against the army; and therefore they gathered a large force and sought the army at the town of York, and stormed the town, and some of them got within, and there was a great slaughter made of the Northumbrians, some within, some without, and the kings were slain." The shire became the chief stronghold of the Danes, and York was their capital. You can discover their chief settlements by syllables—*by*, *thorpe*, *thwaite*, and *dale*—attached to the names of places. Streoneshalh of the Saxon became Whitby. Clusters of Danish names are found about York, also in the East Riding (126), in the North Riding (111), the fewest being in the West Riding (60). These very divisions into Ridings or Trithings mark the Danish ascendancy, the *thing* being the council of the Northmen.

We cannot follow the whole course of events. Wessex valour saved England from complete Danish subjugation. The heroic son of Alfred, King Edward, fought

1 Green's *History of English People*, p. 36.

valiantly against the Viking hosts. In 911 the Northumbrian Danes marched southwards and overran Mercia, but Edward fought and slew thousands of them. In 924 he marched north, and the Scots and Northumbrians chose him for father and for lord.[1] Dying in the same year, his son Athelstan reigned, and he and Sihtric, King of the Northumbrians, came together at Tamworth, and Athelstan gave to him his sister. Peace never lasted long in the Northern Kingdom, and, as we have recorded elsewhere, its Kingship was extinguished by Edred, and an Earldom established which in no way conduced to a peaceful rule. Just before the Norman Conquest an event occurred which indirectly caused the defeat at Senlac. Tostig, Harold's brother, was appointed Earl of Northumbria, but the Northerners liked not a Wessex man to rule over them. They rebelled against him, and he fled to Hardrada of Norway for safety and succour, who sent a strong fleet which sailed up the Humber and captured York. Harold rushed with an army and fell upon the enemy at Stamford Bridge. But another danger far more deadly awaited him on the south. By a forced march Harold and his warriors, wearied with battle, rushed to drive back William the Norman, with what result the world knows. If the Northumbrians had not banished Tostig, and Stamford Bridge had never been fought, the Norman Conquest might never have been. Moreover, Tostig's successor, Earl Morcar, earned the "Curses of Meroz." He never came to the help of his countrymen at Senlac, and again contributed to the success of the Normans. He and his people paid the penalty. It mattered not to them who ruled the distant south, they foolishly thought. They had a rude awakening.

William marched northwards and occupied York, building a castle there, probably not a great stone structure,

[1] *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.*

but a stockaded wooded fort surrounded by a moat. There he left his garrison, and apparently the land acknowledged its new lord. But Sweyn of Denmark came with his fleet to the Humber, and northern exiles with Edgar Atheling returned from over the border, and the war-horns sounded throughout the land, and York was captured and its garrison slain. The Conqueror vowed vengeance. He bought off the Danish fleet and sent them homewards. Then, though the River Aire tried by its swollen torrent to stay the avenging hand, he entered York, and pitilessly massacred the inhabitants. Northward his banners flew, and fearful his vengeance. Burnt towns and villages and the slain bodies of men and women marked his progress. Everywhere fire and sword did their terrible work, till the land was a wilderness. Dire famine followed on the heels of slaughter, and the few that remained had left to them neither corn nor cattle, nor roof to protect them from the severest of winters. As far as the Tees this ruthless vengeance raged, and the power of Northumbria was crushed.

After the Conquest Yorkshire was divided among several Norman earls, including Alan, who

> Came out of Brittany
> With his wife Tiffany
> And his maid Manfras
> And his dog Hardigras.

He built Richmond Castle on the bank of the Swale. Many towns owe their origin to the presence of a castle. Numerous workmen were required to build and maintain a castle; tradesmen were needed to supply provisions, and in days of insecurity many liked to erect their dwellings beneath its sheltering walls, as the lord, though often making heavy exactions upon them, would not suffer them to be spoiled by others. So Richmond grew into a town, and the district around was called Richmondshire. Another Norman baron was Ilbert de Lacy, who held his

castle at Pontefract,[1] and had vast possessions. That fortress was, in after days, the scene of the execution of its lord, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and of the imprisonment and death of Richard II. Middleham Castle was built by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, younger brother of Allan of Brittany, who owned all Wensleydale. Earl Warren owned Conisbury, in the West Riding. Robert de Romillé, one of William's hungry followers, secured the district of Skipton and built a castle; and Serlo de Burgh built Knaresborough. Robert de Bruce built Danby Castle, and Roger de Busli Tickhill. William de Percy built castles at Topcliffe and Spofforth, and the hills and dales of Yorkshire were studded with strongholds, which kept in awe the turbulent natives, and subsequently became centres of municipal life.

The shire contained the greatest number of the great lordships, far greater than any other county in England. These included, as we have said, Richmond, the chief seat of the Breton Earls; Topcliffe, the honour of the Percys, Thirsk of the Mowbrays, Tanfield of the Marmions, Skipton of the Cliffords, Middleham of the Fitz-Hughs and Nevilles, Helmsley of the Roos, Masham and Bolton of the two Scropes, Sheffield of the Furnivals and Talbots, and Wakefield of the Duke of York. There were also numerous castles and honours that united to form the great Lancaster duchy, and many minor lordships.[2]

The Church also wrought wonders in the shire, and by her influence turned the people from barbaric and savage ways. In no other county did monasticism exercise so firm a hold as in Yorkshire, and the remains of the numerous beautiful and majestic abbeys testify to the noble work they accomplished in a country distracted

1 Some say that Pontefract was so named from *Pomfrete*, de Lacy's birthplace in Normandy. Others, with more reason, contend that it takes its name from the broken bridge across the Aire which delayed the Conqueror's progress.

2 Bishop Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, iii., 528.

THE WEST FRONT OF YORK MINSTER IN 1809.

and ruined by war. A whole chapter would be needed to tell of all the foundations that arose like fair flowers in gloomy and deserted places. Most of them were twelfth-century structures. Several Orders of monks were represented, but the Cistercians, from the rigidity of their rule, seem to have found most favour among the sturdy Yorkshiremen. We find them at Byland, at Fountains, where a colony of monks from the Benedictine monastery of St. Mary at York established themselves, preferring the austere rule of the Cistercians to the lax discipline of their own order; and again at Jervaulx, Rievaulx, Kirkstall. Besides these there were Bolton Priory, originally founded at Embsay for Augustinian canons, and removed by Alice, daughter of the founder, William de Meschines, to its present beautiful situation over against the spot where her only son was drowned in the Wharfe; Easby Abbey near Richmond and Egglestone-on-the-Tees for Præmonstratensians, Guisbrough Priory, Kirkham Abbey, Sawley, Meaux in Holderness, Guisborough, Bridlington, Coverham, Marrick, Monk Bretton, Mount Grace, Old Malton, Roche, Rosedale, Selby, Walton, and Whitby. Selby, that magnificent pile, arose around a hermit's cell established by a monk of Auxerre. Whitby and St. Mary's, York, were rebuilt on account of the preaching and zeal of certain Gloucestershire monks from Winchcombe and Evesham. York Minster began to rear its walls again through the exertions of the first Norman Archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, who raised again the shrine of Wilfrid at Ripon. The nobles helped in this glorious work, gave lands and wealth for the building of monasteries, and for the erection of churches. And so the noble work went on. But it is time that we returned to our history and note the events that followed.

As we saw in Northumberland history, the Scots frequently harried the northern counties, and though Yorkshire was too far south to feel the brunt of the

fighting, it was not free from the attacks of its pestilent neighbours. When Stephen ruled feebly and warred with Queen Matilda, the Scots poured over the land, but the lords were aroused to resist them and to defend their homes. The Archbishop of York, Thurstan, summoned them to fight, and sent them a magnificent standard with the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon, and around this they fought at Northallerton, and crushed the power of the Scots.[1] The Battle of the Standard, fought in 1138, was a noted example of the bravery of gallant Yorkshiremen.

When Richard, the Lion Heart, sounded the call to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracens, many noble knights of Yorkshire responded and went crusading. They needed money for their expedition, and in York there was a strong colony of Jews who were ready to oblige them for adequate consideration. The Jews grew rich and prosperous, and over-exacting in their bargains. This roused the anger of the citizens, who determined to massacre them. The persecuted race fled for safety into the castle, and the hoary Clifford's Tower that to-day remains was the scene of a grim and horrible slaughter, for which cruel act the king demanded a severe punishment.

The Yorkshire barons took part with those of the south in curbing the conduct of King John, and in forcing him to sign Magna Carta, and also in the wars of the barons in the troubled reign of Henry III. Yorkshire, lying on the highway to Scotland, was the scene of the constant passage of troops during the Edwardian wars, and when England failed to subdue the northern kingdom, the county was rendered liable to invasion and reprisals. After the fatal rout of Bannockburn, hordes of wild Scots, with the help of some of their English allies, extended their raids right into Richmondshire. They

1 Green's *History of English People*, p. 102.

respected not monastery or castle. A priest was celebrating Mass. The northerners threatened his life, and stole the chalice. The Archbishop of York strove to raise an army to resist the marauders, enlisting many of his clergy. A battle was fought at Mitton on the Swale, but the Scots were victorious, and the fight was known as the "Chapter of Mitton," on account of the number of parsons who took part in the fray. At Bishopsthorpe, the residence of the Archbishop of York, in 1323, a truce was concluded, the Scots presenting a claim to all the country as far as the gates of York. In addition to Scottish maraudings, the shire was troubled with the conflict between Edward II. and his barons, which arose on account of favourite Gaveston. Pontefract Castle was especially concerned with it, and was then in the hands of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who in 1312 raised an insurrection in Yorkshire against Gaveston. The insurgent barons captured the favourite at Scarborough Castle and beheaded him at Warwick. This roused the anger of Edward, who thirsted for revenge. Ten years later Lancaster was engaged in heading a conspiracy against the Despencers, and was captured at the battle of Boroughbridge, and brought to Pontefract, where he was imprisoned for some time, and then tried and convicted of treason and hurried off to execution. He claimed the privilege of being beheaded, whilst his adherent barons were hanged.

During the Scottish wars under Edward III., the land had peace from the northern clans, and York enjoyed much prosperity. It became the military and civil capital of the whole country. Parliaments were held there. In York Minster the King was married, and there his infant son was buried. Wealth poured into the treasury of the minster, and most of its superb architectural beauties were added at this period. The King brought over a colony of Flemings to lay the foundation of the county's commercial activity. And meanwhile was growing in

importance the great port of Hull, and the honest merchants, the De la Poles, were extending their trade far and wide, and bringing prosperity to their town and port and country. I have told elsewhere the story of the ravages of the sea on the Yorkshire coast,[1] of the destruction of many fair towns and ports, and the disappearance of Ravensburgh and Ravenspur. The De la Poles settled at length at Hull, which Edward I. bought from the monks of Meaux in 1293 and made it the King's town, or Kingston-upon-Hull. Four years later it was made the sole port for the exportation of Yorkshire wools, and though in 1298 York was made a staple town, it was with the proviso that all its goods should pass through Hull. Good roads or causeways were made to connect it with the neighbouring towns, and in 1327 William de la Pole was in high favour with Edward III., lending him £4,000 for his Scottish wars. Richard rose to high court favour, and was styled the King's "beloved valet and merchant." William fitted out the good ship *Trinity of Hull* with men and munition for fighting against the Scots, and built other vessels for the war with France. Thus Hull rose into prominence and became one of the first ports in the kingdom.

With the troubles of Richard II.'s reign the shire was closely connected. The King had banished Henry of Lancaster and alienated most of his subjects. During Richard's absence in Ireland the Duke landed on the coast of Yorkshire at Ravenspur, now buried beneath the waves, and was joined by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, the heads of the great houses of the Percys and Nevilles, and marched triumphantly on London. The whole realm rallied to his cause, and when Richard landed at Milford Haven he found his kingdom lost. He was captured at Flint, borne to Pontefract Castle, where he was imprisoned and, as some

1 *Vanishing England.*

say, cruelly murdered. Henry did not find the throne an easy seat. Conspiracies were frequent, and Yorkshire was in revolt. As we have narrated elsewhere, Hotspur leagued himself with the Scots and Welsh insurgents, and was slain at Shrewsbury. His father raised another revolt, and was joined by Archbishop Scrope of York, a scion of the famous Scropes of Wensleydale, and son of Lord Scrope, Chancellor of England, and the builder of Bolton Castle. A large force assembled at Skipton; but some of the barons were persuaded by the King to disband their soldiers. Scrope and Earl Mowbray were captured and taken to Pontefract, and thence to the Archbishop's own palace at Bishopsthorpe, where they were judged in the hall. One judge refused to condemn the Archbishop to death on the King's demand. Another more complacent judge was procured. Scrope was then condemned and beheaded in the neighbouring field. The executioner was so appalled by the dread of decapitating an archbishop, that he did not sever the head until after five strokes of the axe.

When the Wars of the Roses broke out, the shire was the scene of many conflicts. Nowhere else did the House of Lancaster find stauncher supporters. The Yorkshire barons fought for the cause of Henry VI. and for his heroic Queen Margaret. Fierce was the fight at Wakefield in 1460, when the Duke of York and the flower of his army were slain. A year later his son Edward, afterwards Edward IV., had his revenge on the blood-stained field of Towton, where 30,000 men perished, and the Crown was won for the Yorkists. We see a lone figure wandering on the moors between Wensleydale and Bowland, finding shelter with the family of the Lindseys, the poor deserted sixth Henry, who wrote in quaint verse of the joys of a shepherd's life, and preferred it to the wearing of a crown.

Edward's policy was to crush the power of the mighty barons, who abounded in Yorkshire, where their ruined

castles testify to their power and dominion. The King had cause to fear them. The mightiest man in England was Earl Warwick, the King-maker. A kinsman of his, Sir John Neville, of Wensleydale, held the King a prisoner in his castle of Middleham,[1] when on the pretence of making a hunting excursion the King managed to effect his escape. Again in southern England, at Moor Hall, Hertfordshire, he nearly fell a victim to the power of the Nevilles. To crush and subdue these powerful earls and dukes was Edward's determined policy. He gave the castle, whence he had with such difficulty escaped, to his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who there murdered Earl Rivers and his companions, "wading through slaughter to a throne." Sheriff Hutton Castle, one of the possessions of the "King-maker," also passed to the "Hunchback," who married Anne Neville, the daughter of Warwick. Afterwards he imprisoned his nephew Edward, the son of the Duke of Clarence, in this castle, and Elizabeth of York was here kept in custody until she became the wife of Henry VII. Richard's infant son was born in this county, and died at Middleham. Richard contrived to win the affections of the Yorkshiremen, who, in spite of all his treachery and crime, continued faithful to him, liking not his successor, Henry of Richmond, and ever ready to support the enemies of the Tudors. They joined in the conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck, and raised an insurrection in 1489 against the Earl of Northumberland, who was trying to levy the King's taxes, killing him at Topcliffe. Henry VII. carried on the policy of Edward IV., crushing the power of the barons, extinguishing feudalism, forbidding his lords to keep a large number of retainers. This policy pressed heavily

[1] This castle is mentioned in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, iii., Sc. 5. Here was executed the Bastard of Falconbridge, admiral of the Navy of Warwick, the "King-maker," and afterwards the leader of a formidable attack on London, and a notorious pirate.

on the great Yorkshire houses, who for centuries had ruled as little kings in their domains and castles. But it was one thing to try, and another to succeed. And, in spite of royal decrees, the nobles continued to keep up very fair establishments.

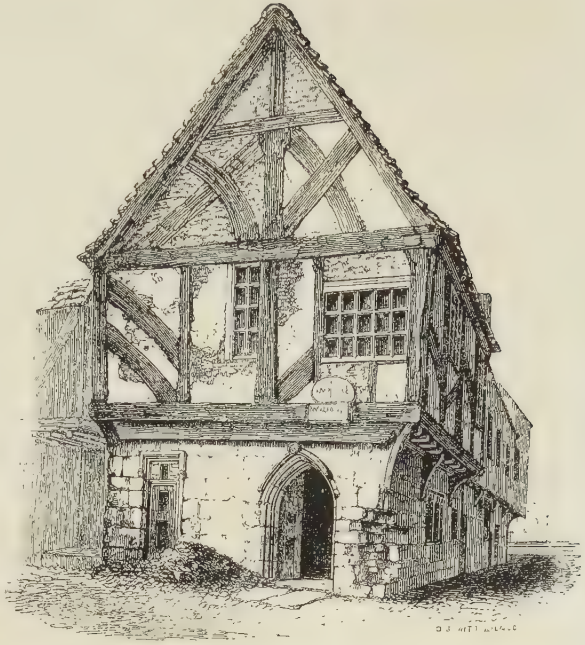
It is sad to hear of the doom of favourites. Cardinal Wolsey was Archbishop of York, but affairs of state prevented him from attending to the duties of his province. He, however, sometimes stayed at one of the palaces of the See, Cawood Castle, and there he was arrested by the Earl of Northumberland during dinner. He was conveyed to Sheffield Park, the Earl of Shrewsbury's seat, and then started on that sad journey to the Tower, during which he was released from mortal troubles at Leicester Abbey.

We should like to dwell on the increasing power of the towns, of the second peaceful invasion of the Flemings, of the old guild life of York, but our space is limited. Another change came. The Reformation had dawned. The monasteries were dissolved, and in no part of England was the destruction of the beautiful abbeys so resented as in Yorkshire. In opposition to the changes in religion a formidable insurrection took place in 1536, called the Pilgrimage of Grace. It would take too long to tell the whole story. The seeds of discontent were widely planted. The nobles loathed Thomas Cromwell, Henry's willing tool, and regarded him as a low upstart. The monks were popular, and the people hated to see them turned out of their beautiful homes, which had been the sources of charity, the employers of labour, the homes of education. They loved, too, the old religion with all the ardour of a Yorkshireman's nature that hated change. "The world will never change till we fight for it," said one of the lords, and Yorkshire flew to arms. York fell before them. Lord Dacre surrendered Pontefract and joined their forces, and Hull opened its gates. Skipton Castle alone held out for the King. Thirty thousand

men were in arms ready to resist a tyrant's power, and above them waved the banner of St. Cuthbert. Robert Aske, a lawyer, was their nominal leader. The Earl of Norfolk met them at Doncaster, and temporised and promised many things. The monks were restored. Henry consented to listen to their complaints and grant free pardon to all concerned. Popular discontent was allayed, but the organisation continued. Beacon fires were ready on all the hills to summon the people to the standard. It is said that one of them was fired by accident or design, and in the depth of winter the men rushed to arms. However, the moment had passed. Cromwell's preparations were complete. Royal garrisons held the towns, and then the axe of vengeance fell. The people were powerless. All promises were forgotten. The leaders, the Percys, Darcy, Hussey, Sir Robert Constable, Aske, the Abbots of Barlings, Whalley, Woburn, Sawley, Fountains, and Jervaulx, were hanged; and gibbets were set up in every village, from which hung the bodies of less noted pilgrims. Such was the end of the Pilgrimage of Grace, and the ivy-clad ruins of the monasteries complete the story of spoliation.

The next scene in the drama of Yorkshire is the coming of the fair Queen of Scots, who wrought mischief in so many hearts, and caused anxiety to Queen Elizabeth. Mary had fled from Scotland, driven away by her subjects, was held as a prisoner at Lochleven Castle, escaped to Carlisle, was then confined in the castle of Tutbury, in Staffordshire, and then removed to Sheffield Castle, being in the custody of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, and then to Sheffield Manor, where it is said she tried her fascinations on her keeper, much to the displeasure of his jealous wife, which caused Mary many inconveniences. Her presence in Yorkshire stirred up those who disliked Elizabeth's policy with regard to religion, and wished "to reduce all causes of religion to

Tower near Layerthorpe Bridge, York.



Old House in Newgate, York.

(*The upper part was destroyed by fire about forty years ago.*)

the old custom and usage." The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland headed the revolt in 1569. Thousands rushed to their standard at Doncaster, as the disapproval of Protestantism was widespread, as the Earl of Sussex told the Queen that there were not ten gentlemen in the county who approved her policy. But the conspiracy failed, and the mass of the people of England refused to support this northern adventure.

The scene of warfare closes. Commerce and industry ply their toil. The wise heads of Yorkshiremen plan many schemes for their advantage. The port of Hull is busy with shipping; and then the curtain rises again on the gigantic struggle of King and Parliament, wherein Yorkshire played a most conspicuous part. Again we cannot tell the whole story of that tremendous contest. Yorkshire was loyal to the backbone. Nowhere else did King Charles find braver subjects or better fighters. Charles was at York in 1639 preparing to march on Scotland, but his expedition came to nothing. He tried in vain to avoid the summoning of Parliament. The Scots threatened to march on York, and crossed the border. Charles went to York and summoned a great Council of Peers, but all in vain. The people would have no hand in "the Bishop's War," as they termed the proposed campaign against Scotland. After three ominous years the war-clouds gathered over the nation. The King wanted arms. There was a good store at Hull. Thither he went to seize them, but the Governor, Sir John Hotham, refused to open the gates. The bugle had sounded. The war had begun. Royalist lords flocked to the King at York. Final efforts at conciliation were made, and then the war-cloud burst. Marston Moor, the great and decisive battle of the war, was fought on Yorkshire soil on July 2nd, 1644. Most of the great castles and towns of the county endured sieges. Pontefract was twice besieged, forming the most stirring episodes of that period in Yorkshire. It survived its first

siege, and remained a Royalist stronghold after the battle of Marston Moor and the taking of York. Forced to surrender in 1645, it was again manned by a Royalist garrison, and withstood a third siege, surrendering in 1649, after the execution of Charles I., when all hope for the success of the Royalist cause was abandoned. Here Charles II. was proclaimed King by the loyal garrison on the death of his father, and the first silver coin of the new King struck. Oliver Cromwell called it "the strongest inland garrison in the kingdom," and lest it should cause him further trouble, ordered it to be slighted and made a ruin. A story is told of its recapture by the Royalists after its first siege and surrender. Some Royalist soldiers disguised themselves as peasants under the leadership of a man named Morris, afterwards Colonel Morris, the Governor. They managed to overpower the guard, open the gates and let in their companions, who speedily took the castle. Scarborough Castle endured two sieges. It held out bravely and stubbornly, was captured in 1645, and then its garrison went over to the royal cause and was again taken. Of Knaresborough, Lord Lytton, in *Eugene Aram*, wrote:—

"You will be at a loss to recognise now the truth of old Leland's description of that once stout and gallant bulwark of the north, when 'he numbrid 11 or 12 Toures in the walles of the Castel, and one very fayre beside in the second area.' In that castle the four knightly murderers of the haughty Becket (the Wolsey of his age) remained for a whole year, defying the weak justice of the times. There, too, the unfortunate Richard II. passed some portion of his bitter imprisonment. And there, after the battle of Marston Moor, waved the banner of the loyalists against the soldiers of Lilburn."

An interesting story is told of the siege. A youth, whose father was in the garrison, each night went into the deep, dry moat, climbed up the glacis, and put provisions through a hole where his father stood ready to

receive them. He was seen at length, fired on by the Parliamentary soldiers, and sentenced to be hanged in sight of the besieged as a warning to others. But a good lady obtained his respite, and after the conquest of the place he was released. The castle then, once the residence of Piers Gaveston, of Henry III., and of John of Gaunt, was dismantled and destroyed.[1]

Sandal Castle surrendered after three weeks' siege to Colonel Overton, and Bolton Castle was long defended, the garrison being reduced to eat horseflesh. The fate of these castles was very similar. At the close of the war, lest they should again prove themselves thorns in the sides of the victors, they were slighted and ruinated, and the ancient homes of the Yorkshire nobles knew them no more. As Dr. Creighton wisely moralises: "The strongholds of the barons shared the fate of the homes of the monks, and the ruins of Yorkshire castles and Yorkshire monasteries equally tell the tale that institutions pass away when they have served their purpose. . . . The monks passed away altogether, because they had outlived their usefulness, and men needed them no more. The barons were bidden to lay aside their old character of military leaders, and become peaceful gentry living amongst the people. The troubles of the Civil War told of the beginning of a new state of things that was rich with the promise of a peaceful and prosperous future."

No other great historical events have disturbed the peace of our Yorkshire hills and dales. If space permitted, we might record her peaceful triumphs, her progress as a great manufacturing county, her wool trade, and all the wonderful industries that find a home within the county. We might also tell of the introduction of machinery, the riots of the Luddites, and many other matters of interest. Only in portions of the shire do

1 *Vanishing England.*

the factory chimneys belch forth clouds of smoke. There are still wild moors and wolds wherein old customs linger on, where the grouse fly and tempt the sportsman. The generation is only just passing away of those who remember the robbers who infested the roads that ran through the valleys of the hills separating the shire from its western neighbour, Lancashire; when the waggoners waited at the entrance of the passes until there were a sufficient number to defy the marauders. But all that has passed now, and those who love Yorkshire will like to read of the bravery of her sons in times past, of their loyalty, of their unyielding adherence to old truths and old causes, and of their sturdy resolution and clear vision and decision which the storms and severer conditions of life in the north have taught them.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

CUMBERLAND

THE natural boundaries of the shire have marked out Cumberland as a separate county and exercised a powerful influence on its history. Few shires are so hemmed in by mountain, sea, and river. The great Pennine range carefully guards it on the east and south. From Scotland it is severed by the Solway Firth and the Rivers Esk, Sark, and Liddel, and the sea laves its western shore. Its name recalls the fact that, like its neighbour Northumberland, it formed part of an old kingdom, the Cumbri-land, but its early history is so darkly veiled that it is difficult to trace. Well did its primitive inhabitants know the power of the conquering Roman legionaries. The Great Wall terminated at the Solway, and Luguvallum, or Lugubalia, the modern Carlisle, was a Roman town just south of the Wall built to defend the furthest frontier of the Empire. When Honorius recalled the Legions the Britons manned the walls of the deserted city and strove to repel their enemies. Picts and Scots attacked them, but these northern Celtic men had learnt something from the stern Roman soldiers who had subdued them. They recognised the advantage of combination, and several of these British tribes united together to withstand their foes. Gildas uttered his wild jeremiads over their sorrows and sufferings caused by their sins and dissensions; but the shade of King Arthur haunts the Cumberland hills and vales, who with his brave knights succoured the native races and conquered their enemies. We may not disregard this lightly, nor assert with over-much confidence that he never existed.

The light of the Gospel first dawned upon the shire about the time of the departure of the Romans, when St. Ninian, Bishop of the Picts, journeyed south and preached to the people the story of the Cross, but this ray was soon quenched in the darkness that followed. There is no history to record until towards the end of the sixth century, when two events of importance emerge out of the mists that had settled over the hills and dales of this northern land. In 573 the great apostle St. Mungo, or Kentigern, to whom the cathedral at Glasgow is dedicated, was driven from his diocese, and resolved to visit his countrymen in Wales. He came to Carlisle and proclaimed the Gospel message to the people in the mountains, and included Cumberland in his diocese. In the same year was fought the battle of Ardderyd, which has been identified with Arthuret, not far from Carlisle, wherein the British clans, headed by Rederech, their prince, conquered the English, and established their sway over a kingdom that stretched from the Mersey to the Clyde. This was the Kingdom of the Strathclyde Britons. But the Angles of Northumbria were continually pressing on its eastern border. There was much fighting inland, not only between Britons and Angles, but with Picts and Scots; and when the battle-clouds lifted we see the English of Northumbria masters of the best portions of the land. This was a blessing to the country, as it paved the way for the feet of the missionaries, and soon, in 685, St. Cuthbert came to Carlisle, and Egfrid, King of Northumbria, gave to him the city and much surrounding land for the endowment of his see of Lindisfarne. A monastery of the Saxon type, a centre of spiritual activity for the district, and a school were soon established in the city and also at Penrith. The city remained through all the changes and chances of tribal wars a place of strength and a centre of settled government. It continued its connection with Lindisfarne, and thereby conferred much benefit on the

district. When Cuthbert came the people showed him the remains of Roman civilisation, the walls and foundation, and hither came his friend, St. Herebert the Hermit, to see him from his lonely island home in Derwentwater lake.

Upon this peaceful scene burst the storm of a Scandinavian invasion. The extent of their colonisation is evinced by the numerous Norwegian suffixes to the place names, *gill*, *garth*, *haugh*, *thwaite*, *force*, and *fell*. The Danes have left few traces, and Saxon place names are comparatively rare. But the dreaded Danish hosts soon followed in the footsteps of the Norsemen, and plundered the country about the middle of the ninth century, though they did not colonise it. Their attack on Holy Isle caused, as we have seen, the flight of the Bishop, and the removal of the bones of St. Cuthbert, which they brought to Cumberland, and thence conveyed to Galloway. They are said to have destroyed Carlisle, according to the statement of Florence of Worcester, but this is extremely doubtful; and soon the Strathclyde Britons were in arms to recover their lost territory, and, defeating the Danes, established their brief supremacy. It was about this date that the district received its present appellation and became known as the land of the Cymri, Cymbri-land, or Cumberland, and it seems at first to have been synonymous with Strathclyde.

At the beginning of the tenth century the victorious career of Edward the Elder, the son of Alfred, brought him to the north and compelled the Scots, Cumbrians, and Strathclyde Celts to submit to his rule and acknowledge him their king. But the people were ever restless, and scarcely had his army been withdrawn before they rebelled again, and Athelstan had to march northwards and defeat in 937, at the battle of Brunanburgh, a confederacy of the Cumbri, Picts, and Scots. They acknowledged him King of the Cumbri, but eight years later they were again in revolt when King Edmund

harried Cumberland, slew its king, Dunmail, and not wishing to be further troubled with such insubordinate subjects, handed the county over to Malcolm, King of Scots, on condition that Malcolm should aid him by land and sea, an arrangement that brought for a time peace to the distracted kingdom. So Cumberland became part of Scotland for a considerable time. The Scottish kings regarded the agreement as permanent. The English said it was only a personal matter between Edmund and Malcolm. At any rate, the English were so busy fighting the Danes they did not trouble themselves about this northern shire, save that Ethelred plundered it because it was a stronghold of the Norse folk. The North-umbrian Earls seem to have extended their power over the shire, as we find Gospatric, the Earl, bestowing privileges on his freemen and dependents in the shire, and his son Dolfin holding Carlisle and its neighbour-hood. Earl Gospatric was a very cunning person. He was ruling when William the Conqueror came to England, submitted to him, and tried to play a double game, conspiring now with Scot and then with Norman, until William saw through his designs and exiled him. In the year of the Conquest Malcolm was ruling the county, but in 1092, when Dolfin was in power, William Rufus went north, drove out Dolfin, restored Carlisle, built a castle and placed therein a strong garrison. Owing to the wars and confusion of centuries the land was sparsely peopled; so the "Red King" imitated the plan of ancient Assyrian monarchs, and transplanted some of the English folk whom he had driven out of their dwellings in Hampshire, for the purpose of enlarging his hunting grounds, to the hills of Cumberland, thereby bringing in a new strain to the already mixed blood of the people of that border land.

Henry I. constituted Cumberland an Earldom, which he gave to Ranulph Meschin, and in 1133 created the new See of Carlisle, establishing a priory of canons, who

Carlisle Castle.

soon began to erect a beautiful church, which, on account of the troublous times that followed, never attained to the magnificence they contemplated. Meschin built a castle at Appleby, afterwards the seat of a barony which ultimately became the county of Westmorland. Gilsland and Lyddale were constituted baronies for the defence of the northern boundaries, and Burgh also for guarding of the Solway. The Earl became weary of his northern home, and having succeeded to the Earldom of Chester, he somewhat reluctantly gave up Carlisle, having a mind to keep both.

Confusion reigned when Stephen ruled, and the Scots seized upon the border counties. King David came to Carlisle and built the keep of the castle in 1139, and in the Battle of the Standard the men of the shire fought on the side of the Scots against the English. During the infancy of David's successor the strong hand of Henry II. wrested the county from the Scottish grip. He often came to the cathedral city, and there held a conference with the Scottish king about the rival claims of the two Kingdoms. For years the contest continued. We see William the Lion with his clans in 1174 penetrating into the heart of the county, capturing Appleby, besieging Carlisle, when he was gallantly resisted, and then being captured at Alnwick, as we have already mentioned.[1] It would be a weary task to record all the fights and sieges, and not until 1242, by the intervention of Pope Gregory, were terms of agreement settled, and the land had peace.

Cumberland, which did not assume its present size and shape until 1174, was a wild and troubled district. Like the builders of the Second Temple and the Wall of Jerusalem, the men had to work with swords in their hands, ever ready to repel an invasion. Castles were built to defend the land at Egremont, Cockermouth, and

1 "Northumberland."

Liddle in the twelfth century. In the two following centuries their number had considerably increased, and we find fortified houses, castles, peels, and even fortified church towers, at Millom, Dunmalloght, Hayes, Workington, Wythop, Wolsty, Greystoke, Melmerby, Highhead, Arlosh, Bownes, Drumburgh, Burgh-by-Sands, Scaleby, Naworth, Bewcastle, and Tryermain; and in the sixteenth century still others were added. But abbeys also arose to spread their beneficent influence, the chief of which were the Cistercian houses of Holmcultram and Calder, the Benedictine of St. Bees and Wetheral, with nunneries at Armathwaite and Seton, and Austin Canons at Lanercost, besides the priory at Carlisle. Besides these there were friaries and hospitals and colleges.

Peace and security and religion were settling upon the land when the Scottish Wars broke out in the reign of Edward I., and made the border counties their battlefield. In our story of Northumberland we have given some account of the numerous raids and battles that took place, and it is unnecessary to repeat the chronicle of rapine and slaughter. Carlisle throughout played an important part in the conflict. Edward was there on several occasions, held his last parliament within the city, and though struck with mortal sickness, he started to conquer Scotland borne in a horse-litter. His brave spirit would conquer even death, but in vain his final effort. Within the borders of the county he breathed his last at Burgh-by-the-Sands, where a pillar still marks the memory of the valiant king.

Many were the fighting families who helped to keep back marauding Scots, or to carry the war into the enemy's land. Such were the Dacres of Naworth, the Greystokes of Greystoke, the Laceys of Cockermouth, the Tilliots of Scaleby, and even the Bishops of Carlisle, such as John de Kirkby and John de Halton, proved themselves somewhat "muscular Christians" and keen fighters. Foremost amongst the Cumbrian heroes was

Andrew de Hartcla, ever ready in fight and foray, in war or council, Sheriff of Cumberland, Captain of Carlisle, Warden of the March, a favourite of Edward II., who created him Earl of Carlisle. Somewhat elevated by his new dignity, and by the royal trust reposed in him, he made peace with Bruce on his own initiative, being weary of war, and sorry for the condition of his people. The King deemed this treason, and ordered him to be degraded and hanged. Ultimately he was himself forced to accept the same terms, for the concluding of which he had killed his most valiant subject.

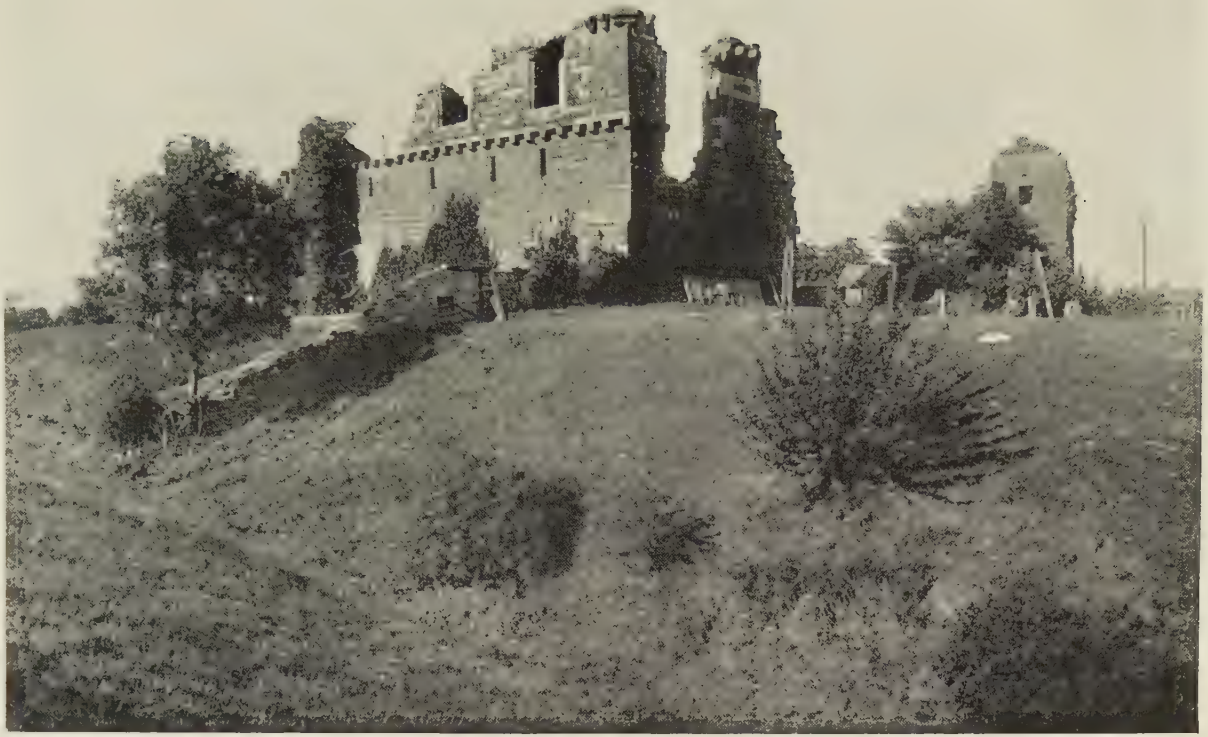
In our account of Northumberland we have tried to tell as briefly as possible the sort of life that existed on the Borders, the raids and fightings, so frequent, so disastrous. Between Cumberland and Scotland these dissensions, strife and harryings were still more remarkable. The clans and the Cumbrians were very near together, with no well-defined boundary to separate them. Disputes were frequent Now some cattle had been carried, now a salmon-river had been dammed, so that those who lived higher up the stream could get no fish. Sometimes friendly bouts at chivalric exercise, jousts, and tournaments would take place between the knights of the two countries. A strip of land called the Debatable Land, or Threaplands, lay between the rival county and country, and divers laws were passed relating to the grazing rights, etc. Woe to the foolish Englishman or Scotsman who left his cattle in this Debatable Land beyond nightfall. Anyone might capture his beasts then, and drive them off to his own peel. *Semper vigilans* was the motto of every borderer.

The Cumbrians were ever loyal. When the powerful English barons turned from their allegiance to Richard II., they continued steadfast, and believed that the poor dethroned and murdered king was alive in Scotland, and would come again to claim his own at the head of

a northern army. When the Lancastrian House held the throne they upheld it with all their might, and sacrificed their lives and their estates in the Wars of the Roses. At Northampton in 1460 fell the Lord of Egremont. Lord Dacre was slain on Towton Field, and other nobles fell; but when the Yorkists triumphed a wise policy of conciliation was adopted with these northern gentlemen, and some estates were restored. We find Richard, "the Hunchback," before he "waded through slaughter to a throne," being occupied as Warden of the Western Marches and owner of the castle of Penrith, performing his duties with skill and preserving peace on the border. Sometimes he stayed at Carlisle Castle, where on one of the towers you can see carved a boar, his badge.

When Henry VIII. ruled he fanned the flame of border warfare in order to weaken the Scottish king and prevent him from aiding France. Life was terrible in the border land. Dacre was the willing agent in carrying out his sovereign's wishes. He boasted to Henry that no corn was sold in a district where formerly 140 ploughs were in use; that he had burnt townships and villages, and that no one lived where once a goodly population dwelt. James IV. did not take this easily. He marched south and captured Norham Castle, but the battle of Flodden Field closed his career, and left his country naked to his enemies.

The Cumberland story of the Dissolution of the Monasteries is a sad and gloomy page in our history. There were only two of the larger abbeys in the county, Holmcultram and the priory of Carlisle. The smaller ones with a revenue under £200 a year were swept away by the first Act of Spoliation, arousing the anger of the people. A rebellion broke out, but in Cumberland no men of position supported it. The common people were the instigators, and the movement did not receive the support of the parochial clergy, who thus incurred the dislike of the populace. They threatened to hang the



Penrith Castle.

poor rector of Caldbeck if he did not join the rebellion. At once it attained considerable proportions. Fifteen thousand men were ready to besiege Carlisle. Penrith, Caldbeck, and Cockermouth were the chief centres of disaffection, and Parson Towneley of Penrith was a valiant leader and expounder of the principles of the cause. When it was crushed by persuasions and false promises, Henry turned his attention to the larger houses, and soon Holmcultram was doomed. Its abbot took a leading part in the insurrection, urging on his tenants to join the commons, and going to demand in their name the surrender of Carlisle. The end came. The monks were driven out of their holy homes and compelled to attire themselves as laymen. Their houses were pillaged, desecrated, and destroyed. Holmcultram Church was happily saved for the parish, and a few others were rescued, but a clean sweep was made of the rest in the mad storm of greed and iconoclasm.

The good Bishop, Robert Aldridge, did good service as a scholar in moderating the influence of some of the extreme reformers on his clergy and people, preserving peace in his diocese during the changes, and preventing persecution and murder by rival parties. But a second insurrection broke out in 1537, caused as much by agrarian discontent as by the suppression of the monasteries. Carlisle was besieged, but Sir Christopher Dacre and Sir Thomas Clifford defeated the rebels and captured eight thousand prisoners, nearly one hundred of whom were deemed leaders, and mercilessly executed.

Soon the war with Scotland was renewed, but the disastrous defeat of the Scots at Solway Moss crushed the hopes of the northern kingdom, and Henry let loose the border-hounds to hunt freely on Scottish pastures, and slaughter and pillage ensued with terrible barbarity, until at last both parties were exhausted and were content to conclude conditions of peace. In 1568 the frail and beautiful Mary Queen of Scots landed an exile from her

country at Workington, and stayed many weeks at Carlisle, as was her wont stirring up intrigue and contention. The shire happily escaped the evil consequences of the rebellion in the fair Queen's favour promoted by the Earl of Northumberland in 1569, but the danger was only just averted by the steadfastness of Lord Scrope and other Cumberland leaders. Mary was fortunately removed to a more secure prison and one less disturbing to the peace of the county. We have no space to record the doings of the deceitful traitor, Leonard Dacre, who sullied the fair fame of an honest and loyal house; nor to tell of the bold Buccleuch who surprised Carlisle Castle and carried off from the custody of Lord Scrope a notorious freebooter, one Kinmont Willie, who Buccleuch considered to have been wrongly apprehended.

The accession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne brought some peace to the border, and owing to the stern measures of Lord William Howard of Naworth, moss-troopers were repressed and turbulent clans restrained from pillage. Hither came "the Solomon of the North" to Carlisle, and was loyally received by the citizens. But soon the storm and stress of the great Civil War burst over the shire, and nowhere else in England did it rage more severely. In 1640 the Scots invaded the northern counties, captured Newcastle, threatened Carlisle, and then by a treaty established a hold on Cumberland and Westmorland which the northerners were unable to shake off. But Carlisle was faithful to the King. In 1643 the Roundheads made an attempt to capture it in vain. A year later David Leslie began a siege of the city, lasting more than a year, and memorable in the annals of war. The garrison and the inhabitants endured the greatest distress, being starved and reduced by a terrible famine. Dogs and rats were common food, and horseflesh. Men were reduced to skeletons. After Naseby, the governor, Sir

Thomas Glenham, seeing that all hope of relief had sped, capitulated, the garrison marching out with all the honours of war, having earned the respect of friend and foe alike.

The gallant men of the shire, though compelled to yield up their castle, did not remain at ease, but joined the royal forces. Rowton Heath thinned their ranks. Several gentlemen of the shire were slain or captured; some tried to regain the castle, and others fought in vain on Carlisle Sands. However, in 1648, Sir Philip Musgrave and other brave-hearted men succeeded in taking the castle, and the presence of the Duke of Hamilton, the capture of Appleby Castle and other deeds of daring, revived the hopes of the Royalists, which their defeat at Preston effectually quenched. Nothing remained but for valiant men to acknowledge the hopelessness of their cause and to yield to the inevitable.

"The King is dead. Long live the King!" Though Charles the Martyr was murdered, the second Charles was proclaimed at Scone in 1651. He marched into England, Cumberland being the first shire to welcome him. He was proclaimed at Penrith, but few joined his standard, as he marched on to the ill-fated field of Worcester, which crushed the final hopes of the Cavaliers. They had reason to dread the vengeance of the Parliament. Brave men, like Sir Timothy Fetherstonhaugh, were doomed to death. Many others were cruelly robbed and plundered, the poor were left destitute, the land mourned, and thousands of families lacked corn or bread or money. The whole condition of the county was deplorable.

There were, however, strong men, brave men, and wise men, who worked for the salvation of the people, and did wonders for the shire. Amongst these were the Lowthers, the Grahams of Cockermouth, the Howards and Musgraves, who held their own and would not submit to tyrannical kings or unjust measures. Ever

loyal, when the throne was in danger, even though the worthless James II. sat upon it, they rallied to its support when William of Orange had landed on the English shore.

But events had moved too rapidly for them to be followed very closely in far-off Cumberland, before the days of telegrams; and the Revolution was accomplished before the gallant men of the north could rush to arms. They, however, accepted the new era without misgivings, determined to support the Usurper, if he consulted well for England and maintained the free institutions which they deemed essential to the well-being of the realm.

The Stuart risings of 1715 and 1745 caused confusion in the shire, and neither Pretender received a welcome in the county. In 1715 the Prince and his Scottish allies were at Penrith and Bampton, where he was proclaimed James III., and the local militia, poorly armed and unskilled in war, made a poor pretence to stop their onward march. They seem to have degenerated from their valiant sires, who were ever ready to repel an enemy, fight a battle, or lead a foray. Again, in 1745, the brave Young Pretender, most maligned of princes, whatever his condition in later life may have been, captured Carlisle, which was somewhat defenceless with ruined walls and feebly garrisoned. You can imagine him riding as a conqueror through the streets on his white horse, with the sound of a hundred bagpipes swirling around him. And so he rode south beyond the borders, and a month later he reappears a defeated prince, still gallant and brave, but sad at the thought of the hopelessness of his cause and the slaughter of his followers. Soon Carlisle was taken by the Duke of Cumberland, and you have doubtless seen that prison in the Castle where hundreds of poor Scottish prisoners were kept for a long period with little air and light, and imagined the hideous scene of slaughter when these poor traitors were executed. A permanent memorial of the rebellion is General Wade's

road that unites Carlisle with Newcastle, constructed at his instigation, and travellers in the Highlands will remember the constant traces of this road-making general which show themselves amid heather-clad hills in lonely districts.

No other great historical events have occurred in Cumberland. Since those stirring times it has pursued its peaceful way. The descendants of the moss-troopers "have turned their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks," thereby bringing wealth and prosperity to their shire and to themselves. The county "keeps more clearly than any part of England the traces of old times," writes a great historian, Bishop Creighton, of London. "Its people are stalwart, sturdy, and independent. They pride themselves on being kindly, homely, and outspoken. Even a passing traveller through the country will feel that he is amongst a folk who have their roots in a historic past."

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

WESTMORLAND

THE admiration for scenes of natural beauty, of wild brown heaths and shaggy moors, of stern mountain crags and lonely lakes, seems to have been undeveloped by our forefathers. Fuller, writing of Westmorland, said, "Here is cold comfort from Nature, but somewhat of Warmth from Industry. That the land is barren is God's Pleasure, the People painfull[1] their Praise. Though sterile by general rule, it is fruitful by some few exceptions, having some pleasant vales (much of Eden running clean through it) yet—little of Delight." Perhaps if he had lived in our own day his verdict might have been different. People have learnt to appreciate the wild beauty of the Lake District, as the crowds of summer tourists in this delectable region abundantly testify.

The history of the county is closely bound up with that of its neighbouring shires. The inhabitants have somewhat the same characteristics, the same origin. It has suffered the same misfortunes, the same raids, pillaging and slaughter by the Scottish borderers, though not perhaps to the same degree, as its powerful neighbour, Cumberland. Hence it is unnecessary in this record to describe again those numerous historical events which we noticed in our description of Cumberland and were common to both shires. In early times it was part of the kingdom of the Strathclyde Britons. If the story of Edgar's rowing in his barge on the Dee at Chester be

[1] "Painful" in old writings means painstaking. "A painful preacher" was high praise.

true, when eight kings or kinglets acted as oarsmen, it may have been an independent or semi-independent state, as we find among the subjugated monarchs "the King of Westmere." And if the account be an invention, the record of the name may well point to the existence of the kingdom of the Westmereland, or Westmorland.

It consisted of two baronies: the Barony of Kendal, which went with the Earldom of Lancaster, belonging, indeed, to the Hundred of Lonsdale, part of Âmounderness, one of the divisions of that county; and the Barony of Appleby, which was attached to the Earldom of Cumberland and was quite an independent division and belonged to another family. We will refer later to the composite character of the shire, and must tell a little of its earlier story. Fuller quotes a saying of Camden that more antiquities can be found in Cumberland and Westmorland than in all England besides. Diligent searchers and industrious excavators have been busily at work since Camden's time, and his statement may assuredly be questioned. But there is no lack of prehistoric relics. There are numerous barrows and tumuli in the wilder parts of the county, especially along the limestone hills near Orton. An important long barrow containing burnt bodies has been found at Crosby Garrett, Raisett Pike; and round barrows at Ashfell, Kirby Stephen, Askham, Brackenber Moor, Crosby Garrett, Crosby Ravensworth, Dufton Church, Gamelands, Orton, Great Ashby Scar, Ravenstonedale, Shap, Raftland Forest and Warcop. Six barrows have been discovered at Kirby Stephen—one containing a tree-coffin with a bronze bowl—and may, perhaps, belong to the post-Roman period. Megalithic circles are fairly numerous, and exist at Crosby Ravensworth, Gamelands, at Gunnerfield, Karl Lofts and Guggleby Stone, near Shap, Lowther Scar, Moor Divock and Ravenstonedale. There are twelve sites of prehistoric villages, the most important being Hugill High House, near Windermere. This shows a rampart

14 feet wide, and within division walls, courts and hut dwellings, some of which are circular. Besides these there are twenty-four earthworks, including the curious "King Arthur's Round Table," which is a puzzle to antiquaries, and can scarcely have been made for military purposes. Roman roads pass through the shire, leading to the Roman wall, and it is interesting to walk along the wondrous High Street, and discover a few inches beneath the turf the pavement laid down by the conquerors of Britain. A road ran from Ambleside to Penrith, and another from Penrith to Kendal, meeting on High Street. Another road ran on the eastern border of Satterthwaite, pointing in the direction of Ambleside where was a camp, whence another road ran to Low Forest. Yet another road skirted the lower part of the township of Ulverston, from the White Thorn on Conishead Bank, by Lindal, Dalton and Goldmire to Roanhead on Duddon Bank. A Roman station existed at Brougham (*Brocavum*), founded, it is believed, by Agricola in A.D. 79. Several inscribed stones have been discovered here and preserved at Brougham Hall, one in honour of Constantine the Great, a votive altar, and sepulchral monuments. Another Roman station existed near Ambleside to guard the passes of Kirkstone and Dunmail Raise, Hard Knot and Wrynose. It is believed to have been the *Alonæ* of the Itineraries. Camden describes it as "the carcase of an ancient city with great ruins of walls still remaining scattered about." Little trace of the station now remains, save some vestiges of the ditch and some square stone pavements at the head of the lake, as if made for the foundation of a harbour. A hoard of coins was discovered here and Samian pottery. On Curwen's island some remains of a villa have been found. A paved road led from this station to Keswick by Grasmere; another to Patterdale by Kirkstone, meeting on the High Street. At High Burwens, near Kirby Thore, some considerable Roman remains have been found, including conduits, vaults, pavements, coins, altars

and urns. One altar had an inscription, *Fortunæ Servatici*. An inscribed altar, bearing the words *Deo Silvano*, has been found at Dunfell in a circular earthwork called Green Castle. Watercrook is said to have been a station, where many relics have been found, a hypocaust, fragments of urns, altars and inscribed stones.

When the Roman legionaries marched along High Street for the last time and bade a last farewell to the land of lakes and mountains on their way to guard the centre of the empire, Westmorland shared with Cumberland the attacks of the Scots and Picts who swarmed over the Wall of Hadrian and made themselves masters of the land. It also followed the fortunes of the neighbouring shire in all the vicissitudes of lordship and ownership, in its relations with and possession by Scotland, in the triumphs of the Strathclyde Britons, in Saxon and Northumbrian conquest, and Scandinavian and Danish rule. Save Appleby, Kirby Thore, Kirby Lonsdale, Kirby Stephen, Temple Sowerby, Thrimby and Asby (or Askaby), there are few names that denote Danish occupation.

Christianity came to this land through the preaching of St. Cuthbert, who, when he came to Carlisle, hearing that there were people living among the mountains who had never heard the Gospel message, made a pilgrimage to their abodes amongst the wilds of Westmorland, and converted them to the Faith. The names of Kirby Lonsdale, Kirby Stephen, Kirby Thore, suggest the existence of early churches having been built in the district, and the spread of Christianity among the inhabitants of the moors and mountains.

The Dummel Wrays of stones tells of the victory by King Edward over Dunmail, King of Cumbriland, in 946, when the eyes of the sons of the latter were put out, and his territory handed over to Malcolm of Scotland. We have already followed the fortunes of the northern regions, and need not repeat the story of the district before

it emerged into a county. You will remember that Henry I. constituted Carlisle into an earldom and gave it to Ranulph de Meschines, who, by a prudent marriage, enlarged his estates, which embraced all Amounderness, including the south-western part of Cumberland, the south of Westmorland, and all Lancashire north of the Ribble, and part of Yorkshire. We have seen how the Earl grew tired of his northern home, and having inherited the Earldom of Chester, retired thither. It was thought that he desired to keep both earldoms, but the wise Henry I. determined that it was inexpedient for a subject to possess too much power, and kept the northern earldom in his own hands. He constituted the county of Westmorland, which was composed of two baronies, that of Appleby and that of Kendal, and appointed a sheriff to manage its affairs. The district was sometimes called in early times *Apleby Schyre.*

The Barony of Appleby was held with the Earldom of Carlisle at first by Ranulph de Meschines, and then it passed to the Morvill family. Hugh de Morvill, one of the assassins of St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose murder sent a thrill through Christendom, held the barony. Henry II. was compelled to punish those who had translated his wishes but too faithfully in Canterbury cathedral, and the estate was divided, part going with Hugh's sister into the family of the Veteriponts, or Viponts, who owned Brougham Manor, the castle of Appleby passing into the custody of Gospatric, the son of Orme. It is said that the weapon with which Hugh de Morvill helped to slay the Archbishop was long preserved in the castle of Kirk-Oswald. Maud's name is still preserved in Maud's Meaburn manor. Her son regained the estates, which in three generations passed by marriage to Roger de Clifford, the source of a long and illustrious line. Roger de Vipont received from William the Conqueror extensive rights and territories in Westmorland, amongst others some oppressive rights of

seigniory over the manor of Brougham, then held by an English family, the Burghams, or Broughams. To relieve the estate from such services Gilbert de Brougham, in the reign of King John, agreed to give up absolutely one-third part of the estate to Robert de Vipont, including the land upon which the castle was built. The Viponts either built or much increased the strength of the castle, which was afterwards much enlarged by Roger de Clifford, who, as we have said, obtained it by marriage with an heiress of the Viponts.

Appleby Castle was also held by the Cliffords, a strong fortress which was often called upon to resist the attacks of the Scots. Beneath its shadow the county town grew into importance. But it has suffered many times from assaults by Scottish marauders, who burnt it in 1176 and again in 1388. In 1598 it suffered severely by a pestilence, from which it has never recovered its former size and importance. The walls of the borough are nearly a mile from the town, and ruins of buildings have been dug up at a considerable distance from the present place; evidences of the destruction wrought by invaders and plague.

Of the Cliffords there is much to be recorded, but it is impossible within our limits to give the story of the family. They fought vigorously in the Wars of the Roses, especially the Black Clifford who slew "the fayre gentleman and maydenly person," the young Earl of Rutland, who in 1460 was being led out of the Battle of Wakefield by his chaplain and others, when Black Clifford's band surrounded him, and demanded who he was. The young Earl was smitten with fear, and could only kneel and implore mercy by his dolorous countenance. The chaplain besought mercy for the young man, but Clifford exclaimed, "By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kinne," and with that word struck the Earl to the heart with his dagger. Such was the mad spirit of revenge fostered by those

relentless wars. Henry, Black Clifford's son, was for a long time a fugitive amid the fells and dales of the shire through fear of the Yorkists. Wordsworth sang tenderly of this "Shepherd Lord," the Feast song at Brougham Castle, when through the action of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, his step-father, his life was preserved and

A Clifford to his own restored.

In vain the minstrel told of deeds of chivalry, of honour to be gained in quelling the Scot, or on the battlefields of France; this Clifford loved the ways of peace, and

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
The "Good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

His son Henry was created Earl of Cumberland, and became Lord Warden of the Marches, a gallant soldier and a gay courtier, the favourite of Henry VIII. His gay manner pleased not the old "Shepherd Lord." A gentler Clifford was this earl's son, alchemist, distiller of waters, and scholar, who married Eleanor Brandon, daughter of Charles, Duke of Suffolk, and the Queen of France; and when she died he was nearly buried alive with her, as his grief threw him into a trance from which he scarcely awoke ere the lid of the coffin closed upon him. Perhaps most noted of all was this noble's grand-daughter, "Anne, Countess of Dorset, of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baroness Clifford, Westmoreland and Vescie, Lady of the Honour of Skipton-in-Craven, and High Sheriffess by inheritance of the county of Westmoreland." A sufficiently long list of titles and honours! During the great Civil War she boldly defended her castle of Appleby against the attacks of the Roundheads, but when the royal cause failed in 1648 she was compelled to surrender. This Countess Anne was devoted to building. She restored her other castle of Brougham in 1651 and 1652, after it had been in a ruinous condition since King

James I. had lodged there on his way from Scotland in 1617. This castle, begun by the Viponts, had been increased by Roger Lord Clifford, son of Isabella de Vipont, who had placed over its inner doorway the inscription, **This Made Roger.** William of Wykeham placed a similar motto in Latin on the walls of Windsor, and availed himself of the classical obscurity of interpretation in order to satisfy his royal master's vanity. Roger's grandson Robert extended the castle eastward, but the Scots often paid it a visit, and in 1403 it was reported to be worth nothing "because it lieth altogether waste by reason of the destruction of the country by the Scots." We do not know when it was repaired, but it must have been handsomely restored, as Francis Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, entertained very magnificently King James, as we have said. After the death of the Countess Anne it fell into neglect and decay. Much of the material was sold in 1714, but a good description of the ruins was published in 1776, showing the relics of its former strength and stateliness. Brougham manor house, sometimes called Bird's Nest from the family of Bird who lived there, is in the vicinity, an interesting structure, styled the "Windsor of the North," and is remarkable as having been the residence of the famous Lord Brougham, whose eloquence, learning, and political integrity left a powerful impression in the first half of the nineteenth century. The castle of Appleby passed by the marriage of the eldest daughter and heiress of the Cliffords to John, the second Earl of Thanet, of the family of Tufton.

We must now retrace our steps and briefly describe the other barony, that of Kendal, which was bestowed upon Ivo Tallibois, the companion of William the Conqueror, brother of Fulk, Earl of Anjou. The Conqueror caused him to be married to the sister of the Northumbrian Earls Morcar and Edwin. Ivo laid the foundations of the illustrious House of Lancaster. His descendant, William, was known as William of Lancaster

and Baron of Kendal, and another received the honour, earldom and town of Lancaster for his share in the victory of Evesham. The barony was divided at that time. The estates and fees attached to it have been much dissipated. Part of the barony, the Marquis Fee, went to the family of Parr, whereof Catherine, Henry VIII.'s surviving wife, was a member and was born here; and part dwindling off into many side-ways; but of later generations becoming united again in the Lowther property, where they are still held on a lease, renewable, from the Crown. The castle was commenced soon after the Conquest, and under its protection Kendal town grew and became a famous, prosperous town. It was anciently a strong fortress defended by lofty towers and battlements. The town was made a market town by licence from Richard I., and received its first charter from Queen Elizabeth in 1575, and others from Charles I. and Charles II. Owing to a settlement of industrious Flemings in the reign of Edward III., it became famous for its woollen cloths, which took their name from the town and were known as "Kendals." This cloth was beloved by foresters, and Shakespeare in his play "Henry IV." wrote of

> Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green.

And Robin Hood's followers dressed themselves in this garb, if the play written in 1601 tells a true tale:

> All the woods
> Are full of outlaws, that in Kendal-green
> Followed the outlaw'd Earl of Huntingdon.

Guild life flourished in the old town, which boasted of seven trading companies, the mercers, sheermen, cordwainers, glovers, tanners, tailors and pewterers. Abbot Hall stood near the church, the occasional residence of the Abbot of St. Mary's, York, who used to retire here. It is a flourishing little town; though "Kendal-green" is no

longer manufactured, other kinds of cloth still employ the looms of Kendal.

As we traverse the shire we find many objects of interest which are connected with the history of the kingdom and recall many thrilling incidents in our national annals. All the old manor houses are fortified dwellings, built and protected to resist an incursion from across the border. Howgill Castle, near Kirby Thore, was a stronghold characteristic of the county. It stands on an eminence, with walls ten feet thick, while underneath it are arched vaults in which the cattle were secured by night against the Scots' incursions. Castles existed at Brough (restored by the industrious Countess Anne, but now again a ruin), Hartley, Pendragon, formerly a seat of the Cliffords. Godmand Hall, in Strickland, is a good specimen of a fortified manor house, with its walls six feet thick and its small windows protected by iron bars; and other fortress-dwellings are Betham Hall, and the towers of Helsback and Arnside.

Those who have traversed the Lake District know that the country is poor. There are no great buildings, no architectural triumphs, only the grand scenery and an interesting people. Tall, wiry, long-armed, big-handed, dark-grey-eyed, cautious, reserved, staid, matter-of-fact, sober-minded, unemotional, thrifty, they carry on their struggle with Nature, and preserve the characteristics of their forefathers uninfluenced by contact with the outer world. They have always been good fighters, able to resist bands of moss-troopers who invaded them from the north, and ever ready for the defence of their homes. They are known as "statesmen," or "dalesmen," not because they live in dales, but because they had small communities which divided clearings and tenements among themselves. The old word "delen," from which "dalesmen" is derived, means to portion out, or divide. Their story shows how skilled in arms they were. They sent a strong contingent in the time of Edward I. to

fight the Welsh. The archers of Kendal were famed in history. At the battle of Flodden Field they played their part:

> The left hand wing with all his rout
> The lusty Lord Dacre did lead,
> With him the bows of Kendal stout
> With milk-white coats[1] and crosses red.

And again the ballad-singer says:

> There is the Bower of Kendal,
> Which fierce will fight and never yield.

In 1584 for the Border Wars the shire furnished 4,152 horsemen, 1,400 archers, and 1,300 bill-men, a very goodly army. They used to render service in the firing of beacons at certain places, when they were obliged to attend their lord for forty days against the Scots at their own expense. The principal beacons were on Stanemore Top, Orton Scar, Farleton Knot, Whinfell Fell and Hard Knot. Some of the holdings were nag tenements, the holder being obliged to furnish a certain number of horses, or to attend on horseback; while others were only obliged to serve on foot or to provide archers and bill-men.

Learning was not forgotten amid the dales of Westmorland. There was a famous Abbey of Shap, founded by Thomas, son of Gospatric, for the Præmonstratensian canons of Preston in Kendal, and dedicated by him to God and St. Mary Magdalene. A Westmorland man, Robert de Eglesfield, chaplain to Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., founded Queen's College, Oxford, and made ample provision by scholarships for the education of the natives of his shire, a connection which is still preserved. His foundation has produced many learned and good men, such as Bishop Barlow, of Lincoln, born at Orton in 1607; Bishop Gibson, of London, born at

[1] The milk-white cloth was a Kendal manufacture, as well as Kendal-green and Kendal cottons. Camden describes the town "Lanificii gloria et industria præcellens."

Bampton in 1669; Dr. John Mill, born at Shap in 1645, chaplain to Charles II., principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, a famous Greek Testament scholar; Dr. Shaw, a Kendal man, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, and many others. Perhaps the most remarkable of these Queen's scholars was Bernard Gilpin, born at Kentmore, near Kendal, in 1517, who studied at Louvain, vicar of Houghton-le-Spring, styled the Apostle of the North, who was offered the Bishopric of Carlisle, but preferred to minister to his people and preach to those who in those troublous times had no clergyman. A zealous reformer, he nearly was doomed to death in Mary's reign. He was arrested on a charge of heresy, and conveyed to London; but during his journey the Queen died and thus he escaped that danger. In our account of Appleby we have seen that the county saw some fighting, and in the rebellion of 1745 the Pretender and his forces marched through the shire without gaining any adherents, or receiving much opposition from the natives. A slight skirmish took place on Clifton Moor between the King's troop, under the Duke of Cumberland, and a detachment of the Pretender's army, commanded by the Duke of Perth. About fifteen were killed on both sides and many wounded. Obelisks on Castle-law Hill and Claythorpe Clints commemorate the Revolution and the accession of William of Orange to the English throne.

The Lowther family have played a great part in the history of the shire. Sir Hugh de Lowther represented the county as a Member of Parliament in the time of Edward I. Another scion of the illustrious house gained fame at the battle of Agincourt in the French wars. Another was Sheriff of Cumberland when Mary Queen of Scots fled to England, and for some time had her in his custody. John Lowther was in 1696 created Viscount Lonsdale, but the title became extinct on the death of Henry, the third peer. James Lowther, a descendant of Richard Lowther of Malsburn, was in 1784 created Earl

of Lonsdale. We need not follow the family history further. The present Lowther Castle was erected at the beginning of the last century and is a very noble building, worthy of its distinguished owners.

No description of the shire would be complete without some reference to the Lake poets, who have revealed to the world the beauties of their native land, and brought fame to the district. The memories of Wordsworth and Coleridge will ever linger among the hills and dales of Westmorland, and we can echo the words of the former poet:

> Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak,
> A lasting inspiration sanctified
> By reason, blest by faith; what we have loved
> Others will love, and we will teach them how;
> Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
> A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
> On which he dwells, above this frame of things
> (Which, 'mid all revolutions in the hopes
> And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
> In beauty exalted, as it is itself
> Of quality and fabric more divine.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

LANCASHIRE

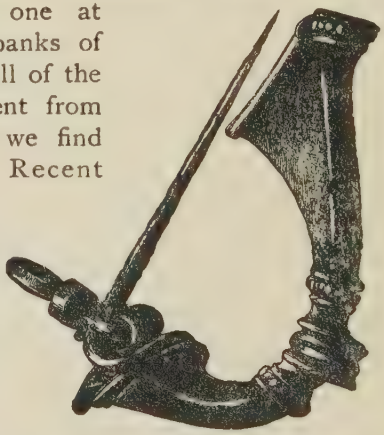
IN some very remote period the whole of the district now known as Lancashire was lying below the level of the sea, upon which were floating large icebergs, which drifted from the north towards the south, depositing in the course of their journey huge blocks of stone or boulders. After this ice period disappeared and the hills became visible, there were still left glaciers of enormous size, which filled the valleys and only melted away during the lapse of centuries. It would not be suitable in this brief sketch to treat of the early races of men of the Palæolithic and Neolithic periods; it will be sufficient to state that the number of implements of flint and stone which from time to time have been unearthed (especially in East Lancashire) prove beyond a doubt that on the hill-tops there did live for some time men belonging to these eras.

By some authorities it is accepted that the Palæolithic men lived prior to the appearance of the glaciers. At a later period people of a Celtic extraction were to a small extent inhabitants of the district, and have left behind them not only Celtic names, but remains in almost every parish have been discovered which can only be classified as belonging to Celtic or British settlements, some of which were utilized by the Romans when they invaded the country.

At Walton-le-Dale the Romans had a station, which is believed to have been formed on the site of a British settlement, as there were found there cinerary urns, arrow heads, and other indications of its earlier occupation.

Three Roman roads traversed the district, one leading from Chester through Manchester to York; another taking its line from Manchester through Blackburn, and sweeping round the forest of Bowland to Kirkby Lonsdale; and a third passing through Warrington, Wigan and Lancaster to the same point, whence there was direct communication with Carlisle. There were settlements at Manchester, Wigan, Lancaster and Warrington, but the most important fort of all was Ribchester, which has yielded a great store of interesting relics. Another station was Overborough, near Kirkby Lonsdale, and a small one at Walton-le-Dale, on the banks of the Ribble.[1] These were all of the military type, very different from the comfortable "villas" we find in Southern Britain. Recent excavations at Manchester and Ribchester have thrown much light on Roman Lancashire. The walls of the former have been traced, and a number of relics found at various times—a silver ring, pottery, centurial stones, altars, brooches, locks, flagons, glass beads, coins, etc. Ribchester, probably one of the largest forts in the country, has yielded much that is of great value. Columns and capitals testify to the beauty of its buildings. Monumental stones are

SILVER RING FOUND IN MANCHESTER, 1907.



GOLD FIBULA FROM RIBCHESTER.

[1] Mr. F. A. Bruton has contributed a learned account of the Romans in Lancashire to the *Memorials of Old Lancashire*, where full details will be found.

interesting, including one shown in our illustration, together with the bronze helmet, one of the most beautiful ever found in Britain, now in the British Museum; and there are numerous small relics, including coins, gold brooch, etc. For details of the other stations we must refer our readers to the chapter referred to in the note.

The Romans may be said to have left the country in A.D. 410, and, as far as Lancashire was concerned, this led to disastrous results, as the inhabitants were not strong enough nor sufficiently organised to repel the attacks of the Picts and Scots. In A.D. 449 the Jutes, the Saxons, and the Angles, who then called themselves Englishmen, won the battle of Aylesford, in Kent, their common enemy being the Britons. Without attempting to follow the subsequent details of the struggle, it will serve our purpose to state that some one hundred and fifty years elapsed before the northern part of the country was subdued and came mostly into the possession of the Angles. That this part of the country was at this time sub-divided into small kingdoms is undoubted, but the exact place in this arrangement which Lancashire occupied is not clear; probably it was part of the kingdom of Deira, which had York for its capital. Mr. Freeman includes it in the kingdom of Strathclyde, which stretched out from Galloway in the south-west of Scotland to the river Dee. Before the dawn of the seventh century Lancashire was a part of the kingdom of Northumbria, which was ruled by the Angles. In A.D. 627, Edwin, the King of Northumbria, through the influence of his wife, Æthelburga, daughter of Æthelbert, King of Kent, became a convert to Christianity and erected an oratory in the city of York. The result of this adoption of Christianity led to a war with the King of Mercia, and at the battle fought at Hadfield in 633 the King of Northumbria was slain. Several battles were now fought by the kings of Northumbria, the subject in dispute being the Christian religion; but in A.D. 685, Egfrid, in

endeavouring to suppress the Picts, was slain at the great battle of Nectansmere, in Yorkshire, and with him fell the supremacy of the kingdom of Northumbria. Green, in his *History of the English People*, says that Northumbria was "the literary centre of the Christian world in Western Europe. The whole learning of the age seemed to be summed up in a Northumbrian scholar, Bæda—'the Venerable Bede' later times styled him"; and the same writer adds: "From the death of Bæda the history of Northumbria is, in fact, only a wild story of lawlessness and bloodshed. King after king was swept away by treason and revolt; the country fell into the hands of its turbulent nobles; the very fields lay waste, and the land was swept by famine and plague." In A.D. 827 the whole of the country, from the English Channel to the Forth, was one united kingdom; but in A.D. 878 the Danish invaders became for a short time the recognised owners of Northumbria; finally, in the year 954, they were suppressed, and the districts placed under the government of an earl. In Lancashire we find, in the names of places, many traces of the settlements of Danes and Saxons—to these people may be attributed all the *tons*, *hams*, *bys*, *rods*, *holts*, and *shaws* so commonly found as terminatives.

The available and reliable information about this portion of the history of Lancashire is very slight. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* mentions that, in 937, Manchester, in Northumbria, was almost reduced to ruins by a force of Mercians under King Edward, who afterwards repaired and manned the town. Near the close of the tenth century the part of Lancashire lying between the Ribble and the Mersey was annexed to Mercia, and placed ecclesiastically within the diocese of Lichfield; the parts of Lancashire north of the Ribble being in the archdeanery of Richmond, and under the bishopric of York; and King David of Scotland claimed all Lancashire on the north side of the Ribble.

Bronze Helmet found at Ribchester.

Sculptured Tombstone from Ribchester.

During Saxon times the county was divided into six hundreds, viz., Lonsdale (north and south of the sands), Amounderness, Leyland, Blackburn, Salford, and West Derby, all of which were treated as manors, having their manor-houses at West Derby, Warrington, Newton, Salford, Blackburn, and Leyland. The *Domesday Survey* mentions several classes of free tenants in some of these manors, viz., thanes, drenghs (these are found in Newton and Warrington), and radmanni and burgesses, all of whom had to pay suit and service to the King.

SPEED'S MAP OF LANCASHIRE, 1623 (REDUCED).

The non-freemen there were bordars (small holders), neatherds, serfs, and villeins. The several hundreds were again sub-divided into smaller manors, of which in West Derby alone there were sixty-five. To the Saxons we may credit the building of several Lancashire churches, which, being in many cases endowed, ultimately became bases of parishes, which were often identical with the manorial estates of the founders.

There is strong presumptive evidence that pre-Norman churches were erected in the following parishes (and, no

doubt, others), viz., Kirkby Ireleth, near Cartmel, Lancaster, Tatham, Tunstall, Heysham (of which remains are still visible), Halton, Preston, Kirkham, St. Michael's-on-Wyre, Poulton-le-Fylde, Garstang, Lytham, St. Mary's at Whalley (where there are three Saxon crosses), St. Mary's at Blackburn, Croston, Eccleston, Walton-on-the-Hill, Wigan, Winwick (here is the fragment of a Saxon cross), Warrington, Manchester, and Rochdale.

William the Conqueror found at least one castle in the county—at Penwortham—and there were at least a dozen churches. Lancashire is not named in *Domesday*, parts of it appearing in Yorkshire, Westmorland, Cumberland, and Cheshire.

Very soon after the Conquest Norman feudalism was introduced, and one of its effects was that all the land in the county (which did not form part of the endowments of churches) was handed over to tenants or great vassals, who held it direct from the King, to whom in all cases they rendered military and other service.

One of the most powerful of these tenants was Roger de Poicton, who had thus conveyed to him all the land between the Mersey and the Ribble, which he finally lost on his banishment for high treason in 2 Henry I. (1101-2).

During this century the six hundreds of the county were at various times held by the following: Henry, Duke of Normandy (West Derby), Ilbert de Lacy (Blackburn), the Earl of Chester (Salford), Theobald Walter (Amounderness), King John (Leyland), the Monks of Furness (a great part of Lonsdale). The honour of Lancaster was held by Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster. Many parts of the county were, however, retained by the King.

It is about this time that we find evidence that the county was becoming more populated, and in various parts of it sundry small boroughs were arising, some of which afterwards rose to be amongst the largest towns

and cities in England. Lancaster in 1199 was created a borough; a little later Preston had its free guild merchant, and held a fair each year of eight days' duration; Clitheroe in 1205 had the right to hold a fair; Liverpool in 1207 became a chartered borough; and a few years later Salford was made a free borough. Edmund de Lacy, in 25 Henry III. (A.D. 1240-41), obtained a royal charter for a market and fair at Rochdale, and shortly afterwards Wigan became a free borough, with right to hold a guild The barony of Manchester did not get its grant as a free borough until 1301; but before the end of the thirteenth century, Ormskirk, Bolton-le-Moors, Burnley, Kirkham, and other towns had each its authorized fair and market. All this points clearly to a period of prosperity, during which the inhabitants found it to their advantage to dwell together in the villages, which rapidly developed into small towns.

Many churches were now built in the populous districts, monasteries and religious houses having been previously founded, as, for example, St. Mary of Lancaster in 1094, Furness Abbey in 1123, Cockersand Abbey in 1190, Penwortham Priory in 1087, Whalley Abbey (originally at Stanlawe) in 1163, the Augustine Friary at Warrington in the thirteenth century, Burscough Priory in 1124, Upholland Priory in 1318, Kersall Cell in the twelfth century, and Lytham Priory (or Cell) in 1190.

There were in Saxon times several large forests in the county, which were made the subject of many laws at a very early date. Amongst these forests were Wyresdale, Quernmore, Pendle, Trawden, Accrington, and Rossendale. Before the Norman Conquest the four last-named forests were known as the Forests of Blackburnshire, and spread over an area of 76 square miles, or 48,495 statute acres. Some portions of this land are now covered with buildings, and the ancient *booths* have

become towns, but many old names of places remind us of the former occupiers. Common enough occur such names as Boarsgreave, Hogshead, Wolstenholme, Sowclough, Swinshaw, and Wolfenden. King John, whilst Earl of Morton, granted a charter to the knights and freeholders, which conferred on them the right to take hares, foxes, rabbits, and all other wild animals, always excepting the stag, the hind, the roebuck, and wild hogs. Severe was the penalty upon one offending against the forest laws. The right to take underwood for fuel for domestic purposes was then a highly-valued privilege.

For a long period the repeated invasions made by the Scots were a great source of trouble to the people of Lancashire, so much so that in 1290 the land about Lancaster was reported to be sterile and uncultivated, and the towns of Ribchester and Preston had been nearly destroyed. Another contributing cause to the depopulation of the county was the ravages made by the "Black Death," which, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, made its appearance, and in some places carried off a very large percentage of the inhabitants. In ten parishes of Amounderness alone 13,180 perished in about four months. It will not be necessary here to give an account of the Dukes of Lancaster, but we should not omit to mention that in 1353, Henry, the son of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, was created the first Duke of Lancaster, and was empowered to hold a Chancery Court for the Duchy and enjoy all the liberties and regalities belonging to a County Palatine. He was succeeded by his son-in-law, John of Gaunt, who died in 1399; during his time Lancaster Castle was partly rebuilt. It may be well to note here that the County Palatine and the Duchy are not identical—to the former belong many places not in the latter.

Lancashire was first represented in Parliament in 1259, when the shire returned two members; but in 1295 two burgesses were sent from each of the towns—

Lancaster Castle in 1778.

Lancaster, Preston, Wigan, and Liverpool. At this period the only two seaports of any importance were Liverpool and Preston, but at neither place was there much shipping beyond what was used for fishing purposes. The beginning of the fourteenth century witnessed a rapid increase in the prosperity of some of the towns, as, for example, at Preston the influx of people from the surrounding districts was so great that it was found necessary to pave the streets; and to enable the Corporation to do this, Royal Letters Patent were issued in 1314, empowering them to levy toll upon all goods and merchandise brought into the town for sale. The articles which thus became taxable serve well to indicate the every-day wants of the community of this rising town. The following examples are also of interest as showing the amount of toll paid:—

A horse-load of corn, ¼d.; horses, cows, and oxen, ½d.; hides of horses, cows, or oxen, fresh, salted, or preserved, ¼d.; any kind of carts bringing flesh, fresh or salted, 1d.; hogs, ¼d.; two small pigs sold before Easter, ½d.; lamprey sold before Easter, ½d.; ten sheep, goats, or pigs, ½d.; ten skins of sheeps' wool, ½d.; ten skins of stags, hinds, or fallow deer, 1d.; skins of hares, rabbits, cats, wolves, or squirrels, 1d.; a cart-load of salt, 1d.; a horse-load of salt, ½d.; one cwt. (100 pounds) of flax, 1d.; a quarter of canvas, 1d.; of Irish cloth, 1d.; cloth of silk (*panno de serico*) with gold, samite (a kind of silk with gold thread in it), diaper, and baudkin,[1] 1d.; silk cloth without gold, ½d.; a bale of silk and a cart-load of sea-fish, 2d.; a horse-load of sea-fish, ½d.; a hogshead of wine, 2d.; a cart-load of iron or lead, 2d.; 1,000 lbs. of alum and copperas, 1d.; 1,000 onions, ¼d.; 1,000 herrings, ½d.; cart-load of timber, ¼d.; 1,000 shingles,[2] ¼d.; 1,000 nails for house-building, 1d.; 100 horseshoes and wheel-tires for

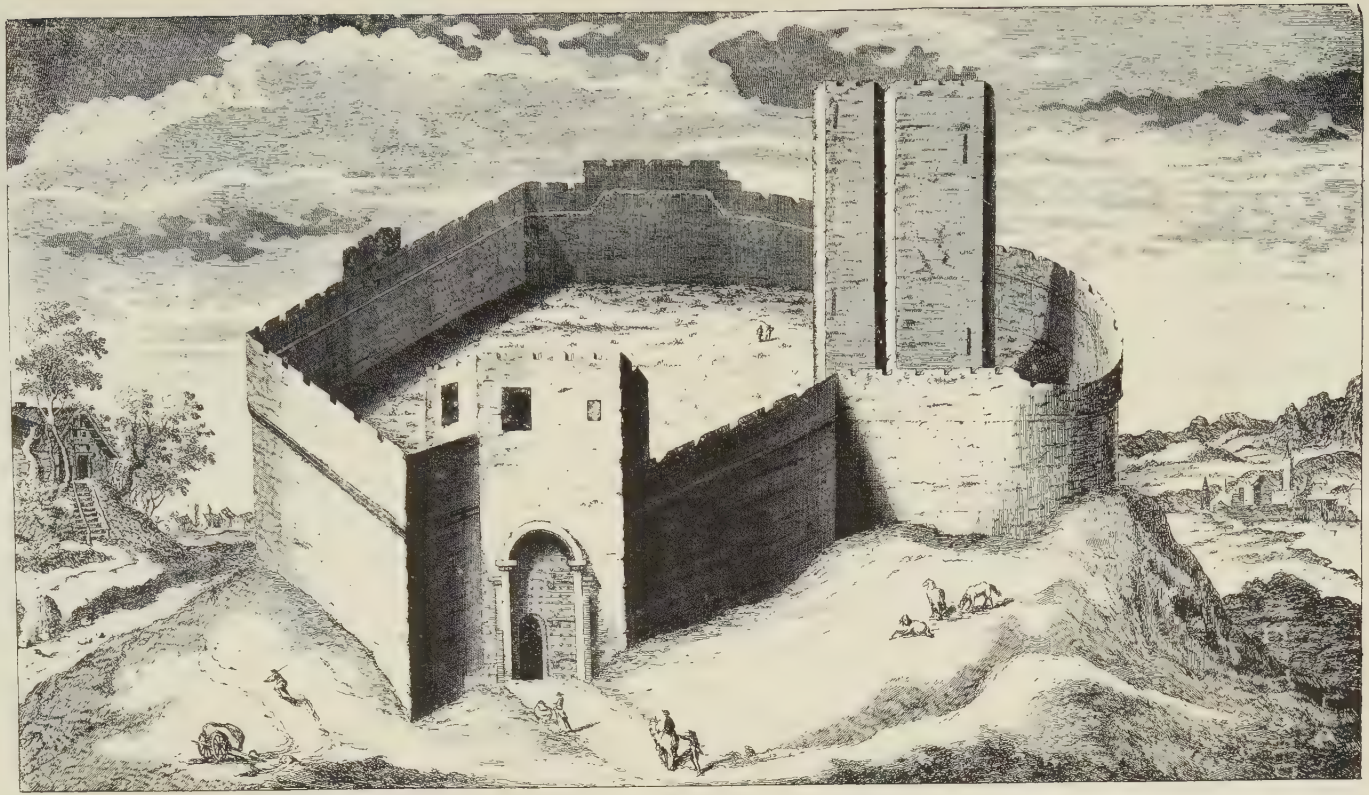
1 A material introduced into England in the thirteenth century.
2 Small pieces of wood for the roofs of houses.

carts, 1d.; hoops for brewers' casks, ¼d.; half-a-dozen cheeses, ¼d.; a horse-load of butter, ½d.

Shortly after this (in July, 1322) a great part of North Lancashire was laid waste through the successful invasion of Bruce, and Preston suffered considerably; but, nevertheless, six years afterwards the burgesses obtained a Royal Charter to hold a weekly market and a five days' fair annually. Important castles existed at Lancaster, Clitheroe, Gleaston, Thurland, Hornby, Greenhalgh, and Liverpool. Besides these there were numerous fortified towers, which the owners of manors found it necessary to erect in troublous times for the safety of their families and possessions. Amongst these were Broughton, Hoghton, Radcliffe, Lathom, Turton, and Dalton.

During the fifteenth century the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster were raging, and in a great measure account for the paucity of material concerning the history of the county. At this period the monastic institutions formed the centres of religious thought and feeling. Very few churches were built, but the abbeys and monasteries did much to relieve the poor, and, in some degree, to educate their children, whilst to maintain the magnificent buildings and establishments they found work for farm labourers and handicraftsmen of various kinds. But the days of the monkish rule were fast coming to a close when, by the dissolution of religious houses, their cherished possessions passed into lay hands, which was only a prelude to the destruction of buildings which had for centuries stood as living witnesses to the skill and artistic power of the mediæval architect and workman. During the century preceding the dissolution, many chantries were founded in the churches of Lancashire.

The last abbot of Whalley, John Paslow, was amongst the Lancashire men who took part in the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Of the old abbey of Whalley enough now remains to show what a stately building it



Clitheroe Castle in 1753.

once was. It stood on a site containing nearly thirty-seven statute acres, and was approached through two strong gateways, which are still standing.

At this time many of the clergy had to leave the country, and found shelter in Geneva, Strasburg, and in various parts of Holland. Some of these returned when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, but many died in exile.

The Reformation was not generally accepted in Lancashire, a large number of the old families remaining true to the old form of religion, notwithstanding that many of the local clergy, rather than resign their livings, nominally accepted the new form; but, at best, they were for the most part only disguised Papists. The Earl of Derby, who was one of the persecutors of John Bradford, now became one of those who did his best to make the Roman Catholic's life a burden to him, as he knew not who was his friend nor which of his neighbours or of his household was a spy upon him.

It has often been said that Queen Elizabeth hated a Puritan only with a little less bitterness than she did a Roman Catholic, and under these circumstances we are not surprised to find that no less than 600 recusants appeared at one of the Lancashire Assizes.

In 1567 the Queen sent a letter to the Bishop of Chester reminding him that he had been admitted to the see for his former services, but that "now, upon credible reports of disorder and contempts, especially in the county of Lancaster, we find great lack in you"; and the letter concludes with orders to the bishop to make personal visitations into the remote parts of his diocese, especially in Lancashire, and to see for himself how the Church livings were filled.

The bishop had a difficult duty to perform. In many cases, as already stated, the clergy were Papists in disguise, and even the grammar school masters were not free from suspicion. In some places, however, the bishop

was supported by the clergymen, as at Preston, where the vicar, in 1547, complains that in his church the communion table was "an old altar where a cm masses" had been said, "many swynes troofs" were better than his pulpit, whilst in his garden he had dug up altar stone and alabaster images which, in his mistaken zeal, he had destroyed; the children were christened by "ould prestes" in private houses, and, to crown all, the parish clerk was a "Popish boy," who only turned up on Sunday to play the organ, when "such a noyse they made that no man understood" a word they sang.

The curate is charged with leading an immoral life, and "cardinge and diceing for drink."

The clerk, in his defence, said he could "sing and plaie on the organes" and teach children to sing, but he did not play "at tables in the church."

There were at this date several of the newly-introduced organs in the Lancashire churches.

Many of the leading county families suffered for recusancy, and secret chapels are known to have been duly consecrated and used in the houses of the rich; but so great was the sympathy shown to their owners that it is reported that when pursuivants presented their search-warrant to the justices they were delayed in executing them until sufficient time had elapsed to warn the recusants of the coming visitor, in order that all objectionable things might be removed.

About the same time (1570) it was reported that in Lancashire there was open talk of an invasion by the Spaniards, for which provision of men, armour, horses, and munition was being prepared, and that the people utterly refused to attend church where the service was in English. So strong was this feeling amongst the Lancashire people that a Royal Commission, consisting of the bishop of the diocese, Lord Derby, and others, was appointed to "bring them to more dutiful minds," and an Act was passed by which absentees from church

for more than a month became liable to a penalty of £20. In 1574 a letter was sent by the Privy Council, in which the writer says—

"Respite to make more full certificate is very well liked in respect that the same tendeth to roote out the bottome of such abuses in that cuntrey (Lancashire) being the very sincke of Poperie where most unlawfull actes have been comitted and more unlawfull persons holden secret then in any other parte of the realme."

In 1586-7 the law against Jesuits and seminary priests, and the harbouring of them, was so severe that many gentlemen of Lancashire were in custody for recusancy.

The consequence of all this was that, in the beginning of the last decade of the century, so empty were the churches that in many places the clergy did not preach, for there was no one to preach to, whilst the people on Sundays were walking about the streets or sitting in the ale-houses, markets even being open during service time, the congregation sometimes consisting only of the parson and the clerk. Sports of all kind, such as rush-bearing, cock-fights, wakes, and bear-baits, were practised on the Sunday, and often attended by Justices of the Peace and even ecclesiastical dignitaries. According to the evidence of the Chancellor of the Duchy, it appears that in 1599 many of the church livings were in the hands of private patrons, and the clergy were for the most part unlearned; and this led to the appointment of lecturers, who were afterwards known as King's preachers. The strife between the Puritans and the Catholics did not end with the death of Queen Elizabeth, nor did their persecution cease. James I., by his publication of *The Book of Sports*, did not please either party; the Puritans were indignant because games and sports of all kinds were allowed to be indulged in after divine service on Sunday, and the Catholics were equally offended because their non-attendance at church debarred them from joining in the sports. Gradually the Puritans gained

ground in the county, until Lancashire in the time of Charles I. was one of their greatest strongholds.

From the Church Survey taken in 1650 we learn that there were then in the county 63[1] parishes and 118 chapels of ease, of which 38 had no maintenance provided, and, consequently, the cure was either vacant or only partially supplied.

In October, 1646, nine classical Presbyteries were appointed to manage church affairs in Lancashire. The return to the old form of religious worship soon followed the restoration of Charles II., but the Act of Uniformity of 1662 pressed heavily on the local clergy, and no less than sixty-seven of them were ejected from their livings, and to this we owe the rise and rapid spread of Nonconformity in Lancashire. Some of the ejected ministers were men of high character and ability, and soon gathered around them many who, under less drastic treatment, would have continued members of the Church. The development of the various religious sects which followed would be out of place in this article, but a passing notice may be made to the Quakers. George Fox (the founder of the Society of Friends), in 1652, whilst on a visit to Swarthmore Hall, near Ulverston, was converted to this newly-formed sect by the young wife of Judge Fell (whom he afterwards married), and through the influence of the two a fairly large number of people in that district became Quakers. Lancaster contained many converts, and in 1660 a meeting in that town was broken up by a party of soldiers, the whole of those present being taken prisoners; indeed, about this time the castle was said to be almost full of Quakers in custody. As they made no attempt to conceal their meetings, arrests were of very frequent occurrence, and, as a body, they were very harshly treated. Dr. Halley says of them that although "their sufferings were cruelly

[1] North Meols omitted in the Survey, so this should be 64.

severe, it must be acknowledged that they provoked much of the persecution which they so patiently endured, and repelled the assistance which good men of other parties would have been ready to afford them. A modern Friend, mild, pleasant, neatly dressed, carefully educated, perfected in proprieties, is as unlike as possible, except in a few principles, to the obtrusive, intolerant, rude, coarse, disputatious Quaker of the early days of their sect." An example of what Dr. Halley meant will be found in a pamphlet written by Leonard Fell, a minister of the society for nearly fifty years, in which he states that the informers against the "Friends" in the north were "either Highwaymen or such as have been arraigned for Fellony or are come out of Gaols or idle Fellows that have spent their estates if they had any." After the passing of the Toleration Act of 1689, Presbyterian or Independent chapels were erected in many of the towns, so that in 1715 they numbered forty-three, in which the congregation in the aggregate amounted to over 18,000. One of the oldest of these chapels was at Elswick, in the parish of St. Michael's-on-Wyre; another small chapel was at Wymondhouses, and was built by the Rev. Thomas Jolley, whose Diary has been printed by the Chetham Society (vol. xxxiii., n.s.). Wesley often visited Lancashire, but it was not until about 1746 that Wesleyanism became a feature in the Nonconformity of the county.

In 1819 there were in Lancashire 77 Catholic chapels, and in 1823 the Dissenting places of worship included 68 Independent, 27 Baptist, 32 Unitarian, 4 Scotch Kirk, 3 Scotch Presbyterian, and 180 Wesleyan.

From Leland's visit to Lancashire in 1533 we get a glimpse of some places in the county as they then presented themselves to the eyes of a passing stranger. In the northern parts he travelled past large deer forests, and records the existence of great areas of moss and uncultivated land, with here and there hill-sides covered

with fir trees and forest timber. At Liverpool he found paved streets, a "castelet" belonging to the King, and a "stone howse," where dwelt the Earl of Derby; there was a good haven much frequented by Irish merchants, who brought there much Irish (linen) yarn, which was purchased by men from Manchester. Another thing which seems to have struck him as peculiar was that in the town there was only a chapel, the parish church (Walton-on-the-Hill) being three miles away. A few years later (1538) he came to Manchester, which he describes as "the fairest, best builded, quickhest, and most populous tounne of al Lancastreshire." Yet he was surprised that it had only one parish church, which was a college. Salford he calls a large suburb of Manchester.

Our traveller calls Bury "but a poore market," and describes Croston as having "a poore or no market"; whilst Bolton, he says, "stondith most by cottons and cowrse yarne," and here, he adds, they burn "sum canale but more se cole, of wich the pittes be not far off." Ormskirk Leland describes as a town without a river, but surrounded by mosses. Of Preston he records that it had a market-place, and the town itself was "fair," and it had only one parish church. Of Lancaster he reports that the old town was said to have been almost burnt, and formerly stood "partely beyounde" the Black Friars; the new town was built near the "descent from the Castel." Referring to the town walls, he adds that he "espiyed in no place that the Toune was ever waullid."

Charles I. found it necessary to raise money very often by subsidies, from the writs for which we may glean a few items bearing upon the relative conditions of various places in the county. Thus, in 1635, it was stated that if all the towns were to be taxed according to their estate, Liverpool was to pay little, being very poor. Lancashire had to furnish one ship of 400 tons burden, 160 men, and £1,000, towards which Preston was

MANCHESTER CHURCH, AS SEEN FROM STANYHURST, SALFORD.

to raise £40, Lancaster £30, Wigan £50, Liverpool only £25, and Clitheroe and Newton £7 10s. each.

In 1643 a sum of £2,000 was levied upon the county, at a general meeting of Deputy-Lieutenants, to aid Sir Thomas Fairfax and his soldiers, and it is of interest to note the proportion ordered to be collected in each hundred. Blackburn raised £271, Salford £245, West Derby £195, Leyland £99, Amounderness £239, Lonsdale £300.[1] The treasurer for this fund was Humphrey Chetham, of Clayton Hall.

Of the Civil Wars, which began in 1642, and only ended, as far as Lancashire was concerned, in 1651, it is not possible here to treat; the tale has often been told. The people of Lancashire were strangely divided, in many cases families providing fighting men for the King and for the Parliament. The Roman Catholics were mostly on the side of the King, and suffered severely for their loyalty. A striking example of this is furnished in the case of Thomas Clifton, of Lytham. As a recusant he was disarmed, but when the wars broke out he (with others in a similar plight) petitioned that the order might be rescinded, as they wished to defend their county and King against the threatened dangers. The request was granted, and several of his sons took an active part in the struggles between King and Parliament, two of them being slain; but when the Cromwell party came into power his estates were at once confiscated.

Manchester was the first place in Lancashire attacked by the Royalists, under Lord Strange, as the town was in possession of the rebels, who, in a primitive way, had fortified it. Ultimately the Parliamentary side gained the victory.

During the following winter Preston, Blackburn, Wigan, and Bolton all took measures to enable them to withstand a siege. Many battles (on a small scale) and

1 Shillings and pence not quoted.

sieges took place in Liverpool, Preston, Bolton, Wigan, Lancaster, and other places, the most famous of which was the siege of Latham; and several of our old castles were put in battle array and called upon to roll back the tide of war. Manchester all through the war held with the Parliamentary party; but, on the Restoration, no town was more ready to welcome the new King, and on his coronation, April 22nd, 1661, the citizens had great rejoicings and finished their programme (which included a procession and attendance at the parish church) by a visit to the conduit which supplied the town with water, but which on this occasion was made to run in three streams of claret, and there drinking His Majesty's health.

The population of our larger towns largely increased when the country settled down after the troubled times were over. Manchester in 1688 had five hundred rate-payers, who occupied premises in seventeen streets or lanes. Preston had now some six thousand inhabitants; Liverpool in 1673 was a "bold, safe harbour, in which, at high-water, ships could ride at ten fathoms." New trades had also developed. The manufacture of fustians, linen and woollen cloths, and other fabrics was carried on in several places. Pottery was extensively made in Liverpool. In many of the smaller towns were fulling, or, as they were called, walk mills; and in many of the cottages, and even in private houses, a pair of looms formed part of the fittings. The unpopularity of William III. was as pronounced here as in other parts of the kingdom, and culminated in what was known as "the Lancashire Plot," which originated in the mistaken efforts of the friends of James II., who attempted to raise up a party of supporters to his claims to the throne. One of the chief actors in this plot was Dr. Bromfield, who, disguised as a Quaker, rapidly passed through the north of England with this object in view, and having paid a visit to Scotland, he returned to Croxteth, the

seat of Caryl, Lord Molyneux, who was Lord Lieutenant of the county, and in whom he found a sympathizer if not an active supporter. This plot included the death of the King. Two other Lancashire conspirators were Edmund Threlfall, of Ashes, in Goosnargh, and Thomas Tyldesley, of Myerscough Lodge. The plot was soon discovered, and the Justices of the Peace at the adjourned Quarter Sessions at Manchester informed the Secretary of State that the gaols were full of Irish Roman Catholics, and others were secreted in private houses, and also that boxes containing weapons had been discovered. Lund and Threlfall and others were arrested and sent for trial. Full details of this plot, and the trial at Manchester of other Jacobites in 1694, are given in vol. xxviii. of the Chetham Society.

In the time of William and Mary (1689-1694), Celia Fiennes, sister of the third Viscount Saye and Sele, rode on horseback through some parts of the county, and left records of the then appearance of some of the towns which are worth repeating:—

"Leverpoole is built just on the river Mersy, mostly new houses of brick and stone after London fashion; ye first original was a few fishermen's houses and now is grown to a large fine town and but a parish and one church, tho' there be 24 streetes in it. There is indeed a little chappell, and there are a great many dessenters in the town. Its a very Rich trading town, ye houses of brick and stone built high and Even that a streete quite through looks very handsome—the streets well pitched. There are abundance of persons you see well dress'd and of good fashion . . . its London in miniature as ever I saw anything. There is a very pretty Exchange stands on 8 pillars besides the corners wch. are Each Arche pillars all of stone and its railed in over wch. is a very handsome town hall—over all is a tower and a Cupilow thats so high that from thence on has ye

whole view of ye town and the country round—on a clear day you may see ye Isle of Man."

"Ye towne of Prescote stands on a high hill, a very pretty neate market town—a large market place and broad streets well pitch'd."

On her way she avoided going "by the famous mer call'd Martin mer that as ye proverb sayes has parted many a man and his mare. Wiggons (Wigan) is another pretty market town built of stone and brick, here it is that the fine Channell Coales are in perfection. Of the coale they make saltcellars, stand-dishes, and many boxes and things which are sent about for curiosities and sold in London and are often offer'd in the Exchange in company with white and black mable and most people deceived by them wch. have not been in these countreys and know it. . . . I bought some of them."

At Preston "I passed by Sir John Bradshaws house wch. stood on ye declineing of a hill in the midst of a fine grove of trees . . . in the road on the banck where on the redge stood was Errected a high stone pillar carv'd and a ball on ye top with an inscription cutt on it shewing the Cause of it, being the monument of an officer that in a fight just there, his horse takeing ye hedge and Ditch on some distaste he tooke at ye Gunns. . . . Preston is a very good market town."

Calling at Goscoyne (Garstang) to bait, her ladyship was presented with "ye clap bread wch. is much talked of made all of oates which was brought in a great basket . . . and set on the table full of thin waffers as big as Pancakes and drie so that they easily break into shivers." The town she calls a little market town.

Lancaster "town is very good . . . but old and much decay'd there has been a monastery, the walls part of it remaine and some of the carv'd stones and figures. . . . the town seems not to be much in trade as some others, but the great store of fish makes them live plentifully as also the great plenty of all provisions.

LIVERPOOL IN 1779.

"The streets are some of them well pitch'd and of a good size; when I came into the town the stones were so slippiry crossing some of the channels that my horse was quite down on its nose. . . . I cannot say the town seemes a lazy town and there are trades of all sorts, there is a Large meeteing house but their minister was but a mean preacher."

At Rochdale "I went to an acquaintances house Mr. Taylor and was Civilly Entertained. There is a good Large Meeteing place well filled; these parts Religion does better flourish than in places where they have better advantages."

Manchester "looks well at the Entrance; very substantiall buildings the houses are not very lofty, but mostly of brick and stone, the old houses are timber work [the church, college, and library are described] . . . the market place is large it takes up two streetes Length when the market is kept for their Linnen Cloth, Cotton-tickings wch. is the manufacture of the town. This is a thriving place."

The Roman Catholics of Lancashire early in the eighteenth century were ready to join what was known as the Rebellion of 1715, as they had not yet forgotten the cruel persecution to which their ancestors had been subjected, and they at once joined the Jacobite party. In Manchester the continuation of the Toleration Act caused, in June, 1715, a serious riot, led by a peruke-maker called Thomas Syddal, when the mob nearly destroyed the Presbyterian chapel in Acres Field (now Cross Street), which was then the only Dissenting place of worship in the town. By November the rebellion had assumed a serious aspect, and on the seventh of that month the Scottish army, with its Lancashire contingent, entered Lancaster, and at the Market Cross proclaimed the Pretender King, and, proceeding to the castle, released the political prisoners, amongst whom was the now famous wig-maker of Manchester. A contemporary writer says

that on this occasion the officers of the rebel army, "trimmed in their best clothes," took "a dish of tea with the ladyes," who "apeared in their best riging."

At Preston, afterwards, the Pretender was proclaimed at the cross, and many Roman Catholic gentlemen joined the force, amongst whom were representatives of some of high position. The insurgent army now consisted of some 4,000 men.

Whilst the Jacobites appeared to be indulging in this triumphant march, and feasting and flirting with the Lancaster and Preston ladies, the Government had not been idle, as the rebels found when troops, under General Carpenter and General Wells, surrounded the town. A very feeble resistance was made, after which a parley was called, and an unconditional surrender followed, and some 1,500 prisoners were taken and not long afterwards tried. Of the Lancashire prisoners, forty-three were hanged at Preston, Wigan, Garstang, Manchester, Liverpool, and Lancaster, and in most cases their estates forfeited.

Prince Charles Edward, the son of the Pretender, when he went through Lancashire in November, 1745, found many supporters, especially in Manchester, where Colonel Francis Townley had command of "the Manchester Regiment." This rebellion was of only short duration, but several Lancashire men were amongst its victims. The heads of Townley and George Fletcher, who managed his mother's drapery shop in Salford, were placed on Temple Bar, whilst the heads of Thomas Syddal (whose father was executed in 1715) and Thomas Deacon were fixed on the spikes on the top of the Manchester Exchange.

Notwithstanding the increase in the population of the towns and gradual development of new industries, in 1753 all the roads of the county were infested with highway robbers and in a dreadful state of repair, and, in

consequence, it took about ten days for a state-waggon to make the transit from Manchester to London.

Before the century closed, especially after the American war, Lancashire showed a great increase in commercial schemes and enterprise. Everywhere canals were opened, on some of which packet-boats, as they were called, carried passengers. At Liverpool over 4,500 vessels arrived each year, but the tonnage was only one-fifth of that of the London-bound ships.

The chief trade of Liverpool was with Africa and the West Indies, the greatest portion of the business being connected with the slave market.

But the element which led to the great success of Lancashire was the cotton trade, and everything which followed in its wake. The various inventions of such men as Lewis Paul, John Kay, James Hargreaves, Richard Arkwright, Samuel Crompton, and others, all contributed to the development of what was soon to become the staple trade of the county; but it was not until several years had elapsed that these various inventions were put to practical use. William Radcliffe (an improver of the power loom) records that in 1770 "the land (in Mellor, near Manchester) was occupied by between fifty and sixty farmers . . . and out of these were only six or seven who raised their rents directly from the produce of the farm; all the rest got their rents partly in some branch trade, such as spinning and weaving woollen, linen or cotton. The cottagers were employed entirely in this manner, except a few weeks in the harvest . . . Cottage rents at that time, with a convenient loom shop and a small garden attached, were from one and a half to two guineas per annum. The father would earn from 8s. to half a guinea, and his sons, if he had one, two, or three alongside of him, 6s. or 8s. a week: but the great sheet-anchor of all cottagers and small farms was the labour attached to the hand wheel; and when it is considered that it requires six or eight hands to prepare

and spin yarn . . . sufficient for the consumption of one weaver, this shows clearly the inexhaustible source there was for labour of every person from the age of seven to eighty years to earn their bread, say, from 1s. to 3s. per week, without going to the parish."

It is curious to contrast this with the present conditions, when, in a moderately-sized cotton mill, enough yarn is spun in a day as would go twice round the world.

At the period just referred to, the hand-loom worker had often to walk many miles in collecting the weft from the spinners, and the invention of the fly-shuttle did not improve his position, as the production of the spinning-wheel did not materially increase. Kay's invention, though first used for woollen weaving, was made subsequently adaptable for cotton; but the invention of the spinning-jenny very soon relieved this difficulty. That the men who had all their lives been accustomed to get their daily bread by hand-labour should have been jealous and suspicious of the various machines introduced to supersede their primitive industries was only natural, and the low standard of education then obtainable did not enable them to look forward to the future results, and led them into many riotous acts. Thus the model spinning-jennies of Hargreaves were broken to pieces by the mob, and his household goods destroyed. The mill of Robert Peel, where the machines were used, was reduced to ruins. Before 1771, however, Hargreaves's invention was used all over Lancashire.

Richard Arkwright, the Preston barber, who was born in that town in 1732, after perfecting great improvements in Lewis Paul's invention for spinning cotton by roller, retired to Nottingham, fearful of receiving the same treatment as Hargreaves; but the mill which he built in Chorley was attacked in October, 1779, by a mob of some 2,000 men, who destroyed the building and its machinery; and, but for the timely interference of military powers, a similar fate would have been shared by the mills at

Blackburn, Preston, Wigan, and other towns. At Bolton it is said that at a later date £10,000 worth of mill property was destroyed.

Another great benefactor to the trade was Samuel Crompton, of Firwood, near Bolton, where his father had a small farm. He was born December 3rd, 1753, and soon after his birth his father removed to Hall-in-the-Wood (near Bolton), which is now celebrated as the place where he invented the "mule," which at once effected great improvement in the method of making yarns, of which much finer fabrics could be manufactured.

Whilst the riots went on Crompton worked in secret at his model, and having brought it as he thought to perfection, and being too poor to pay for a patent, he was, as he tells us, "reduced to the cruel necessity either of destroying my machine altogether or giving it to the public. To destroy it I could not think of; to give up that for which I had laboured so long was cruel. In preference to destroying I gave it to the public."

To encourage him to do this a few manufacturers of Bolton agreed to give him one guinea each, but the total received was only about £60.

In contrast to this, the Rev. Edmund Cartwright in 1784 took out a patent for a power-loom, which never really was used by the trade, but for which Parliament made him a grant of £10,000. It may be added that Crompton, after a long delay, did obtain from the House of Commons £5,000. He died June 26th, 1827, and had, for some few years, been living on a small annuity (raised by his friends) of £65.

The original cotton and woollen mills were worked by horse or water power; but just at the time when the scarcity of available water-power began to make itself felt, the genius of Watts and Boulton so improved the steam-engine as to render it workable for cotton mills.

Bolton was the first town in which a mill was worked by steam power; this was in 1790. At that date very

little cotton was imported from the United States. In 1784 a ship from America reached Liverpool having on board eight bags of cotton which were seized by the Custom House as not being a product of the United States; but in 1791 189,316 lbs. came from that country, while in 1871 England received from the same source 1,038,677,920 lbs. The story of the rapid rise of the cotton and woollen trades is well known, and is of such modern date that it can scarcely be fitly included amongst this sketch of ancient days.

Lancashire was not an early centre of the printing press, but it is certain that in the time of Elizabeth a few Catholic books were issued from a private secret press, believed to have been worked at Lostock Hall, near Bolton, the seat of the Andertons; and from a wandering press were issued several prints known as the "Martin Marprelate Tracts." This was seized by the Earl of Derby at Newton Lane, near Manchester. The printers were apprehended and tried at Lambeth February 15th, 1588, when one Hodgkins and his assistants confessed that they had printed "More Work for the Cooper."

The first book printed in Manchester was entitled "Mathematical Lectures"; being the first and second that were read to the Mathematical Society at Manchester. ". . . Manchester, printed by Roger Adams at the Parsonage, and sold by William Clayton at the Conduit, 1719."

Liverpool's first book was printed in 1712 by "S. Terry for Daniel Birchall," and entitled *Hyms Sacred to the Lord's Table.*

Local newspapers appeared early in the eighteenth century in all the large towns of Lancashire. Amongst them were *Leverpoole Courant*, 1712; *Manchester Weekly Journal*, 1737; *The Lancashire Journal*, 1738 (Manchester); Orion Adams' *Weekly Journal* (Manchester), 1752; Williamson's *Liverpool Advertiser*, 1756. Printing presses were at work at Warrington in 1731; Preston,

1740; Wigan, 1760; Bolton, 1761; Prescot, 1779; Lancaster, 1783; Kirkham, 1790; Blackley, 1791; Blackburn, 1792; Bury, 1793; Rochdale, 1796; Burnley, 1798; Haslingden, 1793.

Of Lancashire a hundred years ago, just after the introduction of the steam-power worked mills and the consequent rush to the various manufacturing centres, we have not many reliable accounts; but from various writers we obtain graphic glimpses of the state of some of the larger towns. Thus Miss E. J. Spence (the daughter of a Durham physician), writing to a friend in 1807, says of Warrington that "the dirtiness of the people here exceeds what I could have believed in any part of the kingdom." Whilst journeying to Bolton, "the apparel of the women in some of the villages we passed through," she states, "were scarcely decent, and all the children were without shoes and stockings." At Rochdale she was struck with the handsome houses of some of the manufacturers, "whose wealth appears as unbounded as the magnificence of their tables." The streets of Manchester she found "inconveniently narrow, with very few noble buildings or handsome houses"; but, she adds, "the population is immense and the traffic considerable, and it has acquired great celebrity from its exclusive manufactories, so productive, all over the kingdom." Miss Spence found the dialect peculiarly inharmonious, and, as spoken by the peasantry, beyond her comprehension. The costume of the working women in the manufacturing towns she describes as "a long bed-gown, black stockings, and a mob cap hanging open from the ears."

As the towns became more densely populated, and the prosperity of the people increased, it is not to be wondered at that the necessity arose for places for health resorts, and where some relaxation and change could be obtained, and the early history of some of these, now large towns, may be noticed. Blackpool, the famous watering-place, in 1415 was described as "Le Pull," which subsequently

became "The Poole" and the "Poole of Layton," and, finally, Blackpool, when it was, as its name implies, a small pool having a black, peaty bottom. This sheet of water was drained off and the land cultivated, and upon it, early in the eighteenth century, were built a few clay cottages with thatched roofs. Here, so the story goes, a man named Ethart Whiteside, in or about 1750, opened a small house, for which he obtained a licence as an inn; but even in 1769 there were not more than twenty or thirty houses in the place, and not a single shop. Before the close of the century other houses of entertainment were built, and it soon became the resort of large numbers, who came for sea-bathing; but for long after this no bathing-machines were used. A bell rang when the ladies were to bathe, and if, during the time set apart for them, a gentleman appeared on the parade, he was fined a bottle of wine. The price for full boarding at the hotels was 3s. 4d. a day. Blackpool is now an incorporated borough of over 50,000 inhabitants.

Southport is another of the seaside resorts which little over one hundred years ago had no existence. Even the name had not been invented, the nearest approach to which was South Hawes, by which the district was known. About the year 1792 an enterprising landlord of one of the inns of Churchtown erected a small wooden house on the Hawes, which afterwards was dignified with the sign of "King's Arms." From this small beginning rapidly rose the present town, which has recently been incorporated, and has a population of some 50,000 inhabitants. Gregson, in his *Portfolio of Fragments*, gives what he calls a *fac-simile* of a map from the Harl. MSS., dated 1598, on which appears "Southport," but on referring to the original document no such name appears, and was evidently an interpolation of Gregson's.

HENRY FISHWICK.

CHESHIRE

BRIGHT and fair is the Cheshire land and well renowned in story. It is one of the most famous counties in England, and can raise its head proudly above other less noted shires. It rejoices in being a County Palatine, its earls in former days having sovereign jurisdiction within its precincts. The Earls of Chester held their own Parliaments, summoned the barons and tenants to the conclave, and Acts of Parliament passed by the English House of Representatives had no force within the Palatinate of Cheshire. It had its own courts of justice for determining all Pleas of Land, Tenements, Contracts, Felonies, etc. It was an *imperium in imperio*, and though Lancashire and Durham claimed similar privileges of Palatinate, these County Palatines were established later than that of Chester, and were not so well settled, nor their powers and privileges so clearly defined. For a brief space Cheshire was a Principality, and Richard II. styled himself *Princeps Cestriæ;* and it can still boast of having a prince for its earl, the title of Earl of Chester being always borne since the reign of King Henry III. by the eldest sons of the Kings of England.

Famous, too, is the county for its illustrious sons. Speed, a Cheshire man, who ought therefore to know well the truth of his statements, though perhaps for that reason a little partial, says: "The shire may well be said to be a seed plot of Gentilitie, and the producer of many most ancient and worthy families; neither hath any brought

more men of valour into the field than Cheeseshire hath done, who, by a generall speech, are to this day, called The Chiefe of men; and for nature's endowments (besides their noblenesse of mindes) may compare with any other nation in the world; their limmes strait and well-composed; their complexions faire; with a cheerfull countenance; and the Women of a grace, feature and beautie, inferior unto none."

Verily Master Speed was a patriotic son, but he was not far from the truth. Cheshire men have had their detractors, as who have not? These scurrilous, envious persons have dared to frame the distich:—

> Cheshire born and Cheshire bred,
> Strong i' th' arm and weak i' th' yed.

It sounds like a taunt thrown across the border of my native county of Lancashire. "Strong i' th' arm" Cheshire men have ever been, as the story of many a fight and foray in which they have gallantly played their part has effectually told; but the long line of Cheshire worthies serves to prove that their heads are not weaker than those of their neighbours. If you need a further testimony to their excellencies, you can refer to a sixteenth century Cheshire tourist who wrote of them: "They are of a stomach stout, bold, and hardy; of stature tall and mighty; withall impatient of wrong and ready to resist the Enemy or Stranger that shall invade their countrey; the very name whereof they cannot abide, and namely, of a Scot." Possibly they have since that time seen fit to modify their dislike of the gentlemen from across the Tweed who are said by a modern critic "to keep the Sabbath and everything else they can lay their hands on."

The story of the shire presents many features of unique interest. Its proximity to Wales rendered it the field of many a wild fight between the sturdy Cheshire men and the warlike Welsh folk, and required the presence

of a powerful garrison. The port of Chester was the chief place of embarkation for troops which the turbulent Irishmen often needed for the preservation of peace, and Briton, Saxon, Dane, and Norman have left traces behind them of their presence in the county.

Before the advent of the Romans the district was inhabited by a warlike British tribe called the Cornavii, whose territory embraced most of the counties on the Welsh border. They were a strong and martial people, who gave much trouble to the Roman conquerors, and required a formidable company of legionaries to keep them in order. The Romans firmly established themselves on the banks of the Dee, or Deva, as they called the river. They knew well the district of Great Meols, where many coins and fibulæ have been discovered, but their great stronghold was Chester. The discoveries of Roman remains in the city are so important that no other place in the kingdom can rival it, and most of them have been found during the last twenty-two years. Built into the Roman city wall were found a large number of inscribed, sculptured, or moulded stones, probably taken from the Roman cemetery, erected in memory of the soldiers who fought in Roman legions. They establish some interesting historical facts. First, we gather from a stone erected to the memory of a soldier, whose name is lost, that the legionaries were here in the earliest years of the Roman Conquest of Britain —about A.D. 50. The conquerors pushed along the old Watling Street, which led to the Dee, and must have established themselves there very soon after their advent to Britain. Secondly, we learn that Chester was the permanent quarters of two special legions—Legio II., Adiutrix Pia Fidelis, and Legio XX., Valeria Victrix. Nearly all the inscriptions relate to soldiers of one or other of their troops. When the Second Legion was withdrawn to defend the Danube frontier, the Twentieth remained to guard the Chester country, and sent contingents to protect

the forts of Manchester and North Wales. From the fact that these memorial stones of Roman soldiers were afterwards taken from the cemetery and built up in the Roman wall of the city, Dr. Haverfield has determined that the Roman wall of Chester was built in the latter part of the second century, or in the commencement of the third century.

It must have been a noble place in Roman times, with its walls and streets and houses replete with the usual fittings with which the Romans used to love to surround themselves. It was a great centre of traffic, situated on the Watling Street that ran from Richborough, through Chester to Anglesea, and through Chester to Manchester, York and Carlisle. Suetonius pitched his camp at Chester, and Claudius Cæsar and the Emperor Galba aré said to have visited it. The existence of Julius Cæsar's Tower will, doubtless, suggest to the "raw antiquary" mentioned below a visit of the illustrious Conqueror.

When the Roman legions were withdrawn to defend the centre of the Empire, the British remained masters of the country as far as the Picts and the Scots would permit. Cheshire is far from Kent, where soon the dreaded Teutonic races made their appearance, and established their rule over the enfeebled Britons. The country of the Dee-side remained at peace. Caer-Legion, or Caer Leon Vaur,[1] as the Britons called it, heard only the smooth-tongued tones of Celtic speech, and nothing disturbed its quietude, as far as is known, until in A.D. 613 the fury of war burst upon the British people. Christianity had taught them many holy lessons of faith. Wales, with Cheshire, was a land of saints. Bede tells

1 The imagination of the Celtic mind has made Chester the Neomagus, founded by Magus, son of Samothes, son of Japhet, 240 years after the Flood. They say a giant named Leon Vaur, a conqueror of the Picts, built a city here, which was afterwards beautified by two British princes, Caerleid and Caerleir. "But," concludes the chronicler, "they be but raw antiquaries that will give credit to such relations."

View of the City of Chester.

us that the monastery of Bangor, which may have been the Cheshire Banchor, about fifteen miles from Chester, "flourished with learned men at the coming of Augustine." SS. David, Asaph, and Padern all flourished after the Saxon had occupied England, and the sixth century saw not only the foundation of the Welsh bishoprics, but also of the great Welsh monasteries, which were the especial glory of the Church in Wales. But the British Christians liked not Augustine, his haughty ways, and his newfangled customs, and at a council refused subjection. So Augustine waxed wroth, and said that "if they would not preach the way of life to the English, they should at their hands undergo their vengeance."

A terrible storm did burst upon the unhappy people. The heathen King Ethelfrid of Northumbria came down upon the fair land of Cheshire, defeated the Britons, captured and destroyed Chester. The monks of Bangor came in crowds to the battle to offer prayers for the success of their countrymen, and nearly 1,200 of them were slaughtered. Bede, with his Roman leanings, sees in this slaughter the execution of the Divine judgment and a fulfilment of Augustine's prophecy—a suggestion unworthy of the pious historian. If the Divine wrath was turned upon the people of Cheshire and the monks, it was soon dispelled. Ethelfrid's triumph was of short duration. Soon the gallant Welsh princes raised an army, marched on Chester, defeated the Northumbrian King with great slaughter, and elected Cadwan King of Wales at Chester.

For more than a century Chester remained under British rule, but stronger grew the Saxon power when the rival kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex had settled their quarrels; and in A.D. 828 King Egbert came to Cheshire, captured the city, and made the country part of the Mercian kingdom. This Mercian kingdom embraced a large extent of country, and was not divided

into shires until the beginning of the tenth century. The older counties—Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants., Wilts., Berkshire, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Middlesex, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk—some of them representing old kingdoms, are known to have existed as defined districts in the ninth century. In these the shire is not named after the chief town, except Hants.; but when, in A.D. 912, Mercia was divided, each shire took its name from the county town. Thus we have Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and others, and Chester-shire or Cheshire. The county then assumed the concrete shape and size which it has since reserved.

At the end of the ninth century came the first visit of those dread marauders, the Danes, who carried fire and sword through so many fair regions of England. From Northumberland they swooped down on the fields of Cheshire led by the sea-king Hastings, and "arrived at a western city in Wirall which is called Lega-ceaster. Then were the forces [of King Alfred] unable to come up with them before they were in the fortress; nevertheless they beset the fortress about for some two days, and took all the cattle that were there without, and slew the men whom they were able to take without the fortress, and burned all the corn, and with their horses ate it every evening."[1] The Danes liked not this, and were reduced to eating horseflesh, and were glad to leave the country and escape to North Wales. The Saxon chronicle tells us nothing more of the visits of the Danes. Higden mentions that at the close of the tenth century the county was laid waste by pirates, doubtless the sea-rovers, the Danes, but the evidence of names proves that the Danes were firmly established in the shire as settlers. By the Peace of Wedmore, in A.D. 878, they won from Alfred all the country east and north of Watling Street, including the greater part of Cheshire. Indications of their presence

[1] *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*—A.D. 892; according to other authorities, 894.

are not so strong as in Lancashire, but these are sufficiently plain to show that they partially colonised the country. There is a church at Chester dedicated to St. Olave, a Scandinavian King and Saint to whom the Danish colony in London dedicated a church (Tooley Street in London is, of course, a corruption of St. Olaf's Street). All names ending in "by" are Danish, of which we have Kirby, Irby, Frankby, and possibly Pensby and Greasby are Danish, but it is possible that in these two cases "by" is a contraction of "bury." That the Danes were Christians is proved by such names as Kirkby, Kirkdale, Crosby. But the most remarkable memorial of all is the name Thingwall, the place where the Folkmote or Thing met. It is surrounded by several other villages with Scandinavian names on the small tongue of land between the Dee and the Mersey. Sometimes a Celtic name is met with, which has survived amid the Saxon and Danish population, such as Dove, Llandega, and Ince, formerly Ynys, Celtic for island. Further inland Saxon names predominate, such as Bebington, Oldfield, Woodchurch, Upton.

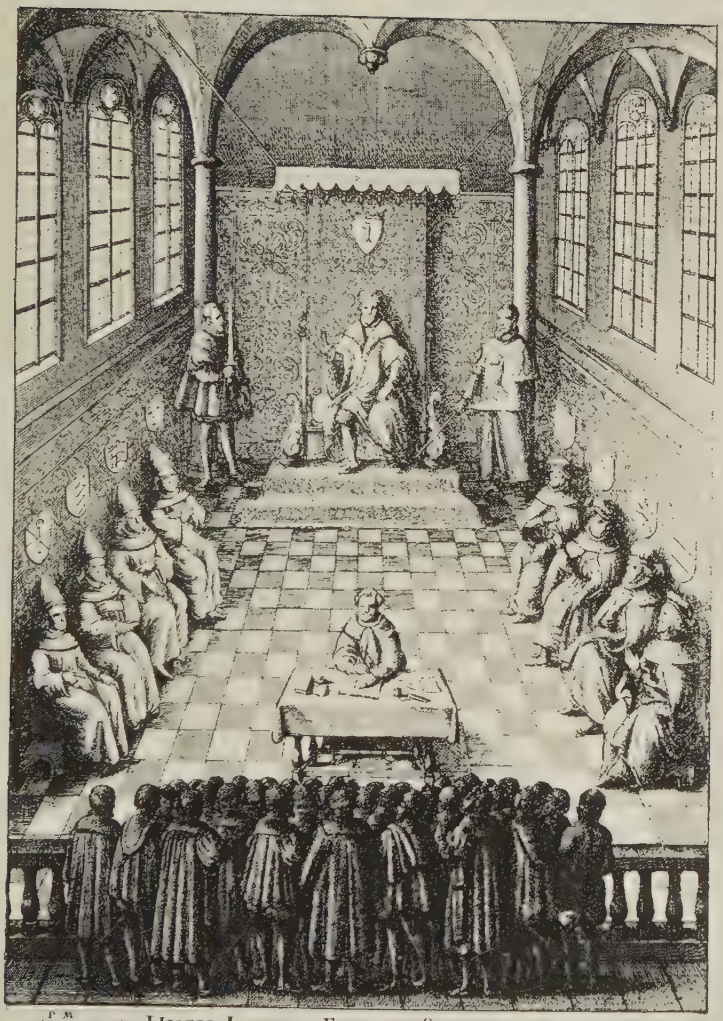
Over the poor remains of Mercia that remained to Alfred's rule he set the Ealdorman Æthelred, the husband of his daughter Æthelflæd, or Ethelfleda, a ruler well fitted by his courage to guard against the inroads of the Danes. He rebuilt Chester, which had been ruinated by the wars. On his death the government devolved on his spirited widow, of whom Henry of Huntingdon says:—

> O potent Ethelfleda, terrible to men,
> Whom courage made a king, nature a queen.

She built a town or fortress at Edisbury, in the forest of Delamere, and another at Runcorn. The English power grew stronger in the land. In 920 King Edward the Elder built the city Thelwall on the Mersey, and placed a garrison there. King Edgar was at Chester in

973, and received the homage of eight petty kings or chieftains, Kenneth III. of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Macon of the Isle of Man, James of Galloway, Howell of North Wales, Owen of South Wales, and two joint rulers—Sfreth of South Wales and Inkil of Cumberland. Ralph Higden, the monk of Chester, relates a story of his having been rowed by them from his palace to the church of St. John, and Dean Howson, when speaking of this church, said: "As regards the historical associations, it should be observed in the first place that the water in front of the church is that reach of the River Dee over which the Saxon King Edgar was rowed in 973 by eight British chieftains. His landing place is on the rocky ground immediately under the church, and from the church on looking down the river towards the old bridge can be seen the starting-point of that short but very expressive voyage. The picturesque little chapel among the foliage is also connected by tradition with Saxon history. . . . It is said that Harold having 'lost hys lefte eye' in the battle of Hastings, 'yescaped to the countrey of Chester and lived there holylie in St. James's cell, fast by Saynt John's Church.'" Both accounts are pure legends, but the story of the wonderful rowing seems to be fully accepted by the Dean, and is not scoffed at by most Cheshire historians.

When Cnut the Dane ruled over English land he committed the government of this part of Mercia to certain chief men with the dignity of Earl, who were styled Earls of Chester. Only three of these ruled during the closing years of the Anglo-Saxon period: Leofric, the son of Leofwin, Algar, the son of Leofric, and Edwin, son of Edgar. Then the Normans came, and many changes took place in the Cheshire land. The Conqueror confiscated the estates of the Saxon gentlemen and nobility, and bestowed them upon his Norman adventurers and followers. He gave the Earldom of Chester to Gerhard, a noble of Flanders, but the Earl



P. M.
Præmobilis Richardi Grosvenour de Eaton in Comit. Cestr. Eq. aur. et Baronetti, ex Stirpe Comitum Cestriæ, vt abun de patet in Archivis A. Regis Ric. 2.

HUGH LUPUS EARLE of CHESTER sitting in his PARLIAMENT with the Barons and ABBOTS of that Countie PALATINE.

was compelled to go to his native land, was seized by his enemies and retained a prisoner. So the King gave the title to Hugh Lupus, son of the Viscount of Avranches, his sister's son, a valiant soldier, whose efforts were much needed to restrain the tumultuous Welsh. He gave to the Earl a Palatinate jurisdiction and sovereign power to be held under the King in the province over which he ruled. These are the terms of the grant:—

"Tenere totum hunc comitatum sibi et Heredibus suis ita libere ad gladium ut ipse Rex tenebat Angliæ coronam."

Hugh Lupus had several barons to assist him in his council. These were:—

I.—Nigel, Baron of Halton, High Constable of Cheshire.
II.—Robert, Baron of Monte Alto or Montalt (Hawarden and Mold), High Steward of Cheshire.
III.—William, Baron of Wich Maldeberg (Nantwich).
IV.—Robert Fitz Hugh, Baron of Malpas.
V.—Richard Vernon, Baron of Shipbrook.
VI.—Hamo de Massie, Baron of Dunham-Massie.
VII.—Gilbert Venables, Baron of Kinderton, whose heirs male in the direct line continued until 1679; the last survivors of the Barons of Cheshire.
VIII.—Nicholas, Baron of Stockport.
IX.—Robert, Baron of Rhuddlan.

Each baron had his own court, and power of life and death. As late as 1597 a man was tried for murder in the court of Sir Thomas Venables, Baron of Kinderton.

The stark Earl was as good a Christian as he was a soldier. He sought the advice of the saintly Anselm, and sent for him from Normandy to Chester, and so brought to England its future Archbishop of Canterbury. By his

council Earl Hugh converted the monastery of St. Werburgh into an abbey, replacing the secular canons by monks of the Benedictine order. The secular monks had displaced St. Werburgh's nuns some time previously. His Welsh neighbours caused endless trouble. He built a castle at Halton and gave the barony to Nigel on condition that he should be Constable of Cheshire, and by the service of leading the vanguard of the Earl's army whenever he should march into Wales.

The history of Cheshire during the two centuries after the coming of the Normans is a record of the incursions of the Welsh, and of the continued attempts of the English to resist them. The country was reduced to a deplorable condition. The Welsh raided and ravaged the lands next their borders. English armies came to Cheshire, consumed the produce of the farms, and often burned the corn and killed the live-stock lest the Welsh should seek for plunder. Many of these raids find no place in history; only those are recorded which were attended by startling results. We can mention only a few of these. In 1093 they came, led by Griffith ap Conan, and made great slaughter. They fought a great battle at Nantwich during the rule of Hugh Lupus. In 1121 they made a raid and burned two castles, Shocklach and Malpas, celebrated for its bad road. In 1150 they came again, but were cut off on their return at Nantwich. King Henry II. in 1156 came with an army and encamped on Salmey Marsh. Ten years later he came by sea with an army to Chester determining to crush the Welsh by invading their territory, but his heart failed him, and he abandoned the enterprise. In 1212 the terrible Welsh-men took castles, killed the garrisons, burned several towns, and returned home rejoicing laden with plunder. King John marched to Chester determined to punish these outrageous folk who loved fighting, but he had certain troubles with his barons which need not be here chronicled, and being assured that if he marched against

the foe he would be either assassinated or handed over to the tender mercies of the marauders, he preferred to hie him back to London. Matthew Paris, the old chronicler, tells us much about these terrible doings; how in 1245 Henry III. tried in vain to conquer them, and then caused a fearful famine in Cheshire by destroying all the corn and produce, including the salt pits, lest the Welsh should gain plunder; how, again, in 1256 the Welsh invaded the country and ravaged it to the very gates of the city, and by way of reminder repeated the process in the next year. Even the stark Prince Edward they defeated, and King Henry came himself with a mighty army to reduce them to order. He adopted the usual tactics of burning the provisions of the poor Cheshire farmers, and was thus hoist with his own petard, as his army could not find food, and the expedition was abandoned. Then James Lord Audley, who, on returning from abroad, found his castles burnt and his retainers slaughtered, being mightily enraged, marched into Wales to slay these terrible folk. He killed many, but he might as well have tried to sweep back the waves that beat on the Wirrall shore. The pertinacious foe only retaliated and attacked his lands again. And so the fight went on backwards and forwards, houses and castles being burnt, men and women slain, crops destroyed, until the whole county was reduced to a howling desolate wilderness.

The duel between Prince Llewellyn and Edward I. is well known. The King brought an army to Chester; the Prince sued for peace, and the expedition was abandoned. In 1274 the King summoned Llewellyn to a conference at Chester, which invitation the Prince, perhaps wisely, declined. Instead of coming to a conference he made inroads and plundered the country. Then Edward in 1277 marched with a vast army to Chester. He cut great avenues through the forests so as to protect his men from ambuscade. He marched into

Wales in triumph. Llewellyn made his submission, but this did not prevent him from renewing his inroads four years later. At last he was killed in a skirmish by Lord Mortimer, and the land had rest. Edward gave to his infant son, born at Carnarvon, the title of Prince of Wales, and peace at length descended on the hills and vales of Cheshire, which for two hundred years had been complete strangers to it.

Our chronicle of the Welsh wars and plunderings has carried us far afield, and we must hark back to the line of earls who ruled over the harassed Palatinate. When Hugh Lupus died in 1070, he left a son, Richard, who succeeded to the Earldom, but was drowned with Prince William in 1119 in the ill-fated barque crossing from Normandy to England. The Earldom then descended in 1120 to Earl Richard's cousin, Ranulph de Meschines, Earl of Carlisle, the son of Ralph de Meschines, Viscount Bayeux, styled by Mr. Horace Round Vicomte de Bessin, who had married Maud, sister of Earl Hugh Lupus. He abandoned his northern earldom in order to take up that to which he, by inheritance, had succeeded. He took for his arms three wheatsheaves or in a field azure. In 1128 he was succeeded by his son Ranulph (de Gernon). His son, Hugh Cyveilioc, succeeded in 1154, who foolishly joined the rebellious Prince Henry against his father Henry II., and was sent a prisoner to Normandy. Ranulph III. (Blundevil), the son of the preceding Earl, succeeded and earned the title of "the Good." He founded several abbeys, fought in the Crusades, and drove the Dauphin Louis out of England, who had come to depose King John. He was succeeded by John the Scot, Earl of Huntingdon, who died without issue at Darnhall Abbey, Cheshire, in 1237.

During the Wars of the Barons against Henry III. a battle was fought between the Earl of Derby and a large force for the barons against the royal army led by

William Lord Zouch, David, brother to Llewellyn, and John Lord Audley, when the Earl was victorious and Chester captured in 1264. John, Earl of Chester, adopted a novel expedient to end the Welsh invasions. He married Helena, the daughter of Llewellyn, during an interval of peace in order to confirm it. But the lion and the lamb might as well have mated, and the wild turbulent princess proved a strange bride. History records not the differences of that ill-assorted alliance. Perhaps he tried to tame her too severely. Perhaps he was but a faint-hearted Petruchio. At any rate she poisoned him, and, leaving no children, the King took the Earldom into his own hands and gave it to his eldest son, Prince Edward. When this Prince was captured by Simon de Montford he was forced to relinquish the Earldom as part of his ransom, but on the triumph of the King's forces it reverted again to the Crown.

Richard II. in his troubles with the Barons chose a bodyguard of 2,000 Cheshire men, so trusting was he in their loyalty and bravery. As a reward for their fidelity he made the county a Principality by Act of Parliament, styling himself *Princeps Cestriæ*, as we have already noticed. This honour the county did not long enjoy, as Henry of Lancaster revoked the Act. Not all the men of Cheshire were loyal to Richard, or were perhaps wearied of him. When the storm burst, some of them, including Sir Richard and Sir John Legh, went over to Henry's side. He came to Chester and raised an army there, and executed Sir Piers Legh, who had remained faithful to Richard. Soon the men of Chester saw the stern Duke of Lancaster marching into the city, and behind him rode their unfortunate King, a prisoner in the hands of one who knew no pity, and soon to be done to death at Pontefract Castle. Reports were circulated that Richard was still alive. In 1403 the Earl of Northumberland and Lord Percy, commonly called Hotspur, conspired against Henry IV., and ordered the

PUBLIC
DEPTFORD
LIBRARIES

news that Richard was living to be proclaimed throughout the country, stating that he could be seen at Chester Castle. The Cheshire men rallied to their old adherence and readily joined the standard of the Northumbrian Earl. Everyone knows the result of the fatal fight fought within sight of Chester walls, when most of the knights and squires, the flower of Cheshire chivalry, lay dead on the stricken field. Woeful was the day for Cheshire men. Henry captured the Baron of Kinderton and Sir Richard Vernon and beheaded them. Even some who fought on the King's side fell in battle, including Sir John Calveley and Sir John Massey. Moreover, the stern Henry was wroth against the county, and every man felt that his head was in jeopardy. But in the following year the King was pleased to pardon the county, and extracted a fine of 300 marks from the city.

The valour of Cheshire men has shone forth on many a battlefield. Look at their gallant feat of arms at the battle of Poictiers, when Lord Audley and his four Cheshire knights, Sir John Delves, Sir Thomas Dulton, Sir Robert Foulhurst, and Sir John Hawkstone, won for themselves undying fame. Sir Piers Legh of Macclesfield, from whom are descended the Leighs of Lyme, had the lordship of that place granted to him for taking the Count of Tankerville prisoner. He was afterwards slain at Agincourt. But in our unhappy Civil Wars the good gentlemen of Cheshire were never a united body. They espoused different causes, ranged themselves under different banners, and so fought against and slew each other. It was so in Richard's time. It was so at Blore Heath in 1459, when neighbour fought with neighbour, and many fell, amongst whom were Sir Thomas Dutton, Sir John Done, Sir Hugh Venables, Sir Richard Molineux, Sir William Troutbeck, Sir John Legh of Booths, and Sir John Egerton.

Thus does Drayton sing of this unhappy slaughter:—

Thus Dutton Dutton kills; and Done doth kill a Done;
A Booth a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is overthrown;
A Venables against a Venables doth stand;
A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to hand.
Thus Molineux doth make a Molineux to die;
And Egerton the strength of Egerton doth try.
Oh Cheshire! wert thou mad of thine own native gore,
So much until this day thou never shedd'st before!
Above two thousand men upon the earth were thrown,
Of whom the greatest part were naturally thine own.

Again on Flodden Field the valour of the Cheshire men was proved. Macclesfield had cause to weep over the slaughter of her sons, including her brave mayor, Sir Edmund Savage. Again in the Scottish War in 1544 they showed their fighting powers; of the sixty men knighted at Leith, one-third were gallant Cheshire men.

Before we close this account of the mediæval period we notice the shire studded with fair towns and villages, fine churches and noble monasteries. Of these we may mention the monastery of St. Werburgh, founded by Hugh Lupus at Chester, and the smaller houses of St. John for secular canons, and St. Francis, a Franciscan monastery founded by King John and suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey for the founding of his college at Oxford, and the nunnery of St. Mary, founded by Earl Ranulph. At Birkenhead there was a priory of Benedictines, founded by Hamo de Massey, and dedicated to SS. Mary and James. At Combermere there was a Cistercian house founded in 1134. A cell of this was founded by Robert, the Earl's baker, in 1153 at Pulton and then removed to Dieulacres. At Dernhall was a Cistercian house, founded by Edward I. in performance of a vow which he made for a deliverance at sea. This was afterwards removed to Vale Royal, and became a large monastery with a hundred Cistercian monks, and was valued at £32,000. It was consecrated

by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, with the Bishop of Durham and many other prelates. A collegiate church was established at Macclesfield by Thomas Savage, Archbishop of York, in 1508. He was born at that place, and thus showed his affection for it. His death prevented him from finishing it,[1] but his heart was buried there. At Mobberley there was a cell of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, founded by Patrick de Mobberley in 1206, but it only lasted for a brief period; a priory at Norton by William, son of Nigel, Constable of Chester. He founded also one at Runcorn in 1133, but afterwards removed it to Norton. Stanlaw Abbey was founded in 1172 by John de Lacey, Constable of Chester, but it was afterwards removed to Whalley, Lancashire, where the fine ruins testify to its former magnificence.

Such were the principal monastic houses in the county which the decree of ruthless Henry VIII. doomed to destruction. Chester was one of the sees founded by him out of the spoils of the monasteries, together with Bristol, Oxford, Westminster, Gloucester, and Peterborough, and the church of the monastery of St. Werburgh was assigned as a cathedral. Previously the Bishop's chair was placed in the grand old church of St. John. There were Bishops of Chester in ancient times, as the author of the *Holy Life of St. Werburgh* sings:—

> Also the see of Lichfield was translate to Chester
> By helpe and sufferance of the bysshop Peter;

and that good Bishop Peter enlarged the stately church of St. John, which dated back to Earl Ethelred and his good wife Ethelfleda. The story of St. John's church is full of fascination, especially when told by its vicar, Canon Cooper Scott.

Desolation reigned throughout the land when the King's commissioners had stripped the churches and

1 Some authorities state that he only intended to found the chapel, and that his intention was never carried out.

chapels of their valuables and endowments. The historian of Vale Royal, writing of the deserted and ruined chantries and chapels, states: "Wherein nothing now but the tune of lacrymæ is sung, crying out mercy, not for sinners, but for miserable singers, in these days."

Chester saw the sad burning of George Marsh, a Marian martyr.

The incessant passing of the military connected with the settlement of the Irish confiscated estates, and of soldiers oscillating between the Low Countries and Ireland, and the constant presence of fierce reckless adventurers, kept alive a martial spirit, and made the county extremely lively. The following examples may suffice to show how great a thoroughfare Chester had become :—

1594.—There came into Chester at several times 2,200 footmen and a thousand horsemen to go to Ireland for the suppression of the rebellion of Hugh Fardonough, Earl of Tyrone. The mayor had much ado to keep the soldiers quiet, and caused a gibbet to be set up at the high cross whereon three soldiers had liked to be hanged.

1595.—There came to Chester at several times 2,400 footmen and 300 horsemen to go to Ireland.

1596.—Nine hundred soldiers came to Chester, whereof 500 were sent to Ireland, and the rest, staying for a wind, were disbanded and sent away.

1597.—A thousand footmen and 280 horsemen came at several times, and went into Ireland.

1598.—The Earl of Essex, lieutenant-general for the wars in Ireland, came unto Chester and with him three other earls, besides many other lords, knights, and gentlemen, who were honourably received by the mayor and his brethren. A great army of soldiers went over to serve in Ireland, both horsemen and footmen, all under the command of the said Earl.

1599.—The 14th of February the Lord Mountjoy, Deputy of Ireland, and with him a great train, dined with the mayor the 17th of February, and departed towards Wales the 19th of February to take shipping for Ireland.

1591.—Many soldiers were this year sent into Ireland.

In 1600 still larger contingents were sent and passed through the county. We hear of 4,000 foot and 200 horse.

Soon the bugles of war sounded nearer at hand, and Charles was fighting against the Parliamentarians. A volume would be needed to describe the horrors of that fearful war, and of that terrible siege of Chester when the loyal inhabitants were nearly starved. We seem to see the ill-fated monarch watching with sad eyes from the Phœnix Tower on the city wall the defeat of his troops at Rowton Moor. Cheshire was a vast theatre of war, and witnessed more fighting than almost any other county. And sad was the havoc wrought. As in olden days the gentlemen of Cheshire were as divided as ever; some were loyal, and others espoused the cause of the Parliament. Beeston Castle withstood a brave siege, and was afterwards "slighted" by Cromwell and reduced to its present state of ruin. Dodington Castle, Crewe Hall, Dorfold Hall, Cholmondeley Hall, Carden Hall were garrisoned, and endured attacks and sieges. Nantwich was a stronghold of the Parliamentarians, and even churches, such as Barthomley and Acton, were garrisoned and besieged. Adlington Hall, Stockport, Croughton Hall, Malpas, Tarvin, Huxley Hall, Birket House, Bunbury and Nether-Legh all saw much fighting, and suffered from sieges or attacks. A volume would be needed to tell of all the fightings in Cheshire during that disastrous war. No less than twenty-two of the great and beautiful houses of the gentlemen of the shire were destroyed.

Beeston Castle.

The Cheshire folk soon wearied of Cromwell and Puritan ways, and as early as 1655 several of the principal gentry were imprisoned at Chester on the charge of disaffection to the Government. Four years later Sir George Booth, with the Earl of Derby, Lord Cholmondeley, and others, raised 3,000 men "to deliver the nation from slavery." A battle was fought at Winnington Bridge, near Northwich, but Booth's forces were defeated. The Restoration of King Charles in the following year was but a fulfilment of the design of the Cheshire "Chief of Men."

The Duke of Monmouth honoured the county with a visit in 1683, hunting for popularity and representing himself as the champion of Protestantism against the Roman tendencies of James II. His visit caused a "No popery" riot in the cathedral, where the mob did terrible damage, broke the font and organ, tore up surplices, destroyed the glass, and much else. The Duke acted as godfather to the mayor's infant daughter, attended the Wallasey races, rode his own horse, won the cup, and presented it to his God-child. The heads of the good citizens were turned by his graciousness, but that did not prevent them from ringing the bells of St. John's church when the news came of his defeat at Sedgemoor. He is said to have hatched his insurrection at Bidston. Henry, Lord Delamere, son of Sir George Booth, was accused of an intention of raising a troop for the Duke, and had the unpleasant experience of being tried before the notorious Judge Jeffreys, but, strange to say, he was acquitted. A few years later came James II., who heard Mass in the little Early English chapel at the castle. The good folk of Chester liked not his Roman Catholic ways, and we read "the King departed from Chester not well pleased with the disposition of the people." His course was soon run, and he fled the country.

Again the divided counsels of the Cheshire men were displayed. While Lord Delamere was raising a great

force to support Dutch William, marching south to meet him, Lord Molyneux and Lord Acton seized Chester for King James. Happily no fighting was needed.

When James II. landed in Ireland in the spring of 1689 a large army was collected to oppose him. It was led by the Duke of Schomberg, and suffered severely in camp during the ensuing winter for want of conveniences and even necessaries. Most of the army encamped for a week at Neston and then embarked at Highlake (Hoylake) for Ireland. There were about one hundred vessels to convey them, and the port and river must have presented an animated scene. In the following summer large reinforcements passed through the city at various times, and the farmers of West Kirkby, Grange, Neston, and Meols made good profits by entertaining the officers billeted on them. William III. came in person, the army being encamped on the Wallasey Leasowes. He was at Chester on Sunday, June 10th, and attended service at the cathedral, and slept at the home of William Glegg, Esquire, of Gayton, whom he afterwards knighted.

Since that time no great events in the annals of England have occurred to disturb the peace of Cheshire. Its industry has not developed so much as that of its powerful neighbour Lancashire. But it has its coal and iron-ore in its eastern part; the mighty docks at Birkenhead, crowded with shipping, face the great port of Liverpool; and Crewe turns out those mighty engines that speed us on our way to many shires. The old and the new blend together in modern Cheshire. As we roam the countryside we see the traces of its great historic past, note the beauties of the ancestral houses, the half-timbered mansions, the red sand-stone farms; and if it be our good fortune to have been born within its borders, one of Cheshire's "Chief of Men," feel no little proud of our heritage.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

DERBYSHIRE

WILD and bleak and beautiful are the hills and dales of delightful Derbyshire. For centuries it was a somewhat isolated shire surrounded by the great forests of Needwood and Cannock Chase, of Arden, Sherwood, and Charnwood, while on the north towered the heights of Peak-land, the Valley of the Trent only connecting it with the outer world. Its great natural beauties cry aloud to modern ears, and bid us dwell among its charming solitudes, or sojourn awhile amidst them; but their voices called not so loudly to our forefathers, and their attractions were neglected. In times of national disturbance this isolation was not without its advantages, as the county oftentimes escaped the horrors of war which devastated less favoured shires.

And yet in prehistoric times there was no lack of population in the district, and their remains are chiefly found in the northern region of the Peak country, north of Ashbourne and Wirksworth, and west of Tansley, Darley, and East Moors. Possibly the relics of primitive man in the southern districts, owing to the progress of agriculture and acts of vandalism, have disappeared, whereas in the barren hill-country they have been left undisturbed for the examination of archæologists. Of Palæolithic remains there have been some remarkable discoveries in Robin Hood's Cave and the Church Hole, of which a full account is given in the *Victoria History of Derbyshire*, including the incised sketch of the head of a horse on a bone, a specimen of art unique in this country and associating the artist with others of his kin who have left examples of their skill in Southern France.

Of Neolithic remains and relics of the Bronze and Iron Ages the county affords numerous examples, principally of burial mounds, of which many have been explored by industrious antiquaries. There are chambered barrows such as those at Mininglow, the Harborough Rocks near Brassington, and the Five-Wells near Taddington, and the Bronze Age barrows, which were usually piled up over the dead; and with the interred remains were laid the usual food vessels, incense cups, flint or bronze implements, and in some cases drinking cups and jet or amber beads. Some bodies were burnt and the ashes placed in cinerary urns. The county possesses some of the finest stone circles in England, such as that at Arborlow, near Hartington, and the "Bull Ring" at Dove Holes, near Chapel-en-le-Frith; also several early fortifications, and some of the Derbyshire caves have yielded many Neolithic and Bronze Age objects of great interest. The county is fortunate in the possession of so many treasures, and in the skill and learning of its antiquaries who have investigated them.

When the Romans came they found some difficulty in conquering and holding the mountainous regions of Britain. Roman civilisation spread rapidly in the low-land and southern districts, which were easily governed; but strict military methods were needed in such regions as Derbyshire or north of the Humber. Hence we find strong forts built by the conquerors to maintain their hold on the country, of which there were three in the shire—Little Chester, Brough, and Melandra, near Glossop. Good roads united these forts and joined them with others at Manchester and Templeborough; the principal ones being Rycknield Street, the Long Causeway, one joining Manchester, Buxton, and Little Chester, and another known as Bathamgate, uniting Buxton to Brough. The Romans had great need of these forts and roads when the Brigantes were striving for the mastery, and there was constant danger of attack.

The conquerors also discovered the uses of the Buxton mineral springs, and doubtless rheumatic Romans cured their pains in the hot baths just as we modern folk do now. They appreciated, too, the lead mines near Matlock, at Brough, and Stoney Middleton, and worked them freely, extracting the precious ore and smelting it into pigs, several of which have been found. These bear inscriptions, the earliest of which is IMP. CAES, HADRIANI. AUG. MET. LUT. The first four words are obvious; the last two are *metalli Lutudarensis*. Professor Haverfield, whose article in the *Victoria History* is so valuable, states that this region must have been called Lutudanum, and the mining district *Metallum Lutudarense*. Very interesting Roman relics have been found in the numerous caves which abound in the shire, showing that many persons during the Roman period inhabited them. Some think that they were refugees who fled for safety when the Saxon hordes invaded the district, but Professor Haverfield rejects the theory on good evidence, and we must no longer people the caves with fugitive Romano-British folk, but with poor wild hillmen, robbers, and outlaws, who found them no uncomfortable dwelling-places.

When the Roman legionaries withdrew from the Derbyshire forts, darkness falls upon the history of the district now known as Derbyshire. Probably the British folk lived on for some time after the Saxon invasion, allied with their brethren in Lancashire and Cumberland, part of the kingdom of the Strathclyde British, and in the Celtic district south of Leeds. Several place-names in Derbyshire reveal Celtic origin, but at length a tribe of the English settlers rambled northwards from the Trent Valley, following the course of the Derwent and the Dove, till the wild moorlands of the Peak barred their progress. They became known as the Pec-setan, or Peak dwellers, their chief settlement being Northweorthig, which was subsequently destined to bear another name.

Possibly this advent of the Pec-setan settlers was due to the victory of Ethelfrith of Northumbria at Chester in 603, which extended the territory of the English to the Mersey and Dee, as Bede states. The original English settlers were soon absorbed by their neighbours and kindred, and the district formed part of the great Mercian kingdom established by Penda, its king, in 626.

We know not who first preached Christianity amid the hills and dales of Derbyshire, but tradition says that the Repton monastery was founded by St. David at the beginning of the seventh century. Its earliest name given in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* was Hreopedune, or the fort of Hreopa, an English chieftain. This monastery played an important part in the early history of the country. When Pagan Penda was slain, his brother Peada, a Christian, introduced four priests who worked amongst the people, Adda, Belti, Cedda, and Diuma, who became the first bishop of the Mercians. Repton became the Mercian capital, and several kings were buried in its minster, including Ethelbald of Mercia, who was slain in battle at Seckington. The Danes in 874 carried fire and sword through the land, and destroyed the monastery at Repton. They took up their winter quarters there, captured Northworthy, and not liking its name changed it to Deoraby, or Derby, meaning the place of the deer. Probably it was situate in a wild woodland district wherein the deer roamed, and there they settled, and made it a great military centre. Derbyshire was part of the territory assigned to them by the Treaty of Wedmore, and they made a sort of confederacy of the Five Towns, including Lincoln, Leicester, Stamford, Nottingham, and Derby. Some have thought that the Danes thoroughly colonised the shire, forming village settlements, but the absence of place-names ending in *by* or *thorpe*, or other Danish suffixes, seems to show that the district was never really colonised by them, but

that it was held in military fashion by the armed bands at Derby.

We must not omit to mention the beautiful examples of sculptured art which the county contains. Several of these belong to the Danish period and show Scandinavian influence. Such are the Dovedale group of crosses, those at Norbury, St. Alkmund's, Derby, and Wilne. Those at Wirksworth, Bakewell, Bradbourne, and Eyam are earlier, and testify to the skill of Saxon masons. Few counties possess such interesting fragments of early Christian art.

But the time came when the power of the Danes was to be crippled by English prowess. Here came the gallant daughter of King Alfred, the warlike Ethelfleda, who captured Derby in 917, erected forts to hold the country, and for a time crushed the Danish power. Mercia fell before the might of Wessex, and its kingdom was divided, as we have seen elsewhere, and the shire formed and named after its chief town. Edward the Elder, the brother of the heroine, followed her footsteps in 923 and erected a fort at Bakewell, and some years later, in 941, kind Edmund completed the task, and the Five Towns knew no longer the power of the Danish rule. When quieter times ensued in the tenth century a church at Repton was again built, some portions of which remain, including a beautiful crypt with curious spiral pillars, and the remains of other Saxon churches have been found in the shire.

Solitary among its mountains the county felt not at first the force of William the Conqueror's arm, and fought no fight with him; but when he came he wrought much devastation. This is shown by the extraordinary decrease in the population of its chief town. Derby lost about half its number of inhabitants during the years that intervened between the death of the Confessor and the time when the Domesday Survey was taken. It is somewhat difficult to account for this. Its landowners

were dispossessed of their estates in favour of Normans, the most prominent of whom was Henry de Ferrers, whose grandson became the first Earl of Derby in 1136. The *Domesday Survey* shows that the King held much land in this shire, that the ecclesiastical lords were the Bishop of Chester and the Abbot of Burton-on-Trent, and that after Henry de Ferrers William Peveril, a natural son of the King, was the chief lord of several manors. Amongst others were Earl Hugh of Chester, Roger of Poitou, Gilbert de Gand, and Nigel de Statford. Not many Englishmen remained upon the lands which their forefathers held prior to the Norman Conquest. William de Peveril seems to have been a fortunate man in spite of his bar sinister. He built his castle named Peak, near which stands the village of Castleton, and raised also the castle of Bolsover. Henry de Ferrers built his castle just outside the borders of the county, at Tutbury, and another at Duffield.

No great lordly abbeys reared their heads in the shire. Some monasteries situate in other counties held lands in Derbyshire, such as Burton, Lenton, and Dunstable. The Austin Canons were established at Darley and Repton, Gresley and Breadsall. A Benedictine nunnery existed at King's Mead, Derby, the only nunnery in the shire. The Cistercian and Benedictine orders never made much impression on the shire, but the Premonstratensian Canons held two houses, Beauchief (an offshoot of Welbeck) and Dale, a colony of Newhouse. The Dominican friars had a house in Derby. The Knights Hospitallers had a preceptory at Yeaveley, and hospitals for lepers existed at Derby, Chesterfield, Locko, and Alkmonton, besides the Spital-in-the-Peak between Castleton and Hope. None of the monastic houses in the shire were of much importance.

The shire was a land of forests and but scantily inhabited. Kings often came to hunt the deer, and the stern hills bred a hardy race of men, who had some of

MELBURN CASTLE *in the County of* DERBY

Formerly a Royal Mansion, now in Ruins: where JOHN *Duke of* BOURBON *taken Prisoner by K.* HENRY V^te *in the Battle of* AGINCOURT *A.*^o 1415 *was kept Nineteen Years in Custody of* Nicholas Montgomery *the Younger; he was releas'd by K.* Henry VI^th. *taken in the Reign of Q.* Elizabeth.

This Draught is made from a Survey now in the Dutchy Office of Lancaster.
Sumptibus, Soc.^ti *Ant.*^r *Lond.*^i 1733.

the best fighting blood of England in their veins. Constantly they were called to fight for their country against the marauding Scots or on foreign battlefields. The Scots liked not these sturdy warriors, nor their inaccessible country, and the Bishop of Carlisle, who held Melbourne, often used to retire there for safety when his northern home was threatened.

In spite of the favour shown to Walter Peveril he rebelled against Henry I., and in 1115 lost his castles, of which the King took possession. The troubles of Stephen's reign affected not the county, but at the Battle of the Standard Derbyshire valour played a leading part. Henry II. several times visited the shire for the purpose of hunting, and on one of his visits received the submission of Malcolm of Scotland. King John seems to have been the most restless of monarchs, and often visited the shire. He held the important castles of the Peak and Bolsover, and maintained a hold on the county during his disputes with his barons. The great castle of Duffield was reared and held by Henry de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and this was destined to cause some trouble. In the struggle between the King and barons in the time of Henry III., Robert de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, joined the latter, but he was one of those self-seeking, unreliable persons whom no one could trust. Simon de Montford placed him in custody, lest he should desert to the King, and when the former fell on the field of Evesham, Henry had cause to distrust his wily subject, who hurried off to Derbyshire, summoned his vassals, collected an army, and bade defiance to his King. But Henry III. had a powerful band of foreign mercenaries, who were sent under the command of Prince Henry to devastate the estates of his revolted barons. They destroyed the earl's castle of Tutbury, marched across the lower reaches of the Peak district in order to intercept Baron D'Ayville, who was hastening to support Ferrers, and near Chesterfield defeated him. Thither the earl came with troops

wearied by marching over the high hills of the Peak country, and was attacked the same night by the Royalists, who, after burning some houses, forced their way into the town, and fought a fierce fight in the market place and adjacent streets. Earl Ferrers, seeing his men overpowered, sought sanctuary in the church, and hid himself among some bags of wool deposited in the nave by some traders, but his presence was revealed by a girl whose lover had been compelled to fight and was slain, and the earl was at length obliged to surrender. He was sent a prisoner to Windsor. His estates were confiscated and the Earldom of Derby was conferred on Prince Edmund, the King's second son, who became Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby. So ended the career of this powerful family. After three years spent in prison Ferrers was released, and suffered to hold the manor of Holbrook, a small portion only of his former vast possessions. His strong castle of Duffield was destroyed, its ruins used as a quarry, and its foundations left and buried until they were discovered twenty-five years ago.

After these scenes of violence an era of peace settled upon the shire. It cultivated its trade in wool, developed its lead mines in a small way, and monarchs came to visit it, to sojourn in its castles and hunt in its forests. There was a royal hunting lodge at Ravensdale. Henry III. was at the Peak in 1264. Edward I. on his way to Wales stayed at Tideswell, where the great "Cathedral of the Peak" was soon to arise and displace the church he found there. Derbyshire men were such great fighters that their aid was much sought in the Scotch and Welsh wars. The custody of the Peak was held by divers persons of importance. In 1290 the claimant to the Scottish crown, John Balliol, held it. In this case, as in other counties, Scottish sovereigns held estates in England, and did homage to the King of England for them; but when differences arose between the two countries lands and titles held by kings, or

REVOLUTION Houſe at WHITTINGTON.

would-be kings, across the Border, were confiscated. Edward II. appointed his iniquitous favourite, Piers Gaveston, to the custody of the Peak, and when Edward III. marched northwards he was accompanied by many Derbyshire archers and men-at-arms who did good service against the Scots. Not many were summoned for the French Wars, as they were required at home to protect the north against Scottish raids. Happily they were not required, and peace endured for some time. When Hotspur and his northern warriors joined with the Welsh against Henry IV., the King visited the shire, and at Derby in 1403 summoned many squires and men-at-arms to fight at the great battle at Shrewsbury, where several were slain. Among the gallant Derbyshire men who distinguished themselves at Agincourt or on other fields of battle were the Greys of Codnor, the Foljambes, Cokaynes, Curzons, Fitz-Herberts, Blounts, Langfords, Leaches of Chatsworth, and Beresfords of Fenny Bentley. Like their neighbours in Cheshire the gentry of the county were often very much divided in their sympathies, and in times of civil strife frequently contended amongst themselves. It was so in the Wars of the Roses, and also in later contests. But no fights in the county occurred during the wars between the Red and the White Rose; neither did the troubles of the Reformation period greatly disturb the county. As we have said, the monasteries within it were not very important ones, and their destruction did not greatly affect Derbyshire, though doubtless some of the men took part in the Pilgrimage of Grace. The people were, however, very conservative, and liked not the changes in religion, clinging to their old ways. The shire was a home for recusants, many of whom paid their ruinous fines, or fled to the hills, where in dens and caves of the earth they found peace. Not a few were captured by parties of soldiers, who scoured the hills, and were confined in the gaol at Derby. As far as we are aware only

one case of burning for heresy occurred within the county.

Derbyshire had a very troublesome visitor in Queen Elizabeth's time, one Mary Queen of Scots, whose story is not exactly unknown. She was kept a prisoner at Chatsworth, Wingfield Manor, and Tutbury Castle (just beyond our borders), and visited Buxton for the benefit of her failing health. Her jailer was George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, whose life was plagued by the fair queen and worn out by all the troubles she caused. Queen Elizabeth was jealous of Mary's charms, and worried the poor earl if he allowed her out of his sight. His wife was jealous, too, of the fair captive, who knew well how to manage men and work her will. Moreover, he had to arrange her execution, which followed the discovery of the Babington Conspiracy, originated by foreign priests, fostered by Elizabeth's tools, and used as a means of bringing the unhappy Mary to the block in the hall of Fotheringhay Castle.

The mention of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury recalls one of the noteworthy Derbyshire characters of the period. The Countess was the well-known "Bess of Hardwick," a much married lady. She was the heiress of Hardwick, was the widow of a neighbouring squire when she was thirteen, then married Sir William Cavendish of Suffolk, bore a large family, married another richer knight, and at the age of forty-eight became Countess of Shrewsbury. Her son, William Cavendish, married a daughter of the Earl, entered upon great possessions, and in the time of James I. was created Earl of Devonshire. Chatsworth was the creation of this redoubtable lady, who also built

> "Hardwick Hall,
> More glass than wall,"

and greatly loved to rear noble edifices. She had to guard another notable prisoner, Lady Arabella Stuart,

Wingfield Manor.

who, it was feared, might try to gain the throne on the death of Elizabeth. The county is proud, too, of Haddon Hall, the house of the Vernons, and of Dorothy Vernon—"Winsome Doll"—ever associated with a romantic marriage with John Manners, though hard history assures us that there was no elopement, no sentimental story, no clandestine meeting by the stone steps in the garden, and that no special trial troubled the happy pair save possibly lovers' quarrels, which only meant the renewal of love. Other good manor-houses sprang up in the fair dales of Derbyshire, which could boast of a fine array of squires, who did their duty to the shire and helped it along the road of prosperity. When the Armada threatened England, none were more loyal than the fighting men of Derbyshire.

Their military prowess was soon to be tried to the uttermost when the Civil War broke out, and caused intense suffering in the shire. Few counties suffered more. No great battle was fought within its boundaries, but there was much marching of troops through the shire, and, consequently, much pillage, much destruction of crops, a scarcity of food and other ills that war brings in its train. Before the standard was raised at Nottingham, Charles paid a visit to Bolsover Castle and to Derby. He was there in 1641, and granted baronetcies to Sir Francis Rodes of Barlborough and Sir John Curzon of Kedleston. Most of the gentry and burgesses were loyal and supported the King, but Sir John Gell seems to have had little difficulty in raising a regiment for the Parliament. Many houses were fortified for the King. Derby declared for the Parliament. At Tissington a skirmish took place; but we have no space for a detailed account of the disastrous war, the fate of which was sealed at Naseby. The county had the discredit of producing two regicides, Bradshaw and Ireton.

The shire welcomed the Restoration with universal joy. Indeed, some men of the shire anticipated the

restoration of the monarchy before its actual accomplishment, a tumultuous assembly taking place in Derby in 1659, which threatened rebellion against the Commonwealth. General Lambert sent a force of 250 dragoons to suppress it, and bloodshed seemed probable. But Colonel Sanders, who was much trusted by the people, persuaded the demonstrators to retire to Nunn Green. Time was gained, tempers subsided, and the insurgents returned peaceably to their homes.

The county took a prominent part in the Revolution of 1688, William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, being one of the leading spirits in bringing over William of Orange to England. On Whittington Moor there was a solitary inn, wherein the Earl and his conspirators used to meet in the "Plotting Parlour," and devise schemes for the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty. The house became known as "Revolution Inn." When his plans were ripe, the Earl and his comrades gathered together 500 men, marched to Derby, and declared for "Dutch William" before the landing of the Prince. The authorities of the town received the troopers and the Earl's declaration somewhat coldly and cautiously. The advent of a Dutch regiment did not secure their confidence; but at length the Revolution was accomplished, and the Earl was rewarded with a Dukedom, a title that has been borne by several distinguished descendants, who have conferred honour upon their county and their country.

The people of the shire were always conservative, and liked not violent changes. They acquiesced in the Revolution, but were roused to a pitch of frenzy when the celebrated preacher, Dr. Sacheverell, preached the famous assize sermon at Derby, in which he attacked the Revolution and all who had taken part in it. Everyone knows the sequel. The bombastic doctor repeated his utterances in London, was prosecuted, tried, and though he was excluded from preaching for three years, his sentence was deemed an acquittal. When the news reached Derby,

Haddon Hall (North View).

the bells of the churches rang jubilant peals, bonfires were lighted, and triumphant joy reigned. The name of one of the streets in Derby commemorates this extraordinary event.

The town was at that time very prosperous; the silk manufacture had been added to its other industries by one Thomas Lombe. The people retained still a loyal affection for the House of Stuart, and there were many Jacobites, when the rising of 1715 disturbed the country, who created some minor tumults at Derby. But these were nothing when compared with the insurrection of 1745. To the town the Young Pretender marched with his army, and was proclaimed King, and Mass was celebrated in All Saints' Church. He expected a large increase in strength, and was woefully disappointed when so few men flocked to his standard. Some Derbyshire volunteers were called out to resist his advance, but, their courage failing them, they made a strategic retirement to Nottingham. Disappointed, deceived, the gallant young Prince, seeing the hopelessness of his cause, and hearing of the advance of the Duke of Cumberland with a powerful army, resolved to return northwards, and the county breathed freely again. The volunteers returned to the town, and the land had rest.

The peace of the shire has been frequently disturbed during the last century by riots. The miners liked not compulsory service in the Militia, and on several occasions broke out into violence. The workers in factories liked not the introduction of improved machinery, and the "Luddites" were first heard of in Derbyshire, who broke the stocking-frames and did much damage, extending their ravages to Yorkshire and Lancashire. Owing to the wars with France, the price of food was enormous, and there was great distress, which incited the so-called Pentrich rising. A few half-starved peasants devised a riotous scheme for revenging themselves on society. Three of them were cruelly executed, and about forty

transported. The block upon which the beheading took place is still preserved.

From these distressing scenes we turn to the present. The agriculture of the county, the mining and manufactures, have steadily progressed, though the silk trade, as in other parts of England, has declined. Derby still maintains its reputation for its wonderful porcelain. The old names of illustrious families still recur, and add fresh laurels to those already gained. The Cavendishes and the Curzons still hold their own, and the ever-enduring hills and dales of a beautiful country give their charms to the shire which few can equal.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

LINCOLNSHIRE

LINCOLNSHIRE, probably, is most widely known as the second largest county in England, as pre-eminent in agriculture and stock-breeding on wold, heath, marsh, and fen, as well to the fore in the manufacture of agricultural and other machinery, as possessing the largest fishing-port in Europe; also for the gallantry of the Lincolnshire Regiment (the 10th), with its popular marching tune, the "Lincolnshire Poacher," and as being associated with "The Handicap."

But, apart from all these, she can boast of very many attractions for the traveller and the antiquary. Flat and low though her shores may be, yet there is a great fascination in the acres of "yellow sands," and there is a recompense for the level plain of marsh and fen in the vast expanse of sky, where

> The incomparable pomp of eve
> And the cold glories of the dawn

are seen at their finest.

And the views are wonderful—from Alkborough, over the junction of the Trent, the Ouse, and the Humber; from the Wolds above Caistor, over the great plateau to Lincoln; from Lincoln, over the same plain eastwards to the Wolds, or westwards over the Valley of the Trent to the Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire hills; or eastwards again from the edge of "the high wold," over the extent of marsh

> That sweeps with all its autumn bowers
> And crowded farms and lessening towers,
> To mingle with the bounding main.

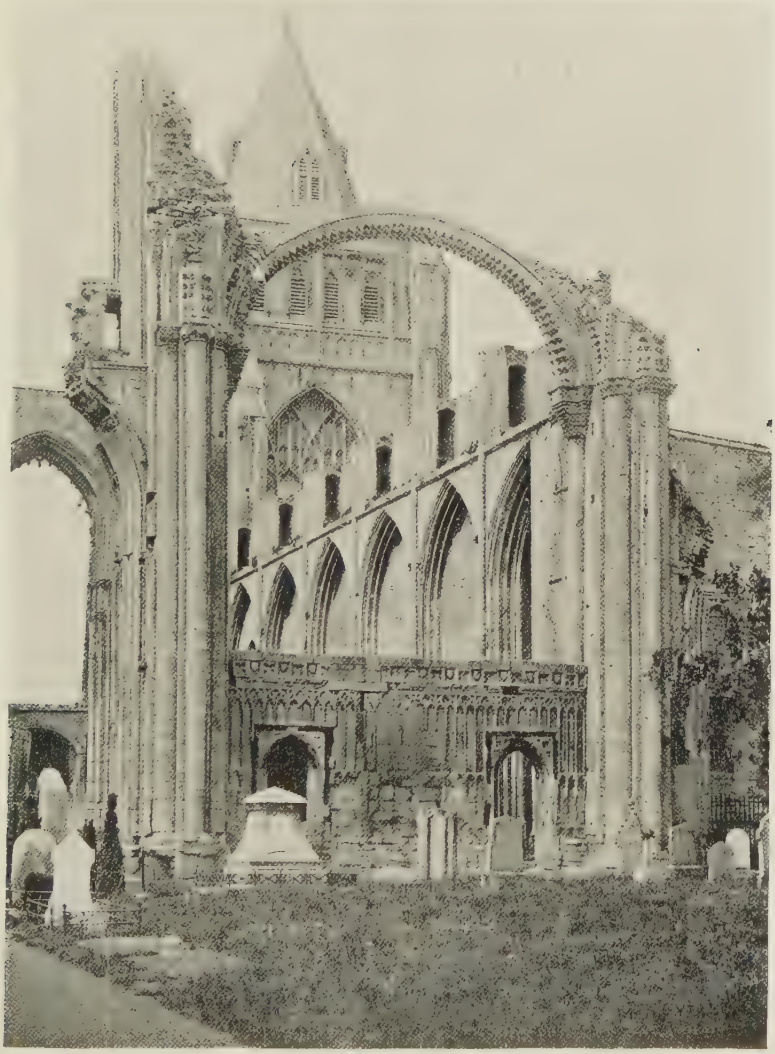
The county possesses the birth-places of Newton, Tennyson, Henry of Bolingbroke, Archbishop Whitgift, and John Wesley; she has produced explorers like Franklin, and heroes of romance and reality like Sir John Bolle (the hero of the Spanish Lady Ballad) and Captain John Smith of Willoughby (who was rescued by Pocahontas).

St. Botolph, St. Guthlac, and St. Gilbert of Sempringham were Lincolnshire in origin and life, and the latter founded the only monastic order (that of the Gilbertines) which originated in this country.

Of monastic remains truly it must be confessed that, apart from the grand gatehouse at Thornton Abbey and the beautiful west front of Crowland Abbey, she has but little to show; but the glorious Minster of Lincoln and many splendid town and village churches may be held to entirely wipe away any reproach on this score.

Her name, of course, comes from that of her chief city, Lincoln, which is probably a corruption of Lindum Colonia, the "Lin" referring to the expanse of water below the hill, while the "dun" or "don" is the fort on the hill. The Normans, quaintly enough, transposed Lincoln into Nicole, and they did the same with the name of the county.

Since before the Norman Conquest, at all events, Lincolnshire has been separated off into three divisions called Parts—the Parts of Lindsey, the Parts of Kesteven, and the Parts of Holland. Of these, the first, Lindsey (in Domesday Book Lindesie), is named either from Lincoln or as the "eye" or island of the Lindissi or Lindiswaras who inhabited it. It comprises about the northern half of the county, and in Domesday Book was sub-divided again into three Redings, Ridings, or Tridings, north south, and west. The second division (in Domesday Chetsteven) occupies the south-west quarter of the county, and its name is probably derived (according to Streatfield) from Coedstefne=the wood jutting out into the



Crowland Abbey from the East.

fen. It still is the most wooded portion of the county. The third division, Holland (in Domesday Hoiland) takes the remaining south-eastern quarter, and signifies, like its neighbour across the North Sea, the hollow land, as being below the level of the sea in many parts. It was the land of the Fenmen, the Gyrwas, and to this day the dwellers in the fens are humorously supposed (by the hillfolk) to be web-footed, and to have their abdomens coloured yellow! Fuller (writing in 1662) quaintly compares the shape of the county to "a bended bow, the sea making the back, the rivers Welland and Humber the two horns thereof, whilst Trent hangeth down like a broken string, as being somewhat of the shortest." The Trent, indeed, would seem to be the natural boundary to the county on the west, but Nottinghamshire "cuts a cantle off" on the east side of that river between Newark and Newton-on-Trent (the most north-easterly portion actually coming to within five miles of the city of Lincoln), and some authorities have believed that Newark and its wapentake were wrenched away from Lincolnshire in the time of King Alfred. And in this connection it is interesting to note that the Archbishop of York, in the later years of Remigius, first Norman Bishop of Lincoln, claimed a large part of the district of Lindsey, with Lincoln, Louth, Stow, and *Newark*, as belonging to his province. As though to make up for this loss, the Isle of Axholme has at some time or other been captured for this county from the old Royal Forest of Hatfield Chase in Yorkshire, although it is entirely on the west side of the river Trent.

The first historical (or geographical) notice of this part of England is that of Claudius Ptolemæus (about the year A.D. 120), who mentions the British (presumably Celtic) tribe of the Coritavi or Coritani (names supposed to be derived from the British words Cor=sheep and Yehen=oxen), which inhabited the site of the present counties of Lincolnshire, Rutland, Leicestershire, part of

Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, and (according to the testimony of Camden) Derbyshire. Their two chief towns he declares to be Lindum (Lincoln) and Ratæ (Leicester). Practically nothing is known of the conquest of the Coritani by the Romans; it was probably dealt with by Tacitus in volumes which have perished. But in order to attack the Brigantes (who inhabited Yorkshire, with part of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Durham), Ostorius Scapula (A.D. 50) and Suetonius Paulinus (A.D. 61) must have passed through some part of the territory of the Coritani; and in later years, as when Petilius Cerealis made a very successful campaign against the Brigantes in A.D. 70, and eight years later the great general, Julius Agricola, pushed northwards to the Grampians, this portion of the country must have been firmly held and pacified by the conquering legions.

Lincoln itself was at first probably a fortress, and then became a colony, and several tombstones have been found therein to soldiers of the unfortunate Ninth—the Spanish Legion (which was brought to Britain by Aulus Plautius in A.D. 43)—which was nearly annihilated by Boadicea on one occasion, and which met much the same fate at the hands of the Caledonians in Agricola's campaign.

Lincoln is mentioned as Lindum in the Itinerary of Antoninus (the Emperor Caracalla), which was compiled probably about the years A.D. 211-217. In the account of the Council or Synod of Arles, A.D. 314, there were present three bishops from Britain—Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelphius Episcopus, de Civitate Coloniæ Londonensium (and the latter also signs the letter to Pope Sylvester), which almost certainly is a scribe's error for "Colonia Lindonensium."

Lincoln still can show her North Roman City Gate—Newport Arch, part of her Roman walls, the encompassing ditch, remains of colonnades, while there are traces of similar fortifications at Horncastle (Banovallum), Caistor,

and Ancaster (Causennæ). The great main roads constructed by the Romans are for the most part still in use, such as the Via Erminia (or Ermine Street), which, starting from Pevensey, passes through London, St. Albans, and Godmanchester, into the county at Stamford, and after cutting across a corner of Rutland, goes through South Witham, Easton (where it is called the High Dyke), Honington, Ancaster, Navenby, Waddington, to Waterloo Farm, close by Lincoln, where it joined another road, the Fosse Way, about 400 yards south of the principal entrance, the Great Bargate. A concrete foundation for this road has been found in various places as it passed through Lincoln. In the Bail, for instance (found in 1911), it consisted of several layers of grouted material, and while traversing the low ground by the Witham it seems to have been founded on piles, which possibly gave the name of Wigford (Wicker or Wickenford) to that part of the city. From the city it runs almost directly north to the Humber, being in use for the first seventeen miles. Four miles out a branch road has left it, to run for ten miles north-westerly to the Trent at Littleborough (Segelocum), under the name of Tillbridge Lane. This station is mentioned on the Roman milestone of Victorinus, which was discovered in the Bail at Lincoln.

Another Roman road enters the county at West Deeping, and passes through Bourne to Sleaford. The Fosse Way begins at Axminster, and, leaving Newark, passes through Brough (the Roman station Crocolana), and runs straight to Lincoln, crossing over the Witham at Bracebridge, where is the site of an old ford. From Lincoln a Roman road runs to Horncastle, and other connecting roads led from thence to Caistor and Spilsby. The Romans also cut a canal—the Fosse Dyke—between the Trent at Torksey and the Witham at Lincoln, and constructed a most important drainage dyke—the Car Dyke (Car=Fen)—which reached for fifty-seven miles from the river Nen to the Witham near Washingborough,

and which served as a catchwater drain to the higher land on the west of it, and so saved the Fens from floods. To show the peace which must have ensued under the Roman rule, we have only to mention the remains of villas, with beautiful tesselated pavements, found at Scampton (seven miles from Lincoln), Roxby, Winterton, and Horkstow—all in places far from any military protection. The Roman banks thrown up to protect the coast from the sea should be mentioned.

With the withdrawal of the Roman rule in 426, when the last legion left, and the constant invasion of the Picts and Scots, the dykes and banks were neglected, and probably a large part of the Fens once more was beneath sea-water, and part was liable to be flooded with fresh water. To oppose these invaders, King Vortigern is recounted to have called to his assistance Saxons, Jutes, and Angles (the last settled in Mercia, whereof Lincolnshire was a part) from the north-western tribes of Germany. He met the northern invaders, who had come southwards as far as Stamford, and with the help of these allies, commanded by Hengist and Horsa, defeated them with much slaughter. At Caistor, Vortigern is supposed to have been tempted by Hengist with a sight of his daughter, the beautiful Rowena, who afterwards married him, and is reported to have poisoned his son (by a former wife) Vortimer. The latter died in 475, and was buried at Lincoln. In this year also Hengist ravaged the country, and captured London, Lincoln, and Winchester, which were recaptured by Ambrosius in 487.

According to the romantic historian Geoffrey of Monmouth, in 501 King Arthur, with allies from Brittany, "went to relieve the city, Kaer Lindcoit, that was besieged by the pagans, which, being situated upon a mountain between two rivers in the province of Lindisia, is called by another name, Lindecollinum. As soon as they arrived there with all their forces, they fought with the

Saxons, and made a grievous slaughter of them to the number of 6,000, part of whom were drowned in the river, part fell by the hands of the Britons. The rest, in a great consternation, quitted the siege and fled, but were closely pursued by Arthur till they came to the wood of Celidon, when they made a stand." Baldulph and Colgrin were defeated, and Cedric was compelled to raise the siege.

With our authority resting on the Venerable Bede, the history of Lincolnshire comes into real existence. In the year A.D. 628, he says, "Paulinus[1] also preached the Word to the Province of Lindsey, which is the first on the south side of the River Humber, stretching as far out as the sea; and he first converted the Governor of the City of Lincoln, whose name was Blecca, with his whole family. He likewise built in the city a stone church of beautiful workmanship, the roof of which having either fallen through age or been thrown down by enemies, the walls are still to be seen standing, and every year some miraculous cures are wrought in that place for the benefit of those who have faith to seek the same. In that church Justus"—(Archbishop of Canterbury)—"having departed to Christ, Paulinus consecrated Honorius Bishop in his stead. A certain abbot and priest of the Monastery of Peartaneau"—(Partney, near Spilsby, a cell to Bardney Abbey)—"a man of singular veracity, whose name was Deda, in relation to the faith of this province, told me that one of the oldest persons had informed him that he himself had been baptized at noonday by the Bishop Paulinus in the presence of King Edwin, with a great number of the people, in the river Trent near the city, which in the English tongue is called Tiovulfingacester"—(probably Torksey)—"and he was also wont to describe the person of this same Paulinus, that he was tall of

1 He was sent from Rome in 601, consecrated Missionary Bishop in 625, and had converted many in the realm of King Edwin; and was Archbishop of the Northumbrians 634.

stature, a little stooping, his hair black, his visage meagre, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect both venerable and majestic." In 678, Egfrid, King of Northumbria, captured Lindsey from Wulfhere, King of Mercia, and had Edhed ordained the first Bishop of Lindsey. And we may recognise how well the church covered the land by the fact that in Domesday Book there are some 220 churches named as in existence at the time of the Conquest. Towards the end of the eighth century we begin to hear more and more in the annals of the time of the new set of enemies, the Danes. If the superstition[1] has any foundation in reality, that the Anemone pulsatilla or purple Pasque flower grows only where Danish blood has been spilt, then this county should have a superb display of it, as the Danes were continually fighting in or about it. And it was particularly exposed to their attacks, both from the landing on the coast and sailing up the Humber to Gainsborough and Torksey, and along the Fossdyke to Lincoln. Trus*thorpe*, Mable*thorpe*, Theddle*thorpe*, Saltfleet*by*, along the coast, and Kettle*thorpe*, Saxil*by*, and Skelling*thorpe* along the Fossdyke, may be considered as direct evidence of these raids and settlements. Lincoln also was one of the five towns (Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, and Stamford—Chester and York were afterwards added) which were under the Danelagh. In this confederacy, which replaced the kingdom of Mercia, Lincoln seems to have represented the Lindiswaras (or dwellers in Lindsey on the high lands) and Stamford the Gyrwas, who lived chiefly in the fens. Each of these towns was ruled by its own Earl, with his separate host, and twelve lawmen administered Danish law, and a Common Court of Justice existed for the whole confederacy.

In 869, according to Ingulph, the army of the Pagans (*i.e.*, of the Danes), under Hubba and Hingvar, having

1 Mentioned by Edward Fitzgerald. "Omar Khayyám," note to Stanza XIX.

made some stay at York, at the close of the winter passed over by ship into Lindesey, and landing at Humberstan (possibly *Hubba*stan, as suggested by Mr. Streatfield), ravaged the whole country (it has been supposed that Stow church was burnt by them at this date). At this time the most famous and ancient monastery of Bardney was destroyed by them, and all the monks were massacred in the church without mercy. Having employed themselves throughout the whole of this summer in reducing the land to ashes and ravaging it with fire and sword, about the feast of St. Michael they entered Kesteven. At length, in the year from the Incarnation of our Lord 870, and in the month of September, Earl Algar and two knights, Wibert and Leofric, collected together the youths of Hoyland (Holland), with 200 men from Crowland, under Toley, a monk thereof; 300 men from Deeping, Langtoft, and Boston; and Morcar, Lord of Bourn, with his retainers; and the Sheriff of Lincoln, Osgot, with five hundred Lincoln men. "All these meeting together in Kesteven, joined battle (at Stow Green, near Threekingham) with the Pagans on the feast of Saint Mauricius the Martyr (September 21st), and the Lord granting them the victory, the Christians slew three kings, together with a vast multitude, and pursued them as far as the gate of their camp." On the following day, however, the Danes having received great reinforcements, and some of the English having deserted, after a long fight, in which the latter, kept together in a solid phalanx, were at length tempted to break their ranks by a feigned flight of the enemy, and were overwhelmed with a great slaughter. Ingulph states that the Danes buried their three kings at a place formerly called Loundon, and afterwards, in consequence of that burial, Threekingham, a curious instance of popular etymology, as the name signifies the ham of the Threkings. However doubtful may be the authority of Ingulph (and the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* gives no mention of this fight), there is still a

large tumulus or mound near the church in which some of the slain were buried, and a portion of land in the parish is called Danesfield or Danes Hill to this day.

In 873 the Danish forces wintered at Torksey, and the countryside made peace with them. In 911 the Northumbrian Danes broke the peace which had been made in 906 with King Edward and his Witan, and overran the kingdom of Mercia. In 937 occurred one of the greatest battles—that at Brunanburgh—in the long struggle between Saxons and Danes, and in all probability it took place at Burnham, near Thornton Curtis, in North Lincolnshire.[1] Here King Athelstan, with his brother, Edmund Atheling, gained a decisive victory over Constantine, King of the Scots, whose forces included many Danes under Anlaf. In 941 Athelstan's brother, King Edward, recovered the towns of the Danelagh, and in 993 the Danes wrought much destruction in Lindsey. In 1013 King Sweyn went from East Anglia to the Humber, up the Trent to Gainsborough, and received the submission of Utred the Earl, and the dwellers in Lindsey and in the Danelagh. He died in 1014 near Gainsborough. His son, Canute, came into Lincolnshire by Stamford in 1016, and in the great battle of Ashendon, which he won, Godwin, the Ealdorman of Lindsey, was killed. In 1063 Tostig ravaged Lindsey previous to the battle of Stamford Bridge, where he and his ally, the King of Norway, were defeated and slain, and Harold (the last of the Saxons) victorious.

In 1068 William the Conqueror visited Lincoln, and ordered the erection of a castle (166 houses being pulled down on account of it). The huge earthworks which still exist may be attributed to this period. They were probably at first surmounted with palisading, and stone walls built on them early in the twelfth century. The

[1] The Rev. A. Hunt has made out a strong claim to this having been the site of the battle.—*Assoc. Architect. Reports and Papers*, vol. xxviii., pp. 28-43.

King also distributed lordships freely among his supporters, this county being partitioned out between twenty-three Normans, Gilbert de Gant, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and Alan, Earl of Richmond, taking the lion's share. In 1069 a strong alliance of forces, on behalf of Edgar Atheling, was made against the King, consisting of the Earls Edwin and Morcar, three of Sweyn's sons from Denmark, with two hundred and forty ships. Having landed on the Lincolnshire side of the Humber, they were all captured (save Edgar and two others) by a numerous band of King William's friends from Lincoln. William took some hostages for Lindsey, and confined them in Lincoln Castle. Among these was one Turgot, a Saxon priest of good family, who escaped by bribing his gaoler, and fled to some Norwegians who were landing a merchant vessel at Grimsby, and who carefully concealed him from the royal officers when search was made for him. He was kindly received by King Olaf of Norway. He eventually became Prior of Durham for twenty years, and, later on, Bishop of St. Andrews.

In 1140 the Empress Maud came to England, asserted her claim to the Crown against the pretensions of Stephen, and took up her residence at Lincoln, which was well fortified and supplied with provisions. Stephen soon besieged and took the city, and probably the castle as well, but the Empress had managed to escape during the siege. The year before this, Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, and his uncle, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, had been arrested by Stephen, who compelled the former to hand over his castles of Newark and Sleaford. In 1141, according to Orderic, "Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and his half-brother, William de Roumare" (whom Stephen had created Earl of Lincoln), "revolted against King Stephen, and surprised the fortress which he had at Lincoln for the defence of the city. Cautiously choosing a time when the garrison of the tower were dispersed abroad and engaged in sports, they sent their wives before

them into the castle under pretence of taking some amusement. While, however, the two countesses stayed there talking and joking with the wife of the knight whose duty it was to defend the tower, the Earl of Chester came in, without his armour or even his mantle, apparently to fetch back his wife, attended by three soldiers, no one suspecting any fraud. Having thus gained an entrance, they quickly laid hold of the bars and such weapons as were at hand, and forcibly ejected the King's guard. They then let in Earl William and his men at arms, and in this way the two brothers got possession of the tower and the whole city." Bishop Alexander (an example of returning good for evil!) informed King Stephen, who came soon after Christmas, regained the city, which favoured his cause, and invested the castle. Ranulf, managing to escape, brought Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and a large army to raise the siege of the castle, and the battle took place on Candlemas Day, 1141, on the north-western slopes of the city, the Earls having swam across the Trent in their eager impetuosity—more probably across the Fossdyke some three or four miles from Lincoln. Portents occurred during celebration of Mass on behalf of King Stephen, the taper of wax broke and the pyx snapped its fastening and fell on the altar whilst the bishop was celebrating. The result was a complete rout of the King's army, the King himself, after a gallant resistance, being taken prisoner. From the comparative ease of the victory, due greatly to treachery among Stephen's supporters, it was known as "The Joust of Lincoln." Later on, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, was taken prisoner by the King's troops, and was exchanged for the King. In 1143 King Stephen was once more besieging the castle, and in the midst of casting up an entrenchment (and covered way?), eighty of his men were suffocated in the trenches, and the siege was abandoned. In 1146 Earl Ranulph was arrested and kept prisoner till he gave up Lincoln and other

castles. In 1147 King Stephen kept his Christmas at Lincoln, wearing his crown within its walls, despite the popular superstition that

> The first crowned head that enters Lincoln's walls,
> His reign proves stormy and his kingdom falls.

Possibly the King thought little more harm could come to him than that which he had already endured. After Christmas, the Earl of Chester made an unsuccessful attack on the castle.

In 1158 the Empress Maud's son, King Henry, was crowned a second time at Lincoln, in a suburb without the walls. In 1165 Archbishop Thomas à Becket, having got quietly away from Northampton, came to Lincoln, afterwards to Haverholme Priory, and thence to Sandwich and Flanders. In 1173 Roger de Mowbray rebelled against King Henry II., fortified his castle at Kinnaird's Ferry on the Trent, and stood a siege for some time by the King's forces. The castle was razed to the ground after its capture, and now only its moated site remains. In 1200 King John was in Lincoln from November 20th to the 26th, and met William, King of Scotland, who did homage and swore fealty to him. On the same day (November 23rd) the body of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln (who died in London on November 17th), was carried to Lincoln for interment, where it was received by King John and three archbishops and thirteen bishops, and buried on November 26th. The interview between King John and the Cistercian abbots is related to have taken place at Lincoln, when he was said to have refused them a hearing, and ordered his horsemen to trample them under foot. In the night, however, he believed he saw the persecuted monks, that he was brought before a judge and scourged for his barbarous treatment of them. So realistic was the dream that he awoke as he thought with his back lacerated from shoulder to hip. Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire, was founded by him in consequence of this interview. In 1215 King John was met at the

eastern gateway of the castle by the custodian, Nicholaa de la Haya, and an inquisition of the third year of King Edward I. (1274-5) gives an account of the interview, which presents the King in a more courtly and pleasing manner than might have been expected. "The said lady Nichola went out of the entrance gate of the castle, carrying the keys of the castle in her hand, and met the King, and offered the keys to him as her lord, and said she was a woman of great age, and was unable to bear such fatigue any longer. And he besought her, saying, 'Nay, beloved Nichola, I will that you keep the castle as hitherto, until I shall order otherwise.'" In 1216 King John left King's Lynn with a large force, and in crossing the river Nene, a part of the Wash (close to the modern Sutton Bridge—a large tract of land having been reclaimed from the sea since his time), all his baggage was lost, and he himself, with his army, narrowly escaped. October 13th he spent at Swineshead Abbey, moved on next day to Sleaford Castle, thence to Newark Castle, where he died on October 18th. A long siege of Lincoln Castle had been going on, and the Barons, who were on the side of Prince Louis, joining the besiegers in the same year, William, Earl Marshal, with the Papal Legate and a large army, proceeded from Newark, through Stow, to Lincoln. Falk de Breaute, with cross-bowmen, was admitted into the castle, and the rest of the troops forced open one of the city gates. In all probability this was the city west gate, in the city west wall just where it joined the castle, and as Henry III.'s side held the castle, this gate must have been untenable. After much hand to hand fighting, the party of the Barons and the French was decisively beaten, their leader the Comte de Perche was slain, and the city and cathedral were abandoned to plunder, as having been all excommunicated. This battle took place on May 19th, 1217, and, owing to the great amount of booty gained, received the nickname of "Lincoln Fair."

St. Mary's Church and Hall, Stamford.

In 1255 King Henry III. and his Queen were at Lincoln to investigate the supposed crucifixion and murder of a Christian child, "Little St. Hugh," for which many Jews suffered. Ten years later were issued the first writs of general summons to Parliament, and Lincoln and York (and London according to Browne Willis) were the only cities expressly named as required to retain two burgesses. In this year some insurgents, commanded by Robert, Earl Ferrers, Baldwin Watts, John Dayville, and other barons, sheltering themselves in the Isle of Axholme, burst suddenly out thence, and, according to Holinshed, "tooke and sacked the citie of Lincoln, spoiled the Jewes, and slue manie of them, entred their synagog, and burnt the booke of their law. At length Prince Edward, or (as others saie) his brother, Earle Edmund, was sent against them, who compelled them by force to come to the King's peace."

On October 6th, 1280, the body of St. Hugh was translated with much state and ceremony to the shrine in the sumptuous and most beautiful building which had been specially erected for that purpose—the Angel Choir of Lincoln Minster. In 1290, on December 2nd, King Edward was in Lincoln for the burial of the viscera of his deeply beloved Queen, Eleanor, who had died at Harby, and was embalmed at Lincoln. The first of the "Eleanor Crosses" stood just outside the south entrance to the city.

In 1301 King Edward held a very important Parliament in Lincoln, dealing with the pretensions of the Pope to dispose of the kingdom of Scotland. In 1304 he held another Parliament, simply of Barons and Ecclesiastics (no burgesses were summoned), in Lincoln. King Edward II. held two Parliaments at Lincoln in 1316, King Edward III. one at Lincoln in 1327, and it has been thought that the oak seat of state in the Chapter House in Lincoln Minster was made for the King's use at one or other of these Parliaments. Parliament was also summoned to meet at Stamford in 1309,

while Councils were held there in 1326, 1337, and 1392. In 1328 King Edward III. saw at Sempringham Abbey the disinherited and exiled Princess Winciliana, daughter of Llewellyn, the last Cambro-British Prince of Wales. She was living as a sister among the nuns.

Education was not neglected in mediæval Lincolnshire, as Mr. Leach[1] tells us there were at least eleven schools existing before or in the first half of the fourteenth century, besides the Grammar Schools at Lincoln, belonging to the city and to the Dean and Chapter (dating from 1090. And her sons, whether by birth or adoption, wielded much influence in and were great benefactors to both of our ancient Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. Robert Grosseteste (Bishop of Lincoln, 1235-1252), "a great scholastical and ecclesiastical reformer, foremost of Oxford teachers," had a very great influence on that University; Richard Fleming (Bishop of Lincoln, 1420-1431) founded Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1427, and it was refounded by Archbishop Rotherham (Bishop of Lincoln, 1471-1480), who was also Chancellor of Cambridge University, and a great benefactor to that University's Library and to the Colleges of King's and St. Catharine's; William Alnwick (Bishop of Lincoln, 1436-1449) was a great benefactor to the Philosophy Schools and to King's College, Cambridge. In 1457 William of Wayneflete (Bishop of Winchester) founded Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1516 Richard Fox (Bishop of Winchester, born at Ropsley, near Grantham) founded Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and in 1512 William Smith (Bishop of Lincoln, 1496-1514) rebuilt and practically refounded Brazenose College, Oxford. And it was quite possible that the county might have possessed its own university, for in 1333 there was a large secession of students and masters from Oxford to Stamford, and it was not till after the aid of the Queen and the Bishop

[1] *Victoria County History: Lincolnshire*, vol. ii., p. 421.

of Lincoln had been invoked—and after three Royal monitions and the seizure of the fugitives' goods—that this short-lived university was ended in 1335. (Oxford and Cambridge themselves had greatly profited by a secession of students from Paris in 1229, and Northampton had received a large immigration from Cambridge in 1261.) Both Universities recognised the seriousness of this rivalry by special statutes directed against students who commenced elsewhere in England. Merlin's prophecy was nearly fulfilled:

> Doctrinæ Studium quodnunc viget ad Vada Boum (Oxford).[1]
> Tempore venturo celebrabitur ad Vada Saxi (Stamford).

With the long War of the Roses Lincolnshire was not much concerned, the sympathies of Lincoln, and perhaps the county, being generally Lancastrian. Both King Henry VI. and King Edward IV. visited Lincoln, the former in 1445, the latter in 1461, on his road to fight and win the battle of Towton. But in 1470, a Lincolnshire man, Sir Robert Wells, eldest son of Richard, Lord Wells and Willoughby, was persuaded by the Earl of Warwick (the King-maker) to raise a large force of Lincolnshire men for the Lancastrian cause. He drove Lord Burgh out of his house at Gainsborough and burnt it, and at the head of 30,000 men proclaimed King Henry. But King Edward managed to get Richard, Lord Wells, and his son-in-law, Sir Thomas Dymoke, into his power, and set out for Stamford with them and a numerous army. Having forced Lord Wells to write and order his son to desist, and this order being disregarded, he beheaded Lord Wells and Sir Thomas Dymoke, and proceeded to meet the Lancastrian force. So savage were the commanders of this latter with King Edward's putting to death Wells and Dymoke, that they would not wait

---

1 As Mr. Mullinger points out, the etymology is at sea for the first-named University, as Ox=Water in Celtic. *History of University of Cambridge*, vol. i., p. 135.

till Lord Warwick arrived, but commenced the fight at Homefield, near Empringham, on March 12th of that year. No fewer than 10,000 men were slain, and both leaders of the Lancastrians taken prisoners. The site of the battle was just outside Exton Park, in Rutland, and is still called Bloody Oaks. Loose Coat Field, the name of a spot where some of the defeated threw away their buff coats, is between Stamford and Little Casterton.

In October, 1483, King Richard III. wrote from Lincoln to the city of York to send forces to Leicester against Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, and a proclamation "given under our signet at our Cite of Lincoln the xi day of October" denounced the Duke as a traitor. His death-warrant is said to have been signed by King Richard in the Angel Inn, Grantham. In June, 1487, King Henry VII., immediately after his victory at Stoke over the Earl of Lincoln and the impostor, Lambert Simnel, offered up his thanksgiving in the Minster at Lincoln.

In 1536 took place the Lincolnshire part of the Pilgrimage of Grace. The outbreak was due to several reasons. The King's Commissioners were active in recovering the second half of the subsidy granted by Parliament in 1534; also there were Commissioners to suppress the smaller abbeys; and, lastly, there were the Bishop's Commissioners to assess the benefices for the subsidy, to publish the "Ten Articles," and to enforce Cromwell's Injunctions of 1536. On October 1st of that year, Nicholas Melton, shoemaker (known as "Captain Cobbler), and others, took possession of Louth church, to prevent, they said, the jewels being given up to the King. Within the next two or three days similar risings took place at Caistor, Horncastle, and elsewhere, chiefly in Lindsey. The Commissioners were forced into swearing to be faithful to God, the King, and the Commonwealth. The Bishop's Chancellor (Dr. Raynes) and another were killed. Lord Hussey, then Lord-Lieutenant

of the county, was vainly entreated to be their commander.

Some 25,000 men lay in Lincoln on October 6th, and the rest round about. A set of articles were drawn up at "Myle Cross, toward Netlame," fair written and sent to the King by Sir Edward Maddison. Much trouble had the leaders to keep their forces from pillaging the houses of those who had not joined ranks, while they were waiting the King's reply. The Recorder of Lincoln (Thomas Moignes) gives an account of the reception of this answer, which is so dramatic that it seems well worth quoting. "On Tuesday afternoon" (one week after the commencement of the rising), "the gentlemen being in the Chapter House of the Cathedral, some three hundred of the Commons brought Sir Edward Maddison's servant with the King's letter to Sir Robert Tyrwhit, Sir William Shipwith, Sir William Ascough, and Sir Edward, and also a letter from the Duke of Suffolk to the same, which the Commons insisted on hearing. Moigne read the King's letter, and as there was a little clause in it which might stir the Commons" (no doubt the often-quoted, "The rude Commons of one shire, and that one of the moste brute and bestial of the whole realme"), "he omitted it; whereupon a canon, the parson of Snelland (Thomas Retford) said the letter was falsely read, and Moigne was like to be slain. Some two hundred of the Commons withdrew into the cloister, where they said the gentlemen clearly intended to deceive them, and after much debate, agreed to kill deponent (Moigne) and his fellows as they come out of the west door of the Minster" (probably the west door of the Chapter House is meant), "but their servants conveyed them out by the south door" (again of the Chapter House in all probability) "to the Chancellor's house, and the Commons put off killing them till the morning. Debated what was to be done, and Moigne advised that, if they could make reasonable force, they should fight rather than go forward, otherwise that they

should keep the Close till the King's power should rescue them. Sent for the most honest men of their companies and persuaded them of the danger of going forward. Next morning (Wednesday) the gentlemen in harness, with the honest men in array, met the Commons in the fields, and said they would in no wise go forward till they had answer from the King, because they had undertaken to be suitors to his Highness, and had written to the Duke of Suffolk for his intercession. That night came Mr. Lancaster, a herald of arms, and used himself so wisely with Commons, that after much persuasion they agreed to go home, leaving the gentlemen to sue by letter for their pardon. Thus most of them departed by Friday night." According to Froude, only about twenty suffered for this Lincolnshire rising. A Special Commission under Sir William Parr sat at Lincoln in the following spring, March 6th, 1537. Moigne the Reader was found guilty, and was hanged with the Abbot of Kirkstead and another at Lincoln the next day. The Abbot of Barlings, a noted ringleader in the affair (Matthew Makerell, Bishop of Chalcedon, and suffragan to the Bishop of Lincoln), and eleven more were tried at the Guildhall, were condemned, and hung or gibbeted in various towns in Lincolnshire, Lord Hussey being executed at Lincoln.

In the great Civil War[1] between King Charles I. and his Parliament, Lincolnshire held an interesting and important position between the powerful Royalists of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire and the equally sturdy and dogged Puritanism of East Anglia, and her heath and wold became the training ground for Cromwell's "Invincible Ironsides." At the commencement of the war, the county, generally speaking, was for the Parliament, while her leading families were fairly evenly divided in their allegiance. One of the first overt acts

---

[1] Much use has been made in this brief account of the Rev. E. H. R. Tatham's admirable article on this subject in *Memorials of Old Lincolnshire.*

TATTERSHALL CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

was that of Lord Willoughby of Parham (one of a younger branch of the Willoughby d'Eresby family, who had a house in Lincoln, and another country seat at Knaith) in calling out the Militia, in June, 1642. This was followed by a brisk correspondence with the King. In July the King spent two nights in Lincoln, was received with a great display of loyalty, and possibly presented the third sword to the city. A regiment of horse was promised, and a petition to Parliament was signed and despatched to the House of Commons by a servant of the High Sheriff (Sir Edward Heron). The King once more passed through Lincoln on August 20th *en route* for Nottingham, where he set up his standard two days later. As time went on, Lincoln and the surrounding districts became more in favour of Parliament, for which Boston and its neighbourhood was a stronghold. At Edgehill, October 23rd, 1642, the Earl of Lindsey (who should have commanded the Royal Army) was mortally wounded, and died the following day; while Sir Gervase Scrope, of Cockerington, was left for dead on the field. He was found by his son next day, and, under the care of Dr. William Harvey, recovered. In 1643 Lord Willoughby was appointed by Parliament to be Sergeant-Major-General for the county. In April of this year Crowland stood a siege of about a fortnight, Oliver Cromwell being one of the capturing commanders (in the following year, having been recaptured in the interval, it stood another siege also from the Parliamentarians of nearly two months, from the first week in October to the first week in December, 1644). One of the greatest thorns in the side of Parliament near Lincolnshire was Newark, which was strongly and successfully held for the King till the surrender of King Charles to the Scottish Army.[1] In February, 1643, a combined force from Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire made an attack

[1] He spent his last day as a free man at Barn Hill House, Stamford, before going on to Southwell, May 3rd, 1644.

on Newark, but were repulsed, owing, it was said, to the half-hearted conduct of the commander of the Lincoln detachment. As a retort, Colonel Cavendish (a young and brilliant cavalry leader), on March 22nd, captured Grantham and took Stamford, defeating Cromwell. Again Colonel Cavendish was victorious at the battle of Ancaster (where his opponents were commanded by the younger Hotham, son of Sir John Hotham, of Hull, who began directly afterwards his course of treachery to Parliament). In a third skirmish also the Royalists won, but in a fourth, on the Grantham-Newark road, Colonel Cavendish was defeated by Cromwell (the first of many victories of his cavalry). As a result, Grantham must have returned to its Parliamentary adherence, and Lincoln must have come under the same influence, as, by order of Parliament, the castle and city walls were to be put into a state of defence, and two churches outside the walls, which would have been useful to an attacking force, were pulled down. An abortive attempt to seize Lincoln for the King—promoted by the Hothams of Hull—took place on Sunday, July 2nd. Gainsborough, with its commander, the Earl of Kingston, was surprised on July 20th by Lord Willoughby, and the Earl, being sent as a prisoner down the Trent to Hull, was killed by a cannon ball fired by the Royalists on the banks. On July 28th, Cromwell, who had come from capturing Stamford and Burleigh House, met Colonel Cavendish at Lea, near Gainsborough, where the latter was defeated and killed. Cromwell now had to retire before the whole army of the Earl of Newcastle. Lord Willoughby surrendered Gainsborough, left Lincoln (as he decided the fortifications were too slight to be of any use), and retired to Boston. By the beginning of October, Fairfax's cavalry had been transported from Hull into Lincolnshire, and were joined by troops under Lord Willoughby, Cromwell, and the Earl of Manchester, and on October 11th, at Winceby, five miles south-east of Horncastle, these met

the Royalist forces, who meant to relieve the siege of Bolingbroke Castle, and decisively routed them. "Slash lane," between Winceby and the Horncastle high road, still reminds one of the slaughter which took place.[1] On the 24th of October, Lord Manchester captured Lincoln. But Prince Rupert's successful attack on the forces besieging Newark (March 22nd, 1644) led to Lincoln and Sleaford being evacuated, and Gainsborough's defences were dismantled.

But the whirligig of Time soon brought its revenge, and on May 3rd, 1644, the Earl of Manchester attacked the lower part of the city of Lincoln and carried it, waited a day (as there was a great rainfall, which would also make the steep slopes very slippery), and on May 5th captured the castle and upper city by storm with surprisingly little loss.

In 1648 means were taken by Parliament to defend Belvoir Castle and Tattershall Castle, the only two defensible positions in or near the county. This was to protect them against raids from Pontefract Castle, which had been captured by the Royalists. In Lincoln the only stronghold was the Bishop's Palace, which, on June 30th, was attacked by the Royalists, captured and burnt. The Royalists, under Sir Philip Monckton, left Lincoln, and a few days later were followed by Colonel Rossiter with a strong force, who gained a complete victory over them at Willoughby, near Nottingham.

Perhaps the last fighting on Lincolnshire soil took place in 1689, when a Scottish regiment mutinied on its way to Ipswich, disarmed its officers, seized the military chest, and marched for Scotland. On arriving at Swaton Common they sent an advance guard to make up beds in Sleaford church, but were caught by one of King William's pursuing Dragoon regiments and forced to

1 In West Barkwith Parish Register is recorded (1719) the burial of Nicholas Vickers, who guided Oliver Cromwell over Market Rasen Moor after this battle.

surrender. They were then imprisoned in Folkingham church. The advance guard, after a little fighting, were also captured and brought to the same place, whence they were transported to Holland.[1]

The later history of the county is concerned with the great development of agriculture on the heath and wold, and in the fen and marsh; the wonderful growth of Grimsby into the largest fishing port in Europe; great engineering works in Lincoln, Gainsborough, and Grantham; and iron mining and smelting at Scunthorpe. Long may this chronicle of peaceful prosperity continue!

E. MANSEL SYMPSON.

---

1 Bishop Trollope.—*Assoc. Architect. Society's Reports*, vol. xvi., pp. 55-6.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

MODERN historians look askance at the writers of fifty years ago, their methods and their results. Their work is unreliable, supported by little documentary evidence, and therefore of no worth. But these despised historians of an earlier generation did what many modern writers forget to do—they made history live. They remembered that the characters in the great drama were once such men and women as themselves, and they tried to reproduce them as such. Their frequent inexactitudes in the light of modern knowledge have discountenanced this school, and the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme. No statement is accepted unless it can be amply and substantially supported by documentary evidence, and, what is more, if I may use the expression, by documentary evidence of the bluest blood. Thus it is that our national history, and more especially our local history, has lost many of those picturesque sketches which rivetted our attention and, like piers of a bridge, helped us to span the intervening gulf of interminable yet necessary detail. Nowadays we must eradicate from our minds the stories of such heroes as Robin Hood and place them among the national fairy tales. This is quite an unnecessary surgical operation. It is as though we cut off our leg to cure a sprained ankle. Much may be learnt from the adventures of Robin Hood if we regard them from the social point of view, for we can obtain from them no mean nor incorrect idea of what England,

and particularly Nottinghamshire, was like in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

I do not wish it to be thought that the importance of documents is disregarded, but rather that they can be used much more than they have been in conjunction with tradition and a study of natural features. In this sense the study of local history is still in its infancy. Some historians have even gone so far as to refuse to consider Nottingham prior to the first definite date recorded—A.D. 868. This is mere stupidity this erring on the safe side. One other side of the question I would venture to point out before I deal more particularly with Nottinghamshire history, and that is that it is impossible to gain a clear and correct knowledge of a district without making a personal acquaintance with the territory in question. Large scale maps will do much to help, but a tramp through the land under consideration will give a clearer insight into the minds of the men who made the country, the natural features and the artificial features will then assume their proper positions and due proportions, and the why and the wherefore will in many cases be as clear as the noonday sun. Nottinghamshire has a great history—greater perhaps than any of its sons realise—a history reflecting in miniature the history of the country at large. The tale of all that has happened in this little midland shire cannot be rightly understood unless we appreciate the importance of its geographical position and its natural features. Nottinghamshire is par excellence *the* midland shire. Its four neighbours all differ from one another, and Nottinghamshire in its turn partakes of the characteristics of that which is nearest. Hence we have a county of very varied character with two strongly predominating features—Sherwood Forest and the Trent. Both of these have played a great part in local history, the latter especially, for the importance of the former was more trivial and not so permanent. Truly the "smug and silver Trent"

is the predominating feature in whatever way we consider Nottinghamshire. By it the middle of England could be reached by sea-going ships, and the commerce of the world distributed through districts otherwise extremely hard to reach. Besides the Trent served as a boundary between north and south England for legal and ecclesiastical purposes. The crossings of the Trent at Nottingham and Newark gave to these towns no small measure of their mediæval importance—they became keys to the north.

The earliest human inhabitants of these islands had a predilection for dwelling in caves, and we know that they were able to attain to their desires in one place at least within the county—at Cresswell Crags. Their remains are so scanty that we can readily believe that they were few in number, perhaps mere northerly outliers on the edge of a great uninhabitable unknown.

These men we call the Palæolithic men, and their successors—though there is a great gap between—the Neolithic men. We have good reason to believe that in the earliest times Britain was not separated from the Continent, but we are certain that this cleavage took place before Neolithic man made these shores his home. In Nottinghamshire at any rate he was much more numerous than his predecessors had been, assuming that we may argue the comparative population of races by the quantity and distribution of their remains. Of neither of these races, nor of any that succeeded them, till we come to the Britons can we obtain any fact which we can safely place on the modern side of the distant border between history and pre-history.

The historians of the picturesque era brought the British period into bad repute, just as the writers of thirty or forty years ago discountenanced archæology by classifying all architecture of uncertain age as Saxon. But if we want to get at the truth we must not be frightened of the pre-Roman days. The Britons were

after all very human, and acted in given circumstances as men may always be expected to do. We must not look for their fords at the deepest parts of the river's course, nor must we expect their roads to take a difficult ascent where an easy slope presents itself.

The publication of the first two volumes of the *Victoria History of the County of Nottingham* is an event of great importance to local historians and archæologists. The volumes, in which are gathered all the store of present knowledge, show us how little we really know and how much work lies before the earnest seeker for the truth. A list of more than one hundred earthworks is given, and of these hardly one has been adequately explored, and yet each holds some secret which would help us to a greater knowledge of our county's story.

Historians nowadays divide the Britons into three races, who came to these shores one after the other, beginning about 600 B.C. and ending only a short half-century or so before the Roman arrived. The first to come were the Goidels, with whom we have no concern; then came the Brythons, who inhabited at the arrival of Cæsar all Britain north of the Thames; and, finally, south of the Thames were the Belgæ. Nottinghamshire, of course, did not then exist as a county, but the use of the term must be excused because of its obvious convenience. So, then, Nottinghamshire was inhabited by a Brythonic tribe called the Coritani, a peace-loving, sparsely-scattered race, who offered no resistance to the Roman invaders, and of whom we know but the one fact—that they existed. It seems hardly necessary to point out that Julius Cæsar's two exploratory expeditions do not concern us. They were passing incidents whose importance has been greatly exaggerated by the survival of the Roman leader's account of his little war. It was not until a hundred years later that the Roman world realised that there were still lands unconquered to the

Nottingham Castle.

west. The realisation was father to the accomplishment, and within a very few years—by A.D. 50 to be precise—the Roman wave had passed over Nottinghamshire, and, what is more, had passed over very lightly.

Historians of the Romano-British period ignore Nottinghamshire as containing nothing meriting notice. But the truth is that few or no efforts have been made to find out more. There are four acknowledged Roman stations within our borders, and of these two remain totally unexplored, the exact sites even unknown, while only tentative explorations have been undertaken on the remaining two sites. Yet, while it can claim no such important station as Ratæ or Lindum within its borders, Nottinghamshire cannot really be ignored, for it occupies an intermediary position in Roman Britain between the hardy north, where there was seldom peace, and the fertile and peaceful south, where the colonists could live a life more congenial to their southern desires. After all negative fact is often extremely useful. Why did not Nottinghamshire assume a more important position in Roman Britain? Why was not a strong station fixed on the twin hills of Nottingham? No race with self-protective instincts would ignore such a strong position as this, and yet the Romans passed hastily from Ratæ to Lindum without approaching Nottingham. To have utilised the British trackway, which almost certainly crossed the Trent, passed through the camp on St. Mary's Hill at Nottingham, and vanished into the dark forests to the north, would have brought into operation forces against which the Romans seldom opposed themselves if they could be avoided. A road driven through open country is more easily defended than one which carves its way through many miles of dense forest, and even when the forest was passed there lay to the north a wide marshy expanse watered by the Idle, now a well-drained, fertile tract, but formerly a wilderness of morass. The strong natural position of Nottingham

would not appeal so forcibly to the Romans as it did to later invaders. It was then more of a river town than a road town, and the Roman system of defence and communication ignored rivers as much as possible. Leicester and Lincoln could be linked together without any interference from the Trent, while the road from Lincoln to Doncaster was in every way suitable to Roman engineering—an easy ford over the Trent, and then a road for the most part over raised ground which avoided the marshes of the Idle and the Cars to the north and ran on the narrow crest of the hills between Drakeholes and Scaftworth.

Nottinghamshire in Saxon times was a piece of essentially border territory. When the kingdoms of the Heptarchy were fighting among themselves the boundaries were ever changing, so that at one time a piece of Nottinghamshire would be in Lindsey, another piece in Northumbria, and yet a third in Mercia. During the early part of the Saxon period it was pretty equally divided between Northumbria and Mercia, but during the Danish invasions it was entirely Mercian. Of actual history there is little, yet one or two facts there are which must be recorded. About 630 St. Paulinus introduced Christianity into the valley of the Trent, while in 617 Raedwald of East Anglia, sheltering Edwin, the exile King of Northumbria, defeated the usurper Æthelfrith at the battle of the Idle, fought, I am inclined to think, at Rainworth. This battle gave Edwin a kingdom, which he kept until his death in 633 at the hands of Penda at Heathfield, perhaps near Doncaster, perhaps just north of Sherwood Forest.

It was not until some common foe appeared that the Saxons ceased from inter-tribal warfare. During the early part of the ninth century all western Europe had suffered from the cruel plunderings and harryings of the Vikings—great sailors and great soldiers, whose fierce

strength gave them the victory over higher though more effete civilizations than their own.

Wave after wave of these fierce invaders broke on our shores, but could find no resting-place. But at length the Danes came to stay, and soon the north and east were overrun by these virile warriors. York fell in 867, and in the next year Nottingham yielded reluctantly to the Danish yoke, and entered on a bondage which was to bear so grand a result in the hardy hybrid race who peopled the east Midlands during the tenth and eleventh centuries. It was left for the Danes to recognise the strategic importance of the twin rocks that stand sentinel above the Trent. Every schoolboy knows all about the Five Boroughs, and in this loose confederacy Nottingham probably occupies the premier place. What is perhaps of most importance to history is that the Danish jarls who ruled in each of these towns held sway over territory which a few years later was to be formed by Edward the Elder into the counties of Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire, the great size of the last being due to the union of the jarldoms of Lincoln and Stamford. The English revival under Edward the Elder led to the emancipation of the East Mercians, and at Nottingham we hear that the town was fortified and "occupied by English as by Danes." This phrase may possibly imply the existence of a Danish as well as a Saxon town, each on its rock and each with its own defensive earthwork.

We must pass over the brief invasion of the Five Boroughs by Anlaf Guthfrithson, the quarrels of Eadgar with Eadwig, and Æthelred with Cnut, and pass to the period shortly before the Norman Conquest, when we find that England is divided into several great earldoms. Though Nottinghamshire was at first part of a small earldom with Leicester, yet soon it appears to have formed part of Siward's vast Northumbrian territory.

The history of Nottinghamshire after the Norman Conquest has been told many times, and therefore may be treated in a more cursory manner. William the Conqueror was at Nottingham in 1068, and then passed on, leaving the castle to be rebuilt by his powerful dependent, William Peverel. It is almost certain that the English were sufficiently strong in the county to merit consideration, and in the county town itself we find that two boroughs were definitely established, an English and a French, each constitutionally separate and each surviving in name, if not in fact, till comparatively modern times. The great feudal castle at Nottingham becomes the dominating factor in the history of the town for the next 150 years, but before the end of this we see the awakenings of commercial and corporate life. The great Forest of Sherwood provided a playground for kings, and throughout the county religious houses were founded to give knowledge to the people, alms to the poor, and rest to the weary.

This county played a large part in the Civil War of Stephen's reign; both the castles of Nottingham and Newark were in the King's hands, though the former changed sides several times, and in the process the town, whose prosperity and beauty Florence of Worcester belauds, was burnt.

Henry II. had no intention of having Nottingham Castle held against him should occasion arise, and in 1155 he took possession of it himself, and at the same time ordered all adulterine castles to be dismantled. Probably Cuckney Castle was one of these latter, and there were almost certainly others, but the matter is obscure.

Henry II. gave the castle of Nottingham to his favourite son, John, in 1174, and it remained this despicable prince's chief and most frequented residence, and here he made his rebellious stand against his brother Richard until he was ejected in 1194. It was in this year that Richard discovered the suitability of

Rufford Abbey.

Sherwood Forest for a royal hunting ground, and on April 17th he met the King of the Scots at Clipstone.

After the conference at Runnymede had driven John into a corner, that treacherous monarch determined to make a last stand at Nottingham Castle, which he ordered Philip Marc, the constable, to prepare for a siege. Newark, too, was faithful to John, though the surrounding country was suffering much at the hands of his enemies. It is fitting that, as John had loved this county and been loved by it, he should end his worthless life here, and perhaps here alone was he regretted when he passed away at Newark.

To all intents and purposes the history of Nottingham itself is the history of the whole county. The character of this history undergoes a change early in the thirteenth century. Henceforth Nottingham the town attracts our attention instead of Nottingham the castle, as formerly. To quote Mr. J. R. Green: "The interest of its history lies in the quiet picture that is given of a group of active and thriving traders at peace with their neighbours, and for the most part at peace with themselves." Commercial Nottingham owes everything to its magnificent geographical position and fruitful geological formation. No marauders pillaged it, no warring barons held it to ransom and impoverished it. It dwelt in peace and grew in prosperity. Linen and woollen goods, ironwork, bells, brazen pots, goldsmiths' work, images, and ale were all made in this wealthy town. During the fourteenth century the coal that lay all along the western border of the county began to be worked, and rich quarries of stone were cut to build the churches and houses that sprang up everywhere. Compared with other towns in the Middle Ages, there seems to have been a noticeable absence of poverty in Nottingham.

We have seen how John used Nottingham as his headquarters in his insurrection, and two hundred years

afterwards Richard II. attempted his *coup d'état* there—an attempt which was to have made the King absolute.

Nottinghamshire had been but little affected by the Hundred Years' War. Except for an occasional demand for men and supplies—a demand frequently occurring in connection with the Scotch wars of the end of the thirteenth century—the records of the county are barren. The fifteenth century saw the suicide of Feudalism in the Wars of the Roses, and here again Nottingham's policy was a purely commercial one. It was quite immaterial to her which side gained the victory so long as her trade was not interfered with, and so we find that whichever side was on top to that side did the powers that be in Nottingham send congratulations and men.

Edward IV. and Richard III. were much at Nottingham, and to both of them the castle owed much. It was from here that Richard set out to fight his last fight at Bosworth, and a few years later the river meadows beneath the rock were black with the troops of Henry VII. drawn together to meet the puppet of the Yorkists, Lambert Simnel. Henry passed from Nottingham to Newark and thence down the Fosse Way, while Simnel's troops crossed from Mansfield to the Trent, which they forded, and met the King at East Stoke. This one important battle in the county's history was a most bloody affair, and the Pretender's forces were completely routed.

The Tudors for the most part neglected this county, and though we meet with such men as Wolsey and Cranmer now and then they are but lights that emphasize the darkness.

Nottinghamshire was shortly to awake from its lethargic commercialism to its great struggle during the seventeenth century between the King and the Parliament, between Newark and Nottingham, a struggle which harassed the trade of the towns and ruined the agriculture of the villages, which saw the standard of war

raised at Nottingham and the unhappy King surrender himself at Kelham. Newark gained eternal honour, and the county showed itself the birthplace of great men.

If we except the industrial riots of the early nineteenth century Nottinghamshire was to feel but once more the stirrings of civil strife; the invasion of England by the Young Pretender progressed as far as Derby, but the reputation of the fierce Scots covered a much wider field, and the horrors of war were felt to be very close at hand.

But we must glance back for a moment and record the invention in 1589 of the stocking frame by the Rev. William Lee, Curate of Calverton. Like many great inventors Lee was unlucky and without profit in his own country, yet, if we may be permitted to quote Master Ridley's famous dying words, Lee had lit "such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." This stocking frame was the small beginning whence came the great lace and hosiery trades, which during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries may be said to have been the staple industries of the county. Almost every village round Nottingham earned its living by hosiery, and before the days of the big factories, in 1812, there were said to be 30,000 frames at work.

It is impossible here to do more than state the fact that every great invention in the cotton trade emanated from Nottinghamshire. We have mentioned the early beginnings of the coal trade, and since then this mighty industry has continued to spread until now it occupies the attention of one-third of the county, and in the near future it will undoubtedly spread further.

Such is a brief history of Nottinghamshire, and though we realise that history is still being made, it behoves us to turn now and then and by considering the past try to wrest its secret from the Sphinx.

EVERARD L. GUILFORD.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

THE position of Northamptonshire in the centre of England and its varied richness have combined to make its history. By the early part of the seventeenth century Norden could write: "No shire within this Realme can answere the like Number of Noblemen as are seated in these parts; nor is any other so plentifully stored with gentry, in regard whereof it may seem worthy to be termed the Herald's Garden," and to-day these noblemen's "salutarie and profitable seates" are, together with the ecclesiastical buildings, the glory of the county. Northamptonshire has been fortunate in producing everything requisite for building, and having always been a rich county, its inhabitants have been able to leave these legacies to posterity.

The remains of Early man are of no importance, and of the Bronze Age there are few relics. An important contribution, however, to the study of Late Celtic man was furnished by Hunsbury Hill, where a camp of over 300 pits was discovered and excavated, yielding a fine series of articles now in the Northampton Museum.

Though the Romans had no military station in the county, and only one considerable town where the Castor potteries were situated, they have left traces of their occupation in many small villas and finds. They had a settlement at Irchester on the Nene, and two settlements on the Watling Street—one at Towcester and another near Norton by Daventry. Numerous remains have been found in Duston parish, a district which shows continuous occupation from Neolithic

times down to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons. Castor, on the Ermine Street, with its neighbourhood, is specially interesting as a meeting point of the Roman and British civilizations. As Mr. F. Haverfield writes: "The Roman civilization centred in its towns; the Celt was a dweller in the country and learnt town life chiefly from his conqueror." Here on the banks of the Nene the Celtic country life condensed into a town. The same fusion is to be observed in the potter's art. "Here we stand at the meeting of two currents. In Britain the Late Celtic art has mostly vanished before the neat finish of Roman patterns, and the coherence of the Roman civilization. But sometimes it has survived, not uninfluenced, but still unmistakable"; and Castor pottery remains, "a noteworthy and interesting feature in the Romano-British civilization of our island."[1]

It is probable that Northamptonshire was long left in the hands of the Romano-British people, since the Fens cut off the advance of the Saxons from the east. The county was at length invaded by an Anglian tribe, the Gyrwas. "It is possible that traces of their settlement may be seen in the remains at Desborough. These certainly exhibit some evidence of Christianity, and suggest that the artistic traditions of Rome had not quite died out even in the seventh century."[2]

It was not till after the death of the great King of Mercia, Penda, that his son Peada, who had become a convert to Christianity, founded the Abbey of Medeshamstede in 655, which later, under the name of Peterborough, grew into a powerful and wealthy community. The stone of Barnack, near by, which had been worked in Roman times, was used by Abbot Saxulf for Medeshamstede, and was also conveyed by water for Ramsey and other monastic buildings. Another early foundation within the county was Oundle, where

1 *Victoria County History*, vol. I. 2 *Ibid.*

Bishop Wilfrid founded a monastery, and eventually ended his life within its walls in 709. Before this date there existed other religious houses, amongst which Brixworth (an off-shoot of Medeshamstede) is represented to-day by parts of that well-known church.

Agricultural and religious growth was checked by the Danish invasions, which began in 869. A year later an army, after sacking Crowland Abbey, burnt Medeshamstede and slew the monks. Pushing south, the Danes occupied Northampton and the surrounding country, till the West Saxon King, Edward the Elder, determined to drive them back from central England. In 919 he had won the valley of the Ouse, and proceeded to seize and fortify the old Roman station at Towcester in 921. The next year he reached the county town, "Hamtune," and built a fort on the site of where the castle afterwards stood. It was after the old kingdom of Mercia, which had included the centre of England, came to an end that the shire that surrounded "Hamtune" took its name and proportions as we know it, and became Northamtune.

During the reign of Edgar, Ethelwold, the able and energetic Bishop of Winchester, who greatly favoured monasticism, begged of him all the minsters destroyed by the Danes. Among these were the ruins of Medeshamstede, for which Ethelwold obtained a grant of lands "to Christ and St. Peter." To this period of revival belong some of the celebrated church buildings of the county.

The year 1010 saw a return of the Danes, who, in their great harrying, burned the little township of Northampton, which then straggled along the north bank of the river. When Morkere, in 1065, marched southwards to meet his brother Eadwine, and together they laid waste the county, "slew men, burned houses and corn, took cattle, and led north with them many hundred men," Northamptonshire was "for many winters the worse."

At the Conquest it was a town of little note, which gave its name to no earl, but with the sport-loving Norman kings the forests of the county were a source of attraction, and the geographical position of the town began to tell. Situated half-way between the national capital of Winchester, and York the capital of the North, between the Welsh Marches and the east coast, it was a natural national centre, from which the Norman, by his impartial tyranny, was to forge the disunited mass of England into one.

The earliest proof of the town's rise is to be found in Domesday Book. The village of sixty houses is now grown to one of 330; and the Earldom of Northampton was given first to Waltheof, the last great Englishman under William, who married Judith, niece of the Conqueror. Their daughter brought the earldom to her husband, Simon de Senlis, or St. Liz. With this marriage begins the rule of the principal mediæval masters of Northampton, who held the earldom for just a century. The first Simon de Senlis surrounded the town with walls, and built in Norman fashion the castle on the hill by the west gate; and almost certainly, too, the church of St. Sepulchre, for he had joined in the first Crusade which ended in the capture of Jerusalem, and returned to England before the close of 1099. By the architecture the date of its building seems pointed out as having taken place in the years immediately following this date, and the first mention of it occurs soon after in a charter of the period between 1115-21. Of the four existing round churches in England built to resemble the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre it is the most noteworthy and also the nearest in size to the original. Earl Simon also founded the Priory of St. Andrew outside the town walls, while the second Simon followed in his footsteps in founding the Abbey of De-la-Pre in the meadows south of the town.

Amongst others placed by William to make and keep order amongst his new subjects was Turold, a skilful soldier, who was set as Abbot in Peterborough. When he arrived, the new abbot found but one sick man in possession, as the other monks had been dispersed, and the monastery sacked and burnt by the rebellious English and Danes under the great Hereward. Turold fortified his position by erecting a castle, but eventually in 1116 the whole of the buildings were burnt down, and it was only after this destruction that the massive cathedral arose to defy the centuries to the present time.

Other castles there were in those Norman days at Fotheringhay, Barnwell,[1] and Lilbourne, but the most notable was the royal castle of Rockingham, 'the Windsor Castle of the Midlands,' where Domesday records "King William ordered a castle to be made," which still dominates the valley of the Welland, with its feudal village at its foot. In 1095 William Rufus summoned a council at Rockingham, which was of far-reaching importance in English history. Grasping and violent, he had against his will been urged by the nobles to appoint the learned and pious Anselm to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Thus he gladly seized on the pretext of charging Anselm with disloyalty, as the latter claimed to be invested by the Pope with the Pallium. At the Council was fought the question of royal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical as against the foreign authority of the Pope. The King was eventually obliged to yield to the wishes of the clergy and laity, who sided with Anselm, but it was not till some years after that a compromise was effected. The Red King's dispute with Anselm and that of Henry II. with Thomas à Becket were the two most important crises of the Church of England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

At Northampton Henry I. called the baronage to

[1] Barnwell and Rockingham are the only two which remain.

BLYTHWOOD
LIBRARIES

Sir Thomas Tresham.

swear fealty to his daughter Maud (probably on the high altar of All Saints' Church); and here, too, Stephen called his first council to receive the allegiance of the men who had previously sworn to his cousin. Henry II.'s almost annual visits when in England mark his sense of its position; but of all the royal councils held there, the Great Council of 1164 stands out as the most dramatic scene of the King's vital conflict with Becket.

The town was thronged with people of eminence when Becket, with his following of armed knights, made his way, amid a noise of cheering, to St. Andrew's Priory. Next morning he celebrated the Mass of St. Stephen, of which the opening words are: *Sederunt principes et adversum me loquebantur* ("Princes also did sit and speak against me"). He then set forth, in full pontificals, to meet the Court, having his cross carried before him by Alexander the Welshman. He rode through the gate of the castle, and got off his horse at the door of the hall, and then seized the cross in his own hands, in sign that he expected a personal attack to be made upon him. "A fool he always was, and always will be," was the comment of the Bishop of London upon this forceful parade.

The King, not wishing to meet him, had withdrawn into an inner room, leaving Becket, shunned by all but two or three of his clerks, to appeal from him to the Pope, "who is alone competent to judge him, since the priesthood is superior to royalty, as gold to lead." Some even picked up and hurled at him the straws which strewed the floor, while shouts of "Traitor! traitor!" followed the Archbishop as he retired, and turning fiercely at the word: "Were I a knight," he retorted, "my sword should answer that foul taunt." He made his bed in the Church of St. Andrew, but in the night fled away in the frock of a monk through the North Gate, drinking, so runs the tradition, of the spring still known as Becket's Well; and made his way to the Court,

whence he took ship to Flanders for an exile of six years, ended only by his ill-fated return.

The importance of Northampton from the twelfth century is fully established by the many councils and Parliaments held there, and by the privilege of many royal visits. In the revolt of 1173-74, in which the younger Henry had some of the greatest of the barons on his side, Northampton stood for the old King, and it was here he received the submission of the easily subdued baronage; and here, also, the division of circuits for the King's Justices was first ordained.

The county took a prominent part in the inauguration of some of the Crusades. At Geddington Henry II. held a council which regulated the Saladin tithe, whereby every man in his dominions was to contribute a tenth of his income to the Crusade if he went not in person with Prince Richard; who the following year, as King, held a council to make arrangements for the kingdom, before he set forth on this venture, at the Cistercian Abbey of Pipewell on the outskirts of Rockingham Forest. The next expedition that concerned the county was that headed by Henry III.'s brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, afterwards King of the Romans. He and his companions in arms who had taken the Cross assembled in the town and bound themselves by a solemn oath, sworn upon the high altar of the church of All Saints, to take their way direct to the Holy Land and not engage in warfare upon their way thither. This proved the most successful of all the Crusades; it succeeded in winning from the Sultan the agreement to give up Jerusalem and most of the Holy Land to the Christians. The ninth and last Crusade was inaugurated at Northampton, where, in 1268, "after a solemn preaching, Prince Edward and Prince Edmund, his brother, sons of the King, Prince Henry, the eldest son of the King of the Romans, the Earls of Gloucester and Warenne, Lord William de

Valence, and other knights to the number of 120, troubled by the havoc wrought in the Holy Land—especially by the capture of Antioch by the Saracens—received on their shoulders the sign of the Holy Cross, in token of their intended expedition. Aroused by the example of the nobility, a vast number of people of both sexes, and of all conditions, rushed forward to receive the cross."[1]

In 1189 the line of the Earls of the family of Senlis became extinct. The earldom was not renewed, and the stout burgesses seized the chance to buy from the King the right of holding the town from him *in capite*—the true beginning of the full stream of their municipal life and local independence, freed from the restrictions of the sheriff, dependent on the King and the King alone. This privilege naturally led to their charter from Richard I., by which they could choose their own reeve, and be free, as tenants of the royal domain, from tolls and exactions throughout the kingdom. It is interesting to note that Northampton was chosen for the meeting of notables on the King's death, to swear fealty to John, then absent in Normandy, who throughout his reign kept up the traditional link between the court and the county, even visiting the town four times in the course of one year. The foundation of the royal forests that so attracted the Norman and Plantagenet to the shire had already been laid by the Saxon kings, who had reserved large tracts of country for hunting. William I., who "loved the tall deer as though he had been their father," largely extended their limits; thus Rockingham Forest came to embrace the greater part of the north, Salcey the east, and Whittlewood (now Whittlebury) the south of the county. In the first-named there were royal houses besides Rockingham Castle, at Geddington, Farming Woods, Brigstock, and King's Cliffe. In the

1 *The Chronicle of T. Wykes*, Rolls Series.

south-east Grafton and Silveston had certainly permanent hunting residences.

The flight of the Oxford students to the town in 1230-58 seemed likely for a time to give it another claim to fame as a university, but the new rival was soon rudely crushed by the pressure which Oxford, as a Royalist stronghold, brought to bear upon the King. In the war between the King and the barons, when the King appeared before Northampton, the scholars, fighting under their own banner, "did with their slings, long-bows and cross-bows vex and gall his men more than all the forces of the barons beside; so that the King taking notice of them, and zealously inquiring who they were, swore with a deep oath he would have them all hanged." They were not hanged, however, but ordered back to the University they had quitted. The King gained entrance into the place, which was held by the younger Simon de Montfort, by the convenient assistance of the Prior of St. Andrew's, whose convent garden joined the town wall, which the monks secretly undermined, supporting it with wooden props. When Simon heard that a great portion of the wall had fallen, he made a spirited resistance and twice beat off the assault. The third attack proved too strong for him, and as a last resource he sallied forth into the midst of the besieging army, "bearing himself manfully"; but as his horse fell back he was taken "with honour," he and his companions. The rest fled ignominiously to the refuge of church and castle, but in vain; all were taken prisoners,[1] and the King's soldiers plundered the citizens "to the last penny." This first Royalist success was followed by a reverse. Earl Simon recaptured the town, and a brilliant tournament was held here under the patronage of the de Montforts, to which all the knights and barons throughout the kingdom were invited to "give proof of their manhood." The tide

[1] *Annales de Dunstaplia*, Rolls Series.

turned later in the year. The campaign was closed in 1266, and it was at Northampton the council met to restore order to the country.

On the death of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., when her body was taken with a magnificent funeral procession to Westminster, wherever it halted for the night a cross was built to her memory, and the county has been singularly fortunate in preserving both those erected within its borders—at Geddington and De-la-Pre.[1] The former has by far the most successfully defied the

STATUES OF QUEEN ELEANOR, NORTHAMPTON.

works of time and restoration, and is of an uncommon triangular plan and fine design. The De-la-Pre cross, placed on the rise of the hill above the Abbey on the London road, has met with much mutilation, and inevitably, to preserve it at all, much restoration was needed. By 1460 it was already the "headless" cross.

When the last of the Welsh princes was executed (1284), one of his quarters was given to Northampton to

1 Waltham, in Hertfordshire, is the only other which remains out of the original twelve or fourteen.

be shown upon the town gate—a proof, if proof were needed, of its notable position among English towns. The same idea is shown in Northampton being chosen in 1283-4 as the place of a Parliament for the counties south of the Trent. The second Edward, then uncrowned, held a Parliament here in 1307, and again in 1317. Again in 1328 another was held here by the third Edward, which confirmed the Scotch treaty, and is still more important from the first Statute of Northampton, which confirmed the Great and Forest Charters, and checked, though only temporarily, the monopoly of the staple.

It was under the Edwards that the town played the largest part in history, and appeared destined to be permanently one of the capitals of the country. Yet this prosperity was but a prelude to a very long decline, when, with the outbreak of the Hundred Years' War, the centre of interest changes from home to foreign politics. From the time of Crecy, no Parliament meets here, save one, when there was a lull of peace between England and France in the reign of Richard II. The geographical position of Northampton lost its importance before the growth of London and the coast towns, and with that the sources of its greatness ran dry, and, like other central inland towns, it sank into obscurity. That Parliament which was opened by the young King, Richard II., then only fifteen, in person, was held in St. Andrew's Priory. It was summoned for the purpose of raising money for the French wars. The floods were out, and the "perilous roads were blocked by the lords and their cavalcades of attendants coming and going, who grumbled at their uncomfortable and ill-provisioned quarters in the strange Midland town."[1] The Chancellor asked for money, as the army was unpaid, and the Crown Jewels "are on the point of being forfeited"! The result of the deliberations was the imposition of a new non-graduated

[1] Thomas Walsingham, i., 449, Rolls Series.

Poll Tax, which fell heavily on the poorer classes, and was the chief cause that lit the Great Peasant Rising, known to history as the Rebellion of Wat Tyler, which took place the following year, 1381.

Nowhere in England, save Leicestershire itself, the home of Wycliffe, did Lollardism become such a factor in the life of the times as it did in Northamptonshire, where some influential people strongly favoured the tenets —amongst others, Sir Thomas Latimer of Braybrook, who was one of Wycliffe's chief and earnest supporters. In the town itself a curious state of affairs came about, where a London 'prentice of the name of Colleyn, who had run away from his master to become a preacher of the Word, brought the new doctrine. The Mayor, John Fox, lodged him in his own house, together with a poor priest of the neighbourhood, and sent to Oxford to ask that a supply of theologians should be sent to Northampton to give an authoritative exposition of Wycliffeism. The Lollards who came to meet this demand were denounced by their enemies, some as men who assumed Oxford degrees that they had never really taken, others as notorious for simony and dishonest dealing. However this may have been, they succeeded, with the help of Fox, the Mayor, in completely dominating the place, occupying the pulpits against the will of the incumbents, and taking forcible possession of the churches at the head of riotous mobs. The Bishop of Lincoln's officers dared not enter the gates. Northampton had chosen a religion of its own.[1]

Of great interest is a long petition by "Richard Stermesworthe, a Wolman," to the King in 1392, setting forth his grievances against the Mayor, who "hath made the whole toune in manner to become Lollardes, so that the whole toune is gouerned by them, no one daring gainsaie them for feare of theire lives," and how the

1 *England in the Age of Wycliffe.* G. M. Trevelyan.

said mayor hired preachers to preach "at the cross in the churchyarde in the market-place of Northampton, the said cross being solemplie decked by the said maior with Tapestre and other furniture duringe the time of the sermons." The preacher was "arrayed 'en une cloke une taberd et une chapon, furres de pellure,' and with a capp vppon his head as yf he had been a Doctor or Master of Divinitie." [1]

In the struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the northern part of the county was in favour of the Yorkists, Fotheringhay being the headquarters of the family. The castle, originally built by Simon de Senlis, had come into the hands of Edmund de Langley, first Duke of York, who rebuilt it. The second Duke was killed at Agincourt, but his bones were buried at Fotheringhay, where he and Henry IV. had founded the fine collegiate church, which is still partly standing. The third Duke lived in the castle, and there his son, Richard III., was born; his elder son Edward had thought to have privileged the place with a market "for the love that he bare to Foderineye."

At Northampton itself, however, the King's standard was set up (1460), and the first decisive action in the Wars of the Roses fought. "The Queen had caused her army to issue out of the toune and to pass the ryver of Nene, and there in the newe felde betwene Harsyngton (Hardingstone) and Sandifford the capitaynes strongly emparked themselves with high bankes and depe trenches." By nine o'clock the Lancastrian army became a rout; they had taken up a position with the Nene in the rear, and in their flight numbers were drowned in the river. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London watched the fight from the hillside beneath the "headless" cross, and at its conclusion escorted King Henry VI.

---

1 Printed from the Cotton MS. in *The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards.* G. M. Trevelyan.

HALL PORCH, KIRBY.

to the adjacent nunnery of De-la-Pre.[1] Next day, "with great solemnitie and small comfort," he was sent forward by easy stages to London, a prisoner in the Yorkists' hands.

After this, Northampton, like the great merchant towns, stood steady for the Yorkist cause throughout the reign of Edward IV. With his accession to the Crown, there rose into power the Northamptonshire family of Woodvile, or Widvile, who had been settled at Grafton since the time of Henry II. The first member of the family to become Lord Rivers was so created by Henry VI. in 1448, and he took the Lancastrian side till he thought the cause of the Red Rose lost irremediably, when he changed his colours, and with Edward's secret marriage with his daughter in 1464, his fortunes were more than re-established on the Yorkist side. The discontent aroused by the influence of Rivers and his connections was a contributing cause to an insurrection in Yorkshire, and when "Robin of Redesdale" (who was probably Sir William Conyers) marched towards London at the head of some thousands of armed farmers and peasants, it was at Edgecote, in Northamptonshire, that they were met by the Royal forces under the Earl of Pembroke. There, on the plain called Danesmoor, was fought a battle which ended in victory for the insurgents and the imprisonment and death of Earl Rivers and his son, Sir John Woodvile. The eldest son, Anthony, better known as Lord Scales, then became Lord Rivers. He somehow contrived to escape his father's and brother's tragic fate, only to perish in the like fashion a few years later, when, upon the death of Edward, his brother-in-law, in 1483, he fell into the meshes of Gloucester's policy. Rivers was at Ludlow Castle with the young Prince Edward, with whom he started for

1 *The Chronicle of John Stone, Monk of Christ Church, Canterbury* (1415-1471).

London, accompanied by a retinue of 2,000 men. He marched through the county by the Watling Street, and reached Stony Stratford to learn that Gloucester was at Northampton. He then, accompanied by Lord Richard Grey, rode back to meet him, and it is related that, with Gloucester and Buckingham, they took up their quarters in the three inns standing in the Market Place. After a drinking supper, Rivers was taken to his inn by the two Dukes, who secured the keys, posted sentinels, and arranged their forces, so that when he awoke in the morning their superior numbers forced him into that surrender that left him

"Shorter by a head at Pomfret."

Anthony Lord Rivers—"un tres gentil chevalier"—was the noblest and most accomplished of all the victims of Richard III.

The story of the courtship and secret marriage of Edward IV. with Elizabeth Woodvile at Grafton is an oft-told history. His grandson, Henry VIII., was several times at his Royal residence there for hunting "in grease time." It was whilst on one of his visits there that he gave the final audience to Cardinal Campeggio, when "Mistress Anne Boleyn," wrote Cavendish, "was much offended with the King, as far as she durst," for graciously entertaining her enemy, Cardinal Wolsey, who accompanied the Papal Envoy. Wolsey could not be accommodated at Grafton, so his usher, Cavendish, "provided a lodging for him at a house of Master Empsons, called Easton." This was Easton Neston, which had been restored by an act of restitution to the son of the notorious minister of Henry VII., Richard Empson, who was born the son of a sieve-maker in the adjoining little town of Towcester.

The Reformation took place without any special features to distinguish it from other counties. The monastic church of Peterborough was made into a

cathedral, and the complacent abbot rewarded with the bishopric. The King had intentions of making Leicester into a See; but it is possible that the story is a true one that Peterborough was saved as a monument to Katherine of Arragon, who was buried in the choir, and Leicester Abbey, where Wolsey had so recently died, was swept away. Henry is said to have replied to a suggestion "to erect a fair monument for her":—"Yea, I will leave her one of the goodliest in the kingdom."

The county quietly accepted the old views again in Queen Mary's reign—more so than was the case in other dioceses—and, as a result, there was only one victim of religious persecution put to death.

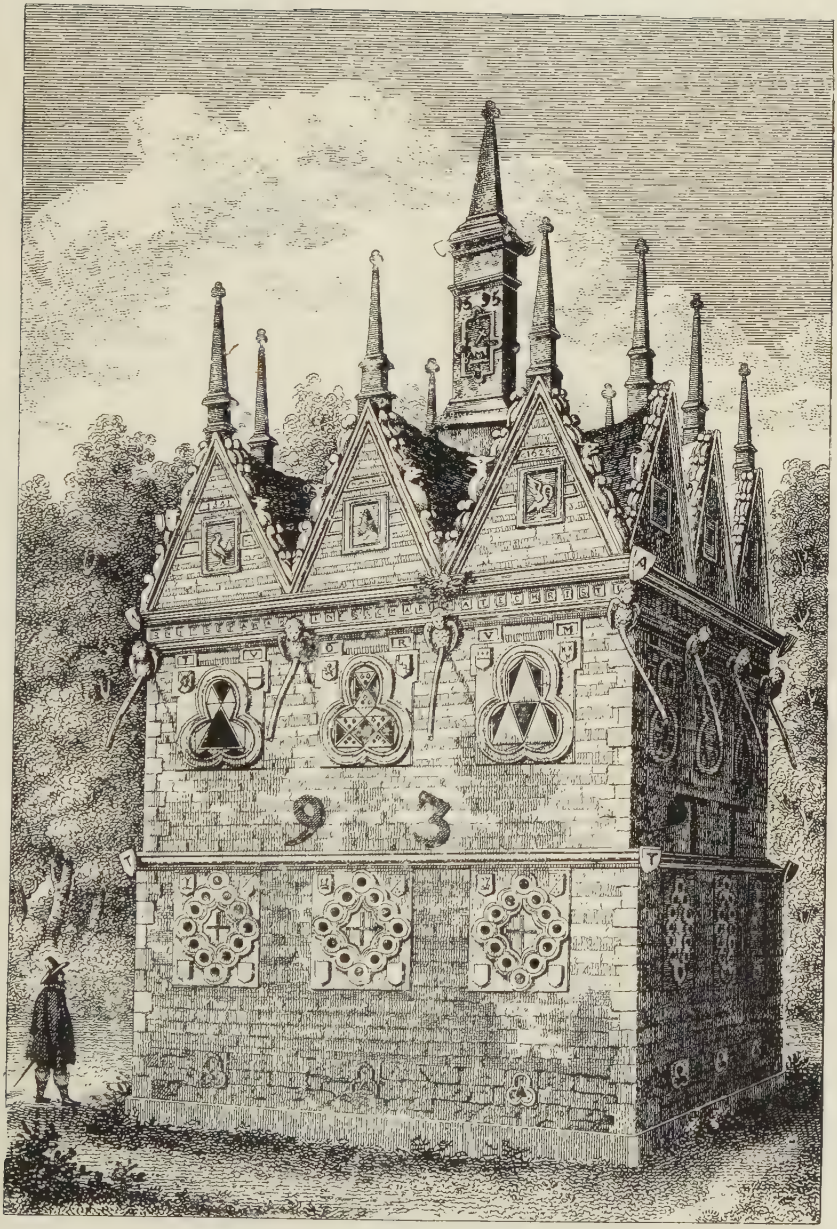
Prominent among the great people of the Elizabethan epoch were several Northamptonshire men, who built themselves great houses—William Cecil Lord Burghley, the Lord Treasurer; Sir Walter Mildmay of Apethorpe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir Christopher Yelverton of Easton Mauduit, the Speaker of the House of Commons; Edward Griffin of Dingley, the Attorney-General; and Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing Chancellor, of whom but little is now remembered but his home, Kirby, and that "last and greatest monument of his youth," Holdenby, a palace of pleasure, thought by those that have judgment to be incomparable, and to "have no fellow in England that is out of Her Majesty's hands." Owing to his extravagance, it came into the Royal hands, and from a pleasure house it passed to be the prison house of Charles I. Kirby was not built by Hatton, though he may have bought it before it was finished. It was designed by John Thorpe for a county man, Sir Humphrey Stafford of Blatherwyck. Burghley is a vast pile raised by its builder "for the mansion of his barony." Of that and Holdenby he wrote to Hatton: "God send us both long to enjoy her, for whom we both meant to exceed our purses in these." It is somewhat pathetic to think that among all her progresses, Elizabeth

never visited either of "these." More fortunate in wealth than Hatton, Burghley's mansion has remained in the hands of his descendants to the present day. The houses of Apethorpe and Dingley still exist, but no longer own Mildmays or Griffins for their masters.

The great revolution of the sixteenth century was an economic one, founded on the replacement of the old order of feudal nobles by the new families which got possession of the fertile meadows of the county. These large landowners, who owed their origin to Crown favour in Tudor times—the Spencers of Althorpe, the Comptons of Castle Ashby, the Cecils of Burleigh—were the dominating influence in the county, and Northampton came more and more to think of itself as "the market town for the large graziers, the capital of the county, than the separate, powerful little commonwealth of a hundred and fifty years earlier."

In the February of 1586 the final scene in the tragedy of Mary, quondam Queen of France and Scotland, took place at Fotheringhay, and later her body was buried in Peterborough Cathedral till her son, James I., removed it to Westminster Abbey. Fotheringhay was granted by James to various courtiers in turn, and its end was not destruction by intent, but gradual decay, till its last remains were used up in the eighteenth century for the purpose of repairing dykes connected with the navigation of the Nene.

As Lollardism previously, so now Puritanism seized on the minds of the people, and nowhere in England did it gain such a stronghold. One cause that helped it on was the support given to it by Lord Burghley for political reasons. It was at All Saints' Church, in Northampton, that the famous Puritan exercises known as "Prophesyings" had their origin, and again the "classes" or boards of Church authority, composed of Puritan clergy and elders, are reported by Fuller to be "more formally settled in Northamptonshire than any-



Triangular Lodge, Rushton.

where else in England." They were three in number—Northampton, Daventry, and Kettering.

The county played a prominent part in the Gunpowder Plot—in its conception by Robert Catesby and its discovery by Francis Tresham, both hereditary Catholics. It was in the "Plot Room," with its hiding-place covered by a sliding panel, over the old gatehouse at Ashby St. Ledgers, that, as the local tradition runs, Catesby and his fellows had their meetings; and the wainscoted hall of the manor-house[1] is said to be the chamber where Lady Catesby was about to sup when Catesby, "bearing with him the assurance that their main plot was bewrayed whereupon they had built the golden mountain of their hopes," sent for Robert Winter into the fields, and willed him to take his horse and come and speak with him, but that he "should not let his mother know of his being there." Robert Catesby, the head and front of the conspiracy, was the owner of large estates in Northamptonshire and elsewhere. Francis Tresham was the son of Sir Thomas Tresham of Rushton, who had been, with Sir William Catesby and Lord Vaux of Harrowden, arraigned before the Star Chamber on a charge of contempt against the Queen's Majesty in having refused to swear that he had not secreted Edmund Campion. Thereafter Sir Thomas spent his life between imprisonment for recusancy and evolving and erecting the wonderful symbolical buildings of the New Bield at Lyveden and the Triangular Lodge at Rushton, in addition to the interesting Market House at Rothwell.[2]

The history of the great Civil War in the county has yet to be written. It must suffice to say here that from

---

1 The old house has now been altered and added to by its present possessor.

2 These three unique buildings remain to us—the Triangular Lodge, well preserved; the Market House, carefully restored; and the New Bield, roofless and unfinished. It is much to be regretted this last was not preserved as an historical monument; much of its interest will be lost by alteration and conversion of the building into a dwelling-house.

the first shedding of blood at Kilsby in August, 1642, down to the fatal field of Naseby, the county, from its central position, was the stage on which much of the struggle took place. The first and last great battles were fought at Edgehill, on the confines of the county, and at Naseby within its borders; and in the interval skirmishes innumerable took place. Middleton Cheney, Cropredy Bridge, Canons Ashby Church, Daventry, and Towcester were scenes of several recorded encounters. The county was divided in allegiance. The great landowners of Tudor times, the Spencers and Comptons, were prominent Royalists. On the other hand, many of the smaller gentry were Parliamentarians, and the towns, being strongholds of Nonconformity, took the same side.

Northampton itself maintained a strong position in the civil struggle from the first meeting of the Parliamentary troops there under Essex, at the opening of the war, with orders from Parliament "by battle or other way to rescue the King from his perfidious councillors," to the battle of Naseby, but twelve miles away. Lord Brooke seized the castle of Northampton and made it a garrison in the Parliamentary cause. Several hundred pounds were laid out upon the fortifications, and in the same year sixty cavaliers, of the company of Sir John Byron, were captured at Brackley, "with above sixty horse, two hatfull of gold, about 3,000 pound of silver," and the prisoners lodged in the castle prison. Charles, who had taken Leicester in 1645, was marching westward when news was brought that an army under Fairfax was advancing towards him. He took up a position near Market Harborough, while Fairfax stationed himself on rising ground near Naseby. Charles left his vantage ground, and while Prince Rupert pursued the enemy, whom he routed, Cromwell (who had joined Fairfax the day before with 6,000 horse) seized the opportunity to

attack the King's rear. The victory of the Puritans was complete, and Charles escaped to Scotland, only to be sold to the Parliament. To Holdenby the King was ordered by Parliament, and, somewhat retarded by the winter weather, he arrived in February, 1647. Royal state was kept up during Charles' respectful imprisonment, though he was denied his chaplains and reduced to saying Grace himself "under the State." Charles frequently walked in the garden with one or other of the commissioners, and would sometimes ride to Lord Vaux's house of Harrowden, or to Boughton to play at bowls, or to Althorpe, where he found the bias not true. One afternoon, the 2nd of June, when the King was at bowls at Althorpe, it was whispered among his gentlemen that a party of seven hundred horse was at Kingsthorpe. At break of day the troops appeared at Holdenby, drawn up in front of the great gates of the backyard, and the soldiers in charge of the King, instead of opposing them, flung open the gates. Next day, Cornet Joyce, their leader, demanded to speak with the King. "From whom?" they said. "From myself," said he; at which they laughed. After some parley, he roundly said: "My errand is to the King, and speak with him I must, and will presently." Joyce, on entering the King's room, found him in bed, and apologised for having disturbed him out of his sleep. "No matter," returned the King, "so you mean me no harm." The King with difficulty agreed to Joyce's intention of removing him from Holdenby, and the Cornet's party was mounted in marching order by six o'clock in the morning, drawn up in the first court of the house. The King, addressing them from the top of the steps, asked the Cornet what commission he had. "Here is my commission," returned Joyce. "Where?" inquired the King. "Behind me," retorted Joyce, pointing to his soldiers. The King, smiling, observed, "It was a fair, well-written commission, legible without spelling," and followed his escort to

Newmarket, leaving behind him the last place where he enjoyed relative freedom.

The last struggle of the interregnum was yet to take place at Staverton field near Daventry, when Lambert—one of Cromwell's generals, and, after his death, one of the leaders of the military council—was taken prisoner. Lambert wished to resist the restoration of Charles II., and collected some scattered troops at Daventry, but Colonel Ingoldsby and soldiers from Northampton marched against and captured him before a large number of troops who were flocking to join his standard could reach him. Those were the last blows struck for the Commonwealth régime, and Charles II. came to his own again.

This was the last dramatic episode in history enacted in the shire. Later, in the eighteenth century, the political influence of the great families was exhibited in the famous spendthrift elections of 1768—the triangular duel between Lord Northampton, Lord Halifax, and Lord Spencer for the honour of nominating the Member for Northampton. The poll, which lasted fourteen days, showed the remarkable result that though there were only 930 voters, 1,149 votes had been recorded. Horton, Castle Ashby, and Althorpe were thrown open to all voters, and "many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with an election dinner became more dangerous than a charged culverin." When they had drunk all the champagne at Althorpe, and were served with claret, they rejected the "sour stuff," and removed to Castle Ashby. A petition naturally followed the scandal; the struggle was renewed before a Parliamentary Committee, and the question was finally decided by a toss, Lord Spencer winning.

Into the industrial chronicles of the county that constitute its history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there is no space to enter. May the captains and privates of industry learn to value the wealth of

records around them—records written everywhere in buildings of all ages, in the forests, in every boundary hedge, in the Roman roads, or in the fords and bridges. Nowhere else in all England are there such pre-Conquest towers, nowhere else are there so many fine churches close together as in the Nene valley; and nowhere else have the men of the Tudor and Jacobean days left us a greater abundance of fine stone-built houses.

ALICE DRYDEN.

STAFFORDSHIRE

THE history of Staffordshire begins in Saxon times. Before then it is largely conjectural, and based upon fragments from Latin writers. The first inhabitants were Ivernians or Iberians, a small, dark, long-headed race, who have left both their forts behind them and many of their actual descendants. How these survived the shock of incoming Gauls, or Goidels, and Brythons may perhaps be indicated by the tales of the cunning little men, or fairies, which still amuse the neighbourhood. And then the hordes which mastered but could not quite expel them—a race of tall round-headed men—settled down in the great woods of the country, and became known as the Cornavii on the east, and the Ordovices on the west. From the Cornavii, or "people of the horn," the name of the Churnet, one of our local rivers, may be derived; although it is just as probable that the Churnet, or River of the Horn or Corner, got its name from the sharp elbow it makes round Leek, now its principal town.

How these tribes fared during the Roman invasion is not clear. They would seem for a time to have stemmed the invading flood. But eventually they settled down under the Romans, and many roads intersected the country. The great Watling Street crossed the southern face of it coming in from London, at Fazeley, south of Tamworth, and going out again at Weston-under-Lizard on its way to the coast for Ireland. And the Ryknield Street, a road from Derby, passed Burton, Lichfield, and

LUDCHURCH, LOOKING NORTH.

(*A chasm descending far into the earth, and with the sound of water in it, occasioning the name "Lud" or "Loud," is at the south end of Ludchurch, behind the spectator.*)

Walsall, to Dudley, with an interesting town wall or etocetum at the crossing of the two roads.

Many of these were still more ancient tracks through forest and swamp, which the Romans improved and paved.

With the Romans came Christianity, and, in a paper on "Ancient Sites,"[1] are some suggestions in illustration of the transition which took place from heathenism to Christianity. On August 1st, the Welsh pilgrims used to visit a little lake in the Beacons, in the hope of seeing the Lady of the Lake make her appearance at the dawn. The Druids made much of lakes; and we may perhaps link this with the tales of the Mermaid of Blake Mere, near Leek, who is still supposed to appear at times.

But, whatever the progress made by Christianity in Romano-Celtic times, it was not, if we may believe Gildas, a contemporary writer, very great. Yet, whatever it was, it was largely conserved by the woods of the middle and the rocky fastnesses of the north of the county, when the still heathen Saxon broke in. It seems plain that the Saxon only penetrated at first into the fringe and rivers of the county, getting up the Trent as far as Stoke, and up the Dove perhaps to Uttoxeter, and breaking in again at a later date from the north when he conquered Cheshire.

We get now into historic times, when the "county" itself begins to emerge from the gloom, and men of real flesh and blood move over the scene. But what early evangelization must have been in a district like this, where dense woods and ragged rocks gave shelter to the fervid remnants of Druid and painted Briton, may rather be imagined than described. Certainly some of the imps seen by early Saxon hermits were Britons got up for the occasion.

And whilst by an easy transition Dr. Guest, in his

1 *N. Staffs. Field Club Report*, 1907.

Origines Celticæ, derives the name Briton from our early forefathers' personal use of paint, it is curious to note that in two North Staffordshire barrows lately excavated, the one at Sheen and the other at Leek, the actual woad or blue dye they used has been found stored up through the long intervening ages.

In a recent admirable volume on *Earthwork*, Mr. Allcroft tells us that our local Saxons left no earthwork behind them. But we shall see whether this be quite true. Certainly Mr. Allcroft has missed our Staffordshire examples.

The county as such owes its organisation to two remarkable people. Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, founded the town of Stafford about a thousand years ago. The other person was of much older date. He built up the little kingdom of Mercia, giving it, so to say, both a place and a name. The place was, of course, far wider than Staffordshire, and the name has now vanished from any spot of earth. It was along a "mark" or boundary line, which is still to be traced across Staffordshire, that Penda strove to establish his kingdom.[1] The man's character was a remarkable one. He was "Penda the Strong," and well worthy of the name. Life in those rough days was short; but though he was over fifty when, in 626, he succeeded to the throne of his fathers, after thirty strenuous years more, he died only on the battlefield. His fierceness was never forgotten. But he was an honest man. The one speech preserved of his was that whilst, with the tolerance of his race, he did not object to a man being a Christian, he heartily scorned those who would not obey the God in whom they professed to believe.

Yet Penda opposed Christianity with all his might. He saw nothing to object to in its missionaries. But he noticed that, wherever they went, they carried

[1] That, namely, of the Men of the Mark or Mercians.

supremacy with them. The truth they preached seemed to make men free indeed, and to lift them out of subjection. It was, therefore, when Penda saw East Anglia stirring afresh in the Gospel Faith that he brought all his forces to attack it, and succeeded.

Mercia became established and strong under its heathen prince. But his day was coming; and, when he led his thirty thanes and triple host to attack Northumbria, in 655, he was defeated and slain.

As its heathenism rolls back and Christianity spreads over it, the land in which we live comes fairly into the light of history. We note the passing of St. Chad over the scene, the building of the Cathedral at Lichfield, and the establishment of parochial and diocesan order. Of these, however, I have spoken in the S.P.C.K. *History of the Diocese of Lichfield*, and now crave permission to hurry on, only pausing to note the greatness attained by Mercia under King Offa (758-796), when, instead of making Penda's "mark" over the North Staffordshire hills his western boundary, he pushed it towards the setting sun and ruled off his kingdom by "Offa's Dyke," between the Severn and the Wye.

Offa's reign is remarkable also for the fact that, from 788 to 803, Lichfield was an archiepiscopal see, sharing the glories of Canterbury. This fact was commemorated, at my suggestion, by the cross in the centre of the historical crosier designed for the Bishops of Lichfield some twenty-five years ago. The two Archbishops of Lichfield were Higbert and Aldulf, and, when Offa's feeble successor failed to maintain the dignity of the principal see in his dominions, the Bishop of Lichfield still signed documents next after Canterbury.

The influence which Penda so clearly recognised, and against which he fought so vigorously, namely, that of the growing power of Christianity, gradually leavened Saxon England. And, whilst yet its petty kings struggled and fought, their different bishops quietly met

and talked. The states were racked, but the Church was united.

But whilst the complete unification of all England was yet far off, a glorious light settled down upon the district now known as Staffordshire, though as yet neither Stafford nor its shire had any organised existence. That light came from Lichfield; and we should indeed be blind to the facts of history if, whilst we recognised the establishment of the archiepiscopate of Lichfield, we took no note of the fact that Wulfhere, son of Penda, and his family, appear to have lived much in the Trent Valley between Stoke and Lichfield. Here, indeed, are some wonderful earthworks: that at Bury Bank, near Stoke, being anciently called Wulfherecaster. Bury Ring, at Billington Bank—a great circle with a deep foss—is near Stafford; and another equally remarkable ancient camp is Castle Hills, near Rugeley. At Stone Wulfhere founded a monastery; and St. Werburga, his daughter, founded others at Hanchurch—the old church—of Trentham, and at Hanbury on Needwood. To this date, perhaps, we owe the origin of the Five Royal Minsters, which are a noted feature of the county. And as the Mercian royal family faded into insignificance, and its kings dwindled down into earls, the district of the Trent Valley became the property of the See of Lichfield, and Eccleshall one of the bishop's castles; as if the bishops were the only potentates fit to succeed the kings.

But the light which shone hereabouts, long after the darkness of Penda's days, left another trace behind it. Only the kingdom of Wessex continued to hold up its head against the Danes; and when, in 878, Alfred concluded the epoch-making Peace of Wedmore with them, he especially reserved the western half of old Mercia to himself with a view of drawing thence a supply of teachers. Four of these men of "letters" he found: one at Worcester, one Plegmund—destined to be Arch-

bishop of Canterbury—in an island in Cheshire,[1] and two others. Though Lichfield had greatly suffered, it was still the see-town of Cheshire, and seems to have shared whatever light shone in the district.

The Watling Street was but a loose western boundary of the Danelagh. And Alfred's daughter, Ethelfleda, when she married the Prince of Mercia, rescued East Staffordshire from the rule of the pirates, though she could not quite clear them away. They were left east of Burton, and in the Valley of the Dane. But she brought her father's ideas into this favoured district. The great work of her life, as of his, was to resist the Danes; and the line of her forts, from Tamworth to Stafford, distinctly rules off Lichfield as being in the old Mercia which Alfred reserved to himself because of its literary light. That line was an introduction of the burh system. Forts with ramparts of earth and stockades of wood were built at points where rivers were crossed by roads. Thus, in 913, she fortified Tamworth, and the same year, before Lammas, she built Stafford. The latter place had previously been called Bethany, and noted as the haunt of a hermit, or a place of graves.

Here, too, and at Tamworth, in which latter place Ethelfleda died in 922, mints for coining money were established, and were worked so well that their crisp coins, like the beautifully executed sovereign of to-day, became popular all over Europe. And "Monetville," where the Stafford money was made, has recently been cleverly identified by Mr. W. F. Carter in volume xi. of the new series of the William Salt *Collections*. But the mint was abolished by the Conqueror, who was "careful to give the baron whom he planted at Stafford nothing which savoured of earldom."

---

1 Florence of Worcester, Godwin de Præs. 48 (Asser's *Life of Alfred*). Plegmund, the most learned of all the men of his time, was made Archbishop of Canterbury. The place is now called Plemstall.

The coins give the name of the town both as "Steadth," a shore or landing stage, and "Staf," a letter or staff. In Domesday, the name was Stadford or Statford. The word referred either to some old settlement of lettered men, such as those whom Alfred the Great fetched to teach his people letters, or to the important burh on the river-bank—the utmost point of its navigation. There is nothing in this which would exclude the probability of the old tradition that Stafford was so called because the river could here be crossed by the help of a staff or hand-rail.

Strangely, the Mercians were never eager to resist the Danes, and, in 1016, this chronic backwardness brought upon them the fury of Edmund Ironside. He ravaged first "Staffordenciam," then "Scrobbebiriensem," or Salop, and lastly Leicestershire—giving us, however, in the pages of Walter of Coventry, the first notice we have of the shire. Of the exact date of the erection of the shire nothing is known; but that Ethelfleda followed her father's example and divided Mercia into shires, as he had done Wessex, there scarcely seems a doubt.

The division of the county into five hundreds tells very much the same tale. The hundreds are Pirehill, Totmanslow, Cuddleston, Seisdon, and Offlow. Each of them had about a hundred inhabitants in Saxon times. But how strongly the names speak of a still remoter past! Accepting Mr. Duignan's guidance, we may say that Seisdon—"Saxon's Hill"—carries one back to the early struggles between Saxon and Britons and the fight near Wednesbury, in 592, when the Britons were driven out. Totmanslow speaks of the days when all the Leek and Cheadle districts were one great forest. It is the burial low of Tatmann, "the bright and happy fellow." Pirehill, near Stoke, may be simply "the hill of the pear tree," and reminds one of the Derbyshire district of Pear Tree. Offlow is a low or burial mound in the middle of a field two miles south of Lichfield, and now almost

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL: WEST FRONT.

ploughed away, where rest the bones and the memory of some noted Saxon. And Cuttlestone, near Penkridge, preserves perhaps the memory of an old Roman Bridge spanning the Penk. A bridge was then a wonder. The names carry us back to the time when the first rushes of Saxons almost obliterated the old Romano-British towns, and when as yet no new towns had sprung into existence: the period of Ethelfleda's earliest days. When the county comes into view, Stafford has been built and gives it its name.

The Norman conquest had a terrible meaning for this district. Harold, as son of Earl Godwin, was a Staffordshire landlord; and not only had his tenants suffered in the war, but the restless and perhaps invincible spirit of the Danish population by the great rivers brought down the heavy hand of the Conqueror on this district. In crushing the rebellion, he is said to have destroyed his own newly rebuilt castle at Stafford. No details are given, but it looks as if the great rally had been at Stafford, and also as if the castle there was but a mere motte and bailey. The site of the castle is still called "The Mount," and it is in the heart of the town.

Several great families settled in the county, amongst whom were the De Ferrers, Malbancs, Audleys, and the Earls of Chester. Noble minsters sprang up at Lichfield, Burton, Tutbury, Crosden, and elsewhere. The great forests, too, played their part in our mediæval history. But nothing, perhaps, was more characteristic of the stage of progress than the administration of justice, such as it was, between the Conqueror's day and that of Henry II. Trial by jury was as yet unknown. The hundred and local estates had their own very popular courts; for there the freeholders were both judges and witnesses. Many estates, too, had their own gallows. The Rolls of 1273 record of Totmanslow Hundred: "Edmund, the king's brother, has gallows and assizes of bread and beer, at Uttoxeshale, but it is not known

by what warrant. And the Abbot of Rowecestre has gallows, &c., by charter of donors and by confirmation of King Henry; and the Prior of Tutteburi has gallows at Mathefelt, it is not known by what warrant; and Geoffrey de Greselee has gallows at Kingston and assizes, &c., it is not known by what warrant; and the lord of Alveton has assizes, &c.; and Henry de Aldithelee, Hugh le Despencer, and Warine de Vernun have gallows, &c."

Our forefathers, too, were somewhat summary in their proceedings. Even after Henry III. had established trial by judge and jury, and the assizes were begun to be held regularly at Lichfield, and sometimes also at Stafford, we read that in Seisdon hundred, Richard the Fox, arrested on suspicion of robbery, escaped from custody as he was being taken to Bridgenorth prison, but was followed by the three from whom he had fled. They cut off his head and carried it to Stafford. In Pirehill, Madoc the Welshman slew Robert the Miller, and fled. He was caught, put into the Bishop's prison in Eccleshall Castle, and escaped. But the Bishop's bailiff overtook and beheaded him. The "preceptors" of Leek—perhaps architects of the abbey when the wooden walls were being replaced with stone—had, or thought they had, quarries near a park of Lord Audley's. Fierce disputes seem to have arisen about their right to get stone there. Well, Geoffrey the clerk, William the chaplain, and Thomas the forester, of Leek, went to view those quarries. Two of Lord Audley's parkers fell upon them as poachers, and cut off Geoffrey's head.

The Assize Rolls begin in 1194, and, even after the establishment of trial by judge and jury, ordeal by fire and water and duel was still for a time kept up, and cases of outlawry in this forest district were very common. Many, too, are the records of persons taking sanctuary in the churches. The old days, when justice was almost altogether in the hands of the people, had left a strong feeling of individual independence behind

them. Men went on acting for themselves. Not even religion was always respected. Thus, in 1262, Ralph Basset of Drayton sued Philip Marmion for sending his serf, with a great multitude of outlaws and Welshmen and other armed men, to Bitlescote Mill, breaking open the doors, destroying the mill-pool, and carrying off the flour in Basset's cart to Marmion's castle at Tamworth. Philip explained that he did this because the flour ought to have been ground at his own mill at Tamworth. The matter was referred to arbitration. Basset, it seems, "defended all his goods, *hostiliter et cum manu armatâ*." In 1260, the Prior of Sandwell pleaded that a dozen men had come on his land at Bromwich, had beaten and ill-treated his men, and had chased him, the prior, with arms in their hands, to his house at Bromwich. The open nature of the pastures may have been largely responsible for some of these quarrels. But when near neighbours took opposite sides, as they did in the matter of Simon de Montfort, and had troops of armed men at their backs, it was not always easy to keep the peace. Yet, even after a fight, one may see in our county records the Englishman's willingness to shake hands. In 1269, Philip Marmion summoned Robert de Knitele (Knightley) for coming with an armed force to Norbury, breaking down his houses and mills, cutting the dam of his fish-pond, and doing other damage. Robert pleaded that it was done in time of war, and that he was himself a man of war, and of the adverse party, and asked whether the king and his magnates had not decreed that things done at such a time should be impleaded before justices assigned for the purpose. And so the matter was eventually settled. Here was the dawn of sweet reasonableness as well as of modern institutions.

It was indeed to the beginning of a new mode of government, and the erection of an official class of judge, that we owe the origin of some of our best-known county families, such as the Bassets and Clintons. And it is not

surprising to find these very men charged with rough-handedness. What could one expect when the old independent order was thus giving place to a new and imperial one?

When we remember, too, that the clergy were earnest supporters of popular liberty as represented by Simon de Montfort, and yet that Bogo de Clare, Dean of Stafford, was the son of that Earl of Gloucester with whom Montfort quarrelled furiously as the head of the opposite or oligarchical party, one sees perhaps the reason why, when in 1259 the new and half-royal Bishop of Lichfield wanted to celebrate orders at St. Mary's, Stafford, which was the king's Free Chapel, he had to bring a multitude of armed men with him and to break open the doors.

The Barons' second war began in 1264; and when, in 1265, Montfort was overthrown and slain, Welshmen formed the main body of the royal army, and, as the above records show, did not leave the county quietly. The wars ruined at least one great family—the Ferrers—as the history of Chartley discloses, and other lesser houses shared their fate.

But though Prince Edward succeeded his father as Edward I., he did not leave peace behind him; and under Edward II., with his favourite Le Despencer, a Staffordshire landholder, the county was again divided into two camps, until the battle of Burton Bridge overthrew the Earl of Lancaster, and the Barons hanged the Despencers.

The brave soldiers whom the county supplied to the French Wars have found a record in the pages of General the Honourable George Wrottesley's learned and ample contributions to the William Salt *Collections;* and how James, Lord Audley, distinguished himself at Poictiers (1356), and how the Cheshire bowmen were selected for the Black Prince by William of Cheddleton, can only be mentioned here. Staffordshire chivalry then

Alton Castle.

shone brightly, and its archers distinguished themselves. The great victory of Crecy (1346) was celebrated by splendid hastiludes at Lichfield in 1348, when there were water-sports on the Minster Pools, and a passage-of-arms in which King Edward III., on his great war-horse, with seventeen knights, tilted against his son, the Earl of Lancaster, with thirteen others; and the flower both of English beauty and English chivalry was there.[1]

Closely connected with these sports, and placed by General Wrottesley in the same year, was the institution of the Order of the Garter, which may indeed have been suggested by an incident which then happened. And certainly, whilst half the original twenty-five knights first gartered were those who so stoutly fought under the Black Prince—Audley and Wrottesley being amongst them—the Earl of Lancaster and Lord Stafford were in the other half. And the revenues of Uttoxeter rectory were made over to Windsor and the chapel of the Garter.

But, alas! these scenes of splendour were speedily overclouded by the Black Death. The mortality then was enormous, and its results so far-reaching as to become one of the great factors influencing British social history. Staffordshire was sorely visited by that scourge, and lost its archdeacon and half the clergy. The Bagots suffered. The whole Forester family at Pillaton Hall was swept away. At Swynnerton both squire and rector died, and Nicholas de Swynnerton, Dean of Stafford, also. So it was in many instances. And yet efforts have been lately made to raise a doubt whether the Black Death really came hither at all.

In the year 1385 an event happened which showed the fickleness of Richard II.'s character. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had told the king that Berwick-on-Tweed had been lost through the careless guardianship of the Earl of Northumberland, and the latter thereupon

[1] *Diocesan History*, 142, 3; William Salt *Collections*, new series, vol. vi., t. 2; *Reliquary*, October, 1878, 1879, etc.

PUBLIC DEPTFORD LIBRARIES

set to work to turn the king against the duke. John of Gaunt was then at Tutbury. On a certain moonlight night in May, a messenger with foaming steed was received at Tutbury to warn the duke of danger from the king, and before morning he was on his way to Pontefract. But the king's mother, Joan, the Lady of the Wake, and widow of the Black Prince, made peace between the two. To her gentle influence, passing as she no doubt often did through the county, much of the loyalty of Staffordshire men was probably due. But Richard II.'s character was most trying, and it really prepared the way for the usurpation of Henry IV.

Richard visited Lichfield and saw a barefooted friar installed there as bishop. Soon afterwards he was there again, but this time as a prisoner lodged in a tower by the western gate of the Close, from a window of which he dropped into the moat in the night, only, however, to be recaptured and carried to his death.

The seizure of the crown by Henry IV. of course divided Staffordshire into two camps. A violent affray took place on the Trent. Sir Robert Malveysin of Ridware armed in his favour and slew the Lord of Hansacre, who had joined the Earl of Northumberland's rebellion.

But Northumberland had also other adherents, and Hugh Erdeswick of Sandon headed a faction which sought to destroy John Blount of Barton Blount. The latter was steward to the usurping king in the Duchy of Lancaster. The unrest thus developed, eventually shaped itself into a quarrel and fight between Sandon and Chartley, and in 1414 brought Henry V. himself into residence at Lichfield for two months. The king probably lodged then in Langton's Palace, whilst he held his great assize in Lichfield.

This palace had been built by the founder of the Lady Chapel, Bishop Langton, and must have been a striking pile as seen looking from the east towards the

cathedral. It stretched along the eastern side of the Close from its main north-eastern tower (still partly existing), and ran southwards to a point opposite the north-eastern extremity of the Lady Chapel of the cathedral. The north-eastern tower was 52 feet high, and between it and a slightly lower second tower lay the bishop's lodgings. Then came the great hall, with two butteries breaking its run of elegant window and massive wall. Then the Lady's Chamber, and, still letting the eye run south, the prominent apse of the bishop's private chapel. Then, still to the left, the kitchen, with two great chimneys at its western end. Coach-house and stables terminated the row to the south. King Richard had built a great room when he came to spend Christmas there, on the western side of the kitchen, but its roof would hardly be seen from our standpoint on the east. The original great hall was decorated with paintings of King Edward's wars, and the whole palace was a worthy lodging for a king.[1]

The fact of the matter really was that this was an incident in the rebellion against Henry IV. Erdeswick, at the head of his Cheshire mercenaries, had marched on Chartley from Sandon, but had been met and stopped by Ferrers' men at Amerton, where a fight had taken place and at least one man had been killed.

On his side, Hugh Erdeswick petitioned that whereas divers *jours d'amour* had been arranged between him and Ferrers, the latter had failed to keep the appointment, and had raised a strong force to waylay and kill him. Erdeswick said he had been champion for Dame Joan Malveysyn in a dispute with Sir John Bagot, and Ferrers had plotted to waylay him on his journey to keep the appointment. Erdeswick, however, had discovered the plot, and had sent William Hyde, vicar of Sandon, to explain his absence to Dame Joan, but the vicar had been

1 See an article and plan in the *Reliquary*, vol. vii., p. 249.

captured after delivering his message and had been robbed of his horse and carried prisoner to Weston-on-Trent. The Ferrers' party had also caught Sampson Erdeswick, Hugh's brother, a law student, and had cut off his toes and put them into his mouth and left him for dead.

It will be noticed that nothing is said here about rebellion. The prudent young king shut his eyes to that and preferred to investigate only the actual items of disorder. Erdeswick's father had got Sandon by his marriage with the heiress of the Staffords, its former owners.

Now what was all this quarrel about? Was it not simply the objection of a certain section of the Staffordshire squires to forget their old patron, the Black Prince? They had rallied round him as bowmen and won his warm approval. They were proud both of their skill with the bow and their famous leader. One of them had chosen the celebrated Cheshire bowmen for him; and though Henry IV. was Duke of Lancaster, and as such their chief lord, yet so fond were they of the father of Richard II. that they clung to the son, with all his faults, when their chief lord, Henry IV., rebelled against him and had him cruelly done to death at Pontefract.

But Henry V. was the Prince Hal of Falstaff, and now coming to the throne he determined to act firmly and yet to show mercy. So the offenders got off. For war with France was coming on, and the turbulent spirits were needed there. All, therefore, began to go well again for a time. Yet the local feeling remained, and it was impossible but that the Wars of the Roses should be keenly felt here. Indeed, one of its battles took place on Staffordshire ground. The Audleys owned Heeley Castle as their principal stronghold. It was only a few miles from Eccleshall Castle. In the sad tragedy of Blore Heath, September 3rd, 1459, the Lancastrian queen fled, after the battle was lost, to the protection of the

Tutbury Castle.

bishop at Eccleshall. But Lord Audley, her commander, and very many of his 10,000 men were left dead on the field. They had endeavoured to stop the progress of the Yorkists under Lord Salisbury; and although the latter had but half as many men, he contrived to lead the Lancastrians into the deep valley of a brook, pretending to fly before them. Then he returned upon them and crushed them as they scrambled up out of the hollow. No wonder the Sowe ran blood that day.

But the Lancastrian cause had another tower of strength in the county. The Stafford knot had long been formidable as the badge of the Stafford family; and when Humphry, Earl of Stafford, married Anne, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, brother of John of Gaunt, and both of them sons of Edward III., Stafford allied itself with Tutbury, and both eventually made common cause for the Red Rose. But Humphry fell in battle, and his son, Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, after prevailing on the citizens of London to offer the crown to Richard III., revolted in favour of the Earl of Richmond. In October, 1484, Buckingham unfurled his standard at Brecon. But disaster followed; he was defeated and beheaded. Yet the movement he inaugurated went on.

Richmond landed in Wales, and was joined at Newport by the Talbots as he came into the county in August, 1485. On the 18th he passed through Stafford and Lichfield to Tamworth, and defeated Richard at Bosworth Field on the 22nd. This battle gained the earldom of Derby for the Stanleys, but it was the last of the Wars of the Roses.

A record of the king's inquiries in 1414 throws a curious light on those days. A weaver of Stafford was then gaoler, and three felons were so unhappy in the prison by the gate that they got out, and took refuge on a certain Monday in St. Chad's. Here there was safety but no food. By Thursday they became hungry,

and determined to sneak away at dusk. But the gaoler was waiting for them; and, when one of them declared he would rather die than go back to prison, a fight ensued, and the gaoler struck him on the head and killed him.[1] St. Chad's Church had a great bell that called the parishioners together in all things pertaining to the town of Stafford, and a ring of bells in its central tower.

A case connected with St. Leonard's Hospital was tried before King Henry V. in his tenth year. Anne, Countess of Stafford, claimed that the dean of the King's Free Chapel of Stafford had the ordinary jurisdiction within the precincts of the deanery and the admission and institution to all churches and hospitals within the deanery; and she prayed for a writ to the dean to admit a fit person on her presentation. Being asked for her right to present, she stated that Hugh, formerly Earl of Stafford, was seized in his demesne as of fee of the castle and demesne of Stafford and of the advowson of the hospital, and had presented it to one Richard Caus, who had been admitted and instituted—10 Richard II. The said Hugh died, and Thomas, his son, had married the said countess. On his death the castle and demesne and advowson had been taken into the king's hand, and assigned to her as dowry in the king's Chancery; and so she claimed the right to present to the hospital since Caus was dead. A writ was issued to the dean to admit her nominee.[2]

Monks were not always content to remain shut up within their abbey bounds. In 1410 it was represented that "two apostate monks of Chester," Thomas de Yerdeley and Richard de Skipton, had been apostate for ten years past, and had waylaid and kidnapped at Tean a Chester lady on pilgrimage bound, and only released her when she had sworn not to prosecute them.

---

1 *Staff. Coll.*, xv. 27.

2 *Staff Coll.*, xvii. 35. A House of Lepers, with Master and Friars of the Holy Sepulchre, at Radford outside Stafford is mentioned, 42 Hen. III.

For some time before the Reformation the Bishops of Lichfield held the important office of Lords Marchers of Wales. They indeed divided Wales into counties and cleared the borders of robbers. Bishop William Smythe (1492-96) held this office, leaving the Prior of Stone to do his diocesan work. The lord-marcher lived in splendour at Ludlow Castle, or the pleasant summer residence of Arthur, Prince of Wales, at Bewdley, being a sort of viceroy to the prince. The presidency had its own council, heard and redressed wrongs, issued warrants, etc. Smythe was the founder of Brazenose College, Oxford, and also of St. John's College, Lichfield, where he used brick and built the row of quaint chimneys which one notices in St. John's Street. The passion of the age, indeed, in that, the dawn of the Reformation, was for building colleges.

Rowland Lee, whilst yet only chancellor of the diocese and royal chaplain, married Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn in November, 1532, and was made Bishop of Lichfield in 1534.

Between the year 1538, the year of the fall of the monasteries, and 1542, a distinguished visitor rode through Staffordshire, taking notes on all collegiate, monastic or minster libraries, etc. He was John Leland, father of British topographers, and as his work is most rare,[1] and his descriptions brief, we may give the substance of them here in his own quaint spelling. It will be noticed that the abbeys are now destroyed, but the collegiate churches are yet untouched. Stafford, he says, has "a Fre Schole for Grammar made by Ser Thomas Countre, Parson of Ingestre by Heywoddê, and Syr Randole a Chauntrye Priste of Stafford." These two "made S. Cedde Steple and a fayre sqware Towre and the Bells in Stafford Towne."

1 A new edition, as we write, has got to the fourth volume. We quote from an old one.

"Ther wer dyverse Tumbes of the Lordes of Stafford in Stone Priory made of Alabaster. The Images that lay on them were after the Suppression of the House caryed to the Freers Augustines in Fordebridge, alias Stafford Greene, cis flumen. And yn this Freres hong a Petigre of the Staffordes. The Grey Freres were at the other end of the Town ultra flumen.

"Mr. Stretey of Lichefeld told me that one Langton, Bishop of Lichefeld, made the fair Palace at Lichefeld and the close Waulle, and that he made Eckleshaul Castel, Shocborrow Maner Place and the Palace by Stroude."

We pass over Leland's description of the Pools, Causeway, Cathedral, and Cathedral library and note—

At Lichfield, he says, "there hath beene a Castle of ancient tyme on the south ende of the Towne, but noe Part of it standeth. The Plotte with the Dikes is scene and is yet called the Castle Feild. . . . In the maine Towne that is a fayre large thinge there be 3 Paroche Churches: St Maries, a right beautifull peice of Worke in the very Markett place; St Michael in the south-east end; Stowe Church in the east end, where is St Chadde's Well, a Springe of pure Water, where is seene a Stone in the Bottome of it on the which some saye St Chadde was wont naked to stand on in the Water and praye. At this Stone Chad had his Oratory in the tyme of Wulpher Kinge of the Merches. At this tyme was all the Country about Lichfeild as a Forrest or Wildernes.

"There is a Guild or Society at this Church of St Mary in the Market Stead. This was begunne in K. E. 3 tyme and since much advanced by one Heywood, Deane of Lichfeild, in the remembrance of Men. There be 5 Preists belonginge to this Brotherhood, and they serve in St Mary's Church.

"There was an House of St John's in Lichfeild at the very south end of the Towne where was a Master and Fellowes of Religious Men; but I could not learne whoe

was the first Founder of it. B. Smith in K. H. 7 dayes and last Bishop of Lincolne began a new Foundation at this Place, settinge up a Mr. there with 2 Preistes and 10 poore Men in an Hospitall. He sett there alsoe a Schoole Mr. to teach Grammar that hath 10*l.* by the yeare and an Under-Schoole-Mr. that hath 5*l.* by the yeare. King H. 7 was a great Benefactour to this new Foundation and gave to it an ould Hospitall called Denhall in Wirhall in Cheshire with the Landes and Impropriation of Burton Church in Wirhall. There was an House of Grey Fryers in Lichefeild. . . . Alexander B. of Lichefeild gave first certaine Free Burgages in the Towne for to sett this House on and was First Founder of it. There cometh a Conduct of water out of an Hill brought in Lead to the Towne and hath 2 Castles in the Towne, one on the east wall of this Fryers Close on the street syde, another about the Market Place. And out of the same Hill cometh another into the Close having a Castle there from the which Water is conveyed to the Prebendaries Houses, to the Vicarage Houses, and the Choristers.

"There was of ould tyme a fayre ould Crosse environed with shoppes in the Market Place. Deane Denton environed this Crosse of late with 8 fayre Arches of Stone, making a round Vault over them for poore Folke to sit drie. This Octaplus was made with the Expence of a 160*l.*"

At Weddesbyri, he says, "se Coles" were got. At Waulleshal "ther be many Smithes and Bytte makers. It longgith now to the King, and there is a Parke of that name scant half a mile from the Towne yn the way to Wolverhampton. At Walleshaul be Pittes of se Coles, Pittes of Lyme . . . Iron Oure. Careswel Castle a praty Pile iiii miles from Stone, a late Priory of Chanons." "Newcastle had a Poole about the Castle," which belonged to the Duke of Lancaster. Heley, a castle of the Lord Audley, was by some "cawlyd Helly Castle for Audley castle. The Tenaunts of Audley

come to it. . . . Not very far from Stone Priory apperithe the Place where Kynge Woulpher's Castle or Manor Place was. This Byri Hill stode on a Rok by a Broke Syde. Ther appereth grete Dykes and squared stones. It is a Mile from Stone towards the Marche."

Charteley, he says, is "viii Miles from Deuleucresse Abbay. . . . Ther is a mighty large Parke. The olde Castel is now yn Ruine; for olde Yerle Randol, as sum say, lay in it when he buildid Deulaucres Abbay. This Castel stondith a good flite shot from the Building and goodly Manor Place that now is there as the principal House of the Ferrars and cam to them be similitude by Maryage.

"After that Dane cummith a 3 Miles beneath The Hedde,[1] if Rayne cum fast it ragith on stones"—alluding to the wild floods which used to come down Dane bringing hayricks, sheep, trees, etc., with them.

"The Forest of Neede Wodde . . . is mervelusly plenished with Dere. Cank Foreste a great Thinge merely longging to the Bishoprick of Lichefeld. Ther is Bewdesert his Place and Parke, and Shucborough his Place (were is a Park now of red Dere) is yn the side of Cank Woode. Shukborow was ons Suchborows with the long Berd and he, as sum say, gave it to the Mitre of Lichefeld. I know no certente of this gift. Sum caulle Shokesborow Heywood by cause it standith by it. Ther is a Fair Poole betwixt Cank Wood and Shukesborow.

"Ther ly a v. fayre Pooles by the Castel of Eccleshaul, and the Park of Blore a 2 Miles of in the same Lordship is a v. or vi. miles abowte and is the Bishops, and is ful of wonderful fair Wood.

"Burton-on-Trent hath but one Paroche Churche and a Chapell at the Bridge Ende. Trent compasethe a greate Peace of the Towne. Mani Marblers workyne in

[1] *i.e.*, the Shire heads, the point where the counties of Derby, Stafford, and Chester meet.

Caverswall Castle.

Alabaster." The men of "Uttokcestre usythe Grasinge. For there be wonderfull Pastures upon Dove. It longgithe to the Erle of Lancaster. . . . A Fre Scole founded by a Prist, Thomas Allen. He founded an other at Stone in the Reigne of Queen Mari" —added by Stowe. . . . "Ther is a fre schole at Wolverhampton made by Stephane Jenings, Mayor of London, a very good market, and a Coledge. The Dene of Wyndsore is Deane there."

Leland tells us that he "sawe but 3 notable thinges" in Tamworth—the Paroch Church, the Castle, and the Bridge. The Collegiate Church "havinge a Deane and 6 Prebendaries and every one of them hath his Substitute there; but I could not learne of whose erection the Colledge was. . . . Marmions were without doubt the successe Lords of the Castle. The King at this present is taken as Patron of the Colledge. There be divers fayre Tombes of Noblemen and Women in the East Part of the Church of the Freviles, of Baldwinus de Frevile L. of the Castle. There lyeth alsoe the Grand-Father and Grand-Mother and Father and Mother of Ferrers nowe Owner of Tamworth Castle. There is a Guild of St George in Tamworth and to it belonged 5*l.* Land per an., and of late one John Bailie gave other 5*l.* Land unto it and therewith is now erected a Grammar-Schoole.

"The Castle of Tamworth standeth on a meetly high ground at the South part of the Towne. . . . The Base Court and great Ward is cleane decayed and the Wall fallen downe, and therein be now out Houses of Office of noe notable Buildinge. The Dungeon Hill yet standeth and a great round Tower of Stone wherein Mr Ferrers dwelleth and now repaireth it. The Marmions, Frevils and Ferrers have been lordes of it since the Conquest. Of the 2 Bridges . . . the fayrer is Bowe-bridge . . . on Anker. The other Bridge is called St Mary Bridge havinge 12 greaf Arches and leadeth

to Coventrye, and . . . bearinge the armes of Basset —should seem to have been built by the Lord Basset of Drayton. . . . There be 3 Fayres yearely in the Town whereof the Towne hath 2 and the Colledge one. The Towne . . . is all builded of Tymber."

We have not hitherto recorded the noble monastic houses which studded the country. The time came when all these were destroyed with ruthless iconoclastic zeal. The earliest in Staffordshire were those of Stone (A.D. 670) and Trentham (A.D. 680), over which St. Werburgh, niece of King Ethelred, was chosen to preside. These were something of the Celtic type, and were for monks and nuns. These were probably swept away by the Danes. Then followed after, in long intervals, the abbeys and nunneries of the Benedictine Order, as that of Burton, founded by Wulfric Spot, Earl of Mercia (A.D. 1002), Tutbury, the alien priory at Lapley, and small houses at Carrwell and Sandwell.

In the twelfth century several Augustinian monasteries were founded in North Staffordshire, viz., Rochester Abbey (1146), Stone, Trentham (1150), Ronton, at St. Thomas juxta Stafford (1174), and Calwich (1148).

Then came the Cistercian foundations: Crosden (1176), Dieulacres, near Leek (1214), and Hulton (1223), founded by Henry de Audley. South Staffordshire had five Benedictine nunneries: Blythbury, Brewood, Fairwell, near Lichfield, Hanbury, and Whiteladies. The Cluniac house at Dudley was the offshoot of Wenlock, and besides these there were friaries, black or grey, at Lichfield, Stafford, and Newcastle, and a cell of the Knights Templars at Keele. Such is the long list of monastic houses within the county which carried on their beneficial work, being centres of religion, enlightenment, education, and charity. Havens of rest they were for aged bishops, princes, and others, and hostels for travellers, besides being of great service to the district as farmers and agriculturalists. Rochester was noted for

its sheep-farming. Many of them were richly endowed. Burton Abbey had estates all over the country—in Derbyshire and other neighbouring shires.

But the day dawned when they were doomed. Possibly they had seen their best days, and were no longer needed. But nothing can excuse the wanton spoliation which Henry VIII. and his ministers ruthlessly carried out. The only remains worth recording are those at Croxden and Ranton and Dieulacres. Their stones have been carried off to build churches, or houses, or barns, or walls, or to mend the roads. Everything that would sell was pulled down by the ruthless hand of the destroyer. Lead from the roofs, great bells, crosses and candlesticks, vestments and altar cloths, plates of gold and silver, all shared the same fate, and were sold to the highest bidder to fill the coffers of the king or whoever could obtain a share.[1]

With them, or soon afterwards, went, alas! not only many of the endowments of the parish churches and those of all the Chantries, but those also of the old Grammar Schools of the neighbourhood which had been set up for teaching youth. At the same time the county lost the hostels in the universities which had been kept by the abbeys for the education of their monks. The great parochial minsters, Tamworth, St. Mary's, Stafford, Gnosall, and Penkridge, were robbed soon after, and reduced to what they were at the opening of the last century. Hospitals for lepers, too, like that of St. Leonard's, Stafford, and for pilgrims, like that of St. John's, Forebridge, were also swept away by the young King Edward VI., although he founded a few half-starved Grammar Schools out of the wreck. Another branch of yet earlier religious reformation, the houses of the Preaching Friars, at Lichfield, Newcastle, and in

1 "The Old Monasteries of Staffordshire," by the Rev. S. W. Hutchinson, in *Memorials of Old Staffordshire*, from whose chapter the above account of Staffordshire monastic houses has been derived.

the Foregate, Stafford, as well as the Augustinian Friars at Forebridge, were then also wrecked, their goodly monuments dispersed, and their graveyards sometimes turned into gardens. The cabbages grown in the Austin Friars at Stafford were so fine that nobody in that town, some century ago, would eat them; they had to be sold at Birmingham! And the figure of a founder of beautiful Croxden may still be seen in its leaden shroud in its last resting-place. It is true that the noblest abbey in the county, Burton, was for a time—but for a time only—made collegiate. And Wolverhampton, being attached to Windsor, escaped till its endowments were wanted for the spread of Church work under the Ecclesiastical Commission of 1836.

Not content with having robbed the parish churches and swept away many beautiful vestments, many fine bells, many precious chalices, Edward VI. robbed the vestries. What could the churches want with so much lovely furniture when their clergy were reduced almost to beggary?

The following extract from St. Mary's Register at Stafford tells its title: "Mem. that the viii daie of August 1575 our Soverign Ladie Queene Elizabethe came from Chartley in progresse to Stafford Castle, and was Received upon the poole dam wthout the East gate by the Bayliffs and burgesses wth an ovacion made by Mr. Launde the Schoole maister in the name of the Towne and the Bayliffs delivered to her mat^{ie} a goodlie large standing cup of sylver and gilt of xxx li price w^{ch} her hyghnes cheerefullie and thank fullie Received and so shee passed through the Eastgate streete the markett place the Crobury Lane and the broad eye and there over the River to Stafford parke in the seaventeenth yeare of her mat^{ies} most psperous raigne."

And now, indeed, after being the cultivators of the soil, the evangelizers of the people, and the champions of popular liberty, the clergy retired into the background.

Boscobel House.

But this was not an unmixed evil. Good old Izaac Walton was brought up at St. Mary's, Stafford. Bishop Morton was a match for Bellarmine.

John Lightfoot, son of Peter Lightfoot, vicar of Uttoxeter, became a famous Hebrew scholar. By his mother, Elizabeth Bagnal, he was descended from a long line of Staffordshire ancestors. Of the Bagnals Fuller remarked that no important piece of evidence could be written in Totmanslow Hundred for many ages without their names as witnesses.

Lawrence Addison, Dean of Lichfield, was the father of Joseph Addison. And at Lichfield Grammar School, part of Bishop Blythe's College, were educated in one age, Addison, Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, Hawkins Browne, the poet, Theophilus Buckridge, David Garrick, the actor, Dr. James, inventor of the fever powder, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Gregory King, the heraldic writer, Sir Richard Lloyd, Baron of the Exchequer, Bishop Newton, Mr. Justice Noel, Lord Chief Baron Parker, Bishop Smalridge, and Lords Chief Justice Willes and Wilmot.

Still more striking as a pioneer of industry, and as influencing the destinies of countless thousands of Staffordshire men, was Dud Dudley, natural son of an Earl of Dudley, born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and brought home from college to manage his father's forges in the Black Country. How he advocated the use of coal for smelting, and how he designed a steam engine at that early date is well known. But, like others, he had to take up arms for his king. The Staffordshire towns declared for Charles I., the country places for the Parliament. Harrison, the regicide, was once a Staffordshire man, and John Bradshaw, president of Charles I.'s murderers, was sometime Recorder of Newcastle.

It was in 1642 that the county began to feel the pinch of the Cromwellian troubles. Charles I. sent a letter to the Sheriff to put into Tutbury Castle "sufficient

forces of horse and foote to bee paid by the county . . . for the defence and security of the same from all levies of the rebells." Lord Loughborough was made commander, and his first step was to call on Sir John Gell to give an account of himself. Gell occupied Derby; and Burton also was soon garrisoned by the Parliament. In April, 1643, Prince Rupert, having relieved Lichfield, cleared the enemy for a short time out of Burton, but by July they were back again, until the queen, on her way to Ashby, took them all prisoners. Then came a strong rebel force, which laid siege to the castle and occupied the town of Tutbury. Sir John Harpur next occupied Burton for the king, but Major Mollanus broke up his force. In September, General Hastings tried to relieve Eccleshall Castle, and had to retreat into Tutbury Castle.

Both parties now pressed heavily for support on the wretched inhabitants of the county; and to make matters worse Sir John Gell planted a force at Barton Blount, which continually harassed the eastern borders, and "the blood of many a brave soldier drenched" the banks of the Dove.

On Whitsunday, 1645, the king and Prince Rupert came to the castle, and their large force overflowed into Burton. On the Tuesday the king went on to Ashby. After the fatal field of Naseby he came back to Lichfield, and in August slept at Tutbury, and then moved on for the last time to Ashbourne. Tutbury Castle held out until the king's cause was hopeless.

Another castle in the county, that of Eccleshall, belonging to the bishop, was also strongly held for the king; and its romantic siege has just been told by Messrs. Cherry in their *Staffordshire Studies*. But in 1643 a pitched battle took place on the heath near Beacon Hill, between Stafford and Hopton. And Wolverhampton suffered sieges, and much else happened in those dark days, which cannot be here recorded; but one word must

be said about that wonderful episode—unrivalled in the annals of any county—of devotion to a sovereign: the story of Boscobel and Whiteladies—the flight of King Charles II. We cannot follow that flight through all its stages. After Cromwell's "crowning mercy" at Worcester in 1651, the king fled by Barbourne Bridge with his lords, the Duke of Buckingham, Lords Wilmot and Derby, and others, reaching Whiteladies at daybreak. There lived Dorothy Giffard and the Penderels, her servants. Charles was disguised as a woodman, and then took refuge in an adjoining wood just in time to avoid a troop of the enemy's horse. He proceeded at night to Hubbal Grange, and thence to Evelith Mill, and thence to Madeley, where he lodged in a barn. Hearing the Severn was guarded, he retraced his steps to Whiteladies, and thence to Boscobel, where he sheltered in an oak tree which some years before had been lopped of its branches and had grown thick and bushy. Thence he escaped to the house of a friend at Morley, and thence to Burtley Hall, near Walsall, where lived Colonel Lane, who had obtained a pass for his sister and a servant to go to Bristol. Charles took the servant's place, and rode before Miss Lane on her journey. The Penderels, who were farm servants, and the others knew well that death was the punishment for sheltering the king, and that £1,000 was offered for his arrest. But their loyalty and affection for their sovereign would not allow them to betray him, and the whole story speaks well for the integrity, loyalty, resoluteness, and uprightness of the Staffordshire folk.

Out of the clouds of war came the South of the county with the industries of the Black Country, coal and iron, in its arms as it were. What they have now become we all know. The old fighting forest county is one of the busiest in England.

Once again and in the eighteenth century the war-cloud settled down on the district—for the last time

we hope. In 1745, Prince Charles Edward, at the head of some six or seven thousand Scotchmen, made a dash for London, coming into Staffordshire both from Congleton and Macclesfield on foot at the head of his troops. The Duke of Cumberland, at the head of King George's troops, was encamped with his ordnance in the Town Field at Stone, and made a brave show on the ancient terraces which lie there, rank above rank. Poor Charlie was quite mistaken in his notion that he would gather force as he went and be joined by a willing populace; only two persons joined him. When on Wednesday, December 12th, 1745, he got to Leek, a messenger had been sent away to Stone to tell the royalists where he was, but was made drunk on the road and delayed. Charlie pushed on through Ashbourne to Derby. Then at Swarkestone Bridge his heart failed him, and he swept round and turned back, coming again to Leek on Saturday, the 15th, and sleeping there. Then he hurried back to Scotland, and was followed by the Duke of Cumberland and his well-drilled veterans, with what result we know. Staffordshire men had laid down their lives for Harold, son of Godwin, the "good land-father"; they had made and unmade Richard III.; they had preserved Charles II.; but they would have very little to say to Prince Charles Edward. And it is told that when he came to the old vicarage at Leek for a night's lodging, Mary Daintry, the vicar's wife, pushed him to the door and—died. The prince got a lodging a few doors farther on, but he left his pillow in the morning wet with tears.

Such is the story of Staffordshire. We might continue its annals by telling of the development of its industrial triumphs, the manufacture of pottery, the art and skill of Josiah Wedgwood, the activities of the "Black Country," of Walsall, Wednesbury, Dudley, and Wolverhampton. We might climb the high moorlands, and find there indigenous sons and daughters of the ling-clad and

heather-clad hillsides, whose manner of speech is an unaltered survival from the time of the Wars of the Roses. We might notice the marked difference in farming practices in the north and east when compared with the south and west. We might recall the names of many of Staffordshire's illustrious sons. But enough has been said to show the attractions of this great county, which has left its mark on the annals of England.

W. BERESFORD.

WORCESTERSHIRE

PROBABLY, owing more to its geographical position than to any other cause, no county has played a part of greater importance in English history than Worcestershire, a part out of all proportion to her size, population, or wealth. Worcestershire people boast that a man can find within the borders of the county most of what he requires in this life, and possibly in the next; but even this, if true, does not account for the place the county fills in the story of England. With the exception of the Wars of the Roses and the eighteenth century Jacobite rebellions, there has been hardly any other fighting than that which is purely local in which Worcestershire has not taken part. It was due to an accident that Margaret's army was incapable of marching further, so that "the aspiring blood of Lancaster" shed at Tewkesbury did not sink into Worcestershire ground. It was probably due to the Young Pretender refusing to follow advice that Worcester of A.D. 1745 was not a repetition of Worcester ninety-four years before.

On looking at a map of early England, no one would imagine that the great expanse of forest and swamp, intersected by a large tidal river, with a dwelling dotted on here and there, would expand into an important county; yet such has been the case. From humble beginnings Worcestershire has developed into what she is to-day. This development has been very gradual. It owes much—very much—to the aid it has received from the Church. It can be truly said that monks made Worcestershire. For Worcestershire missed

Roman civilization and Romanizing influence, and it was not until the monks came she began to expand.

As far as was then known, Worcestershire possessed nothing to tempt the Romans to linger within her borders. The Roman roads which crossed the Severn were the Watling Street at Uriconium (Wroxeter) and another at Glevum (Gloucester), while the road which formed the Welsh frontier, running from Uriconium to Gobannium (Abergavenny), all passed outside the county. The Foss-way barely touched it; the Icknield Street formed for a short distance its eastern boundary; consequently the county was outside the roads. Some tracks passed through it. One ran along the Severn from north to south, and was intersected by others which crossed the river from west to east. One of these intersections occurred at a ford over the Severn at the then head of the tideway. Here stood a few rude huts, probably surrounded by an earth-bank as a protection from wolves and thieves. This represented the city of Worcester as it was for the first five centuries of our era. The withdrawal of the Roman military garrison could hardly have been felt here—no troops being quartered, no officials stationed in the county. Such Romanized Britons as dwelt in its limits farmed their farms and occupied their villas just as they had done before the garrison was withdrawn. It is doubtful whether up to the middle of the sixth century the county was visited by raiders to any extent, either by land or by water, as there was so little to raid. This state of things was changed in the latter part of the sixth century; then incursions became frequent. Bands of men, robbers or settlers, landed on the east coast, and, crossing the Northamptonshire uplands, followed the Avon along its course to the Severn, keeping mostly on the southern bank of the Avon along the Gloucestershire highlands. These settlers kept increasing year by year. The battle of Deorham, in A.D. 577, gave them a settled position

in the Avon Valley. In the latter half of the seventh century the conversion of the district to Christianity began. Lindisfarne and Whitby sent forth bands of missionaries, who made the settlement at the Severn Ford the base from which they pushed forward to convert the pagan population. These resided mostly in the south of the present county along the line of the Avon. Here the missionaries worked, and their success was shewn by the establishment of small communities of clergy often spoken of as "monasteries," at places along the course of the river, as at Bredon, Pershore, and Fladbury. They had no recognised ruler; they were independent and quarrelsome. One head over them all was a necessity, so about A.D. 689 Whitby sent a monk to be bishop over the rising churches. The bishop fixed his residence at the Severn ford. About this time the place received the first form of the name by which it has since been known—Worcester.

The bishop was not idle. He found it no easy task to keep the peace between the lay chiefs and the local ecclesiastics. Soon after the beginning of the eighth century the then bishop made a journey to Rome. He obtained great privileges from the Pope for the religious house he intended to found. On his return to his diocese he carried out his intention, founded his abbey, which became the great centre of religious life in South Worcestershire—the great abbey of Evesham. The abbey and its settlements grew rich; rumours of its riches spread abroad, and gave rise to a new danger. It was more worth the while of pirates to come up the Severn. Churches had treasure, and churches attracted the young persons of both sexes, thus affording the pirates the two objects they most sought for — riches and slaves. So, from the middle of the eighth century to the first quarter of the eleventh century, the great feature in the history of Worcestershire is the narrative of the raids on the south of the county. Wales had been for years

raided by the Irish, and, as appears from the letter of Patrick to the Welsh chief, Caroticus, the Welsh selected a time when the young Irish Christians were assembled for worship for a slave hunt. What the Irish did to the Welsh, what the Welsh did to the Irish, both did either singly or in combination to the early Christian settlements of Worcestershire. The Chronicles speak of the raiders as Danes. Probably some of them were Danes, but the word became a generic term to describe the raiders, who might adapt the poet's lines and say:

> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Danes in plundering thee.

Worcester did not escape raiders, for Worcester was growing rich. Probably after some raid more destructive of church property than usual, the Bishop Werefrid and the Earl obtained, about A.D. 912, leave from the King to fortify Worcester. A great mound some 80 feet high was raised to overlook the Severn, and guard the ford and the passage up the river. So far as is known, this fort freed Worcester from the slave hunts.

In the latter half of the tenth century, the see was filled by the greatest of the Worcester bishops—Oswald (A.D. 962-991). He did two things which entirely altered the character of the district. As a firm believer in regular as opposed to secular clergy, he forced upon all the religious communities in his diocese the rule of Saint Benedict, thus creating that group of great Benedictine abbeys which did so much in the development of Worcestershire. He introduced a system of land tenure which added enormously to the power of the bishopric and the riches of the district. He let out the land of the see to different tenants on leases for lives. The tenants were bound by the terms of their leases to find men for the defence of the bishop and the see. Military service was a usual thing, but the exigencies of Worcestershire required not merely a land force to support the bishop, but also a naval force to repulse raiders. Some of

Oswald's tenants were bound to furnish either a galley with rowers or rowers for a galley. Others were bound to find the ordinary number of armed men for land service.

Probably Oswald's work made the south of the county comparatively safe. Worcestershire was too rich a district to escape from danger. Cattle lifting was quite as common on the Welsh as on the northern marches. Taffy had even then earned his reputation of being a thief. Edward the Confessor gave to his Norman friends grants of land in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, and these men, to protect themselves against the Welsh, obtained or took leave to erect forts on the Herefordshire side of the Welsh border. One of them, Richard Fitz Scrob, may be cited as an example. He had a considerable area of land in what afterwards became the Doddingtree Hundred—broadly speaking, the Tenbury district; and also a considerable estate in Herefordshire, stretching across to the Welsh border. Near the border, on a spot that seems to have been predestined for a castle, Richard raised an important stronghold, which from him took the name of "Richard's Castle," and was one of the great border forts. Fitz Scrob was dead at the date of the great survey, but his son, Osbern, had succeeded to his estates in Worcestershire and Herefordshire.

One relic of the protective measure taken by the "Lords Marchers," as these border lords were called, lasted until our own day. If the Welsh were able to pass the border stronghold, the next obstacle in their way in an advance into Worcestershire would be the river Teme. It was part of the duty of the tenants of the marcher lords to give notice of the approach of the Welsh before they could cross the Teme. If they neglected to give the notice, such measures as could be taken were employed for stopping the advance, one of them being to break down the bridges over the river. As the destruction of the

bridges had only been rendered necessary by the default or treachery of the lords tenants, they were made liable to reinstate any bridges broken down to repel the Welsh. Years went on, and this liability, which had been only a special one, became converted into a general one of the tenants in the districts of the modern Hundred of Doddington to repair these bridges over the Teme, in addition to their liability as county ratepayers to pay for the repair of all other county bridges. This liability continued until A.D. 1905, when it was abolished by an Act of Parliament.

The first recorded destruction of Worcester of which any details have come down to us was in A.D. 1041. A tax, known as Danegeld, a levy raised to provide money to repel Danish invasions, was levied by a Danish king for his own personal necessities. This levy caused great discontent. The Worcester people resented paying a tax to the Danes that was only legally payable to repel the Danes. A riot ensued; the tax-gatherers were killed. Hardicanute, the Danish king, was not slow to revenge the outrage. A royal army was sent to wipe out the disloyal city. This was done; Worcester was razed to the ground. At once the citizens set to work to rebuild their city. In the twenty-five years following up to the Norman Conquest, Worcester was rebuilt and enlarged. The church of Worcester obtained the ownership of half the market tolls and fines. So far as can be made out, these were substantial in value. That Worcester had become prosperous is shewn by two things: she was assessed for taxation at fifteen hides, a value in excess of most local towns, and she possessed a mint, which appears to have worked full time or even overtime.

As Worcester had grown in importance, it became all the more necessary that a point of so much strategic value should be in safe hands.

Adjoining the monastery on the south side there was the original enclosure which had formed in old days

the City of Worcester—the primitive settlement. It had been extended and strengthened. In it the mound had been erected to guard the Severn. This enclosure and mound were then spoken of and called the "Castle of Worcester," and regarded as one of the important royal forts in the West Midlands. What were the exact rights of the bishop over it is not easy to say, nor as to who was the constable or keeper at the time of the Conquest. It has usually been said that it went with the shrievalty of the county to the sheriff. This does not appear to have been the case. The King placed it in the charge of some definite individual of his choice. At the date of the Conquest, a Saxon bishop, Wulstan, filled the see of Worcester. Naturally, his deprivation was to be expected. But Wulstan was not devoid of the wisdom of the serpent. He was one of the few who assisted his predecessor at Worcester, the Archbishop of York, to crown the Conqueror, so shewing he accepted the Norman rule. William accepted Wulstan's position, and gave him the custody of the Worcester fortress, which the bishop retained during his life until 1095.

One great point in the Norman rule was their method of organization. Nowhere was this better shewn than on the Welsh border. There was established a regular system of forts—the castles of the lords marches. In the rear of these forts, so as to delay an advance in case they were mastered, turned, or taken, came a broad belt of forest. This the invaders must cross. In it they could get no support, for the few people who dwelt there were without arms, it being illegal to possess arms in a forest. The people would be too poor to provide much plunder or anything to support an army. So the belt offered a very real obstacle to the invader. When it was crossed, the Severn was met with. Here, on its *east* bank, guarding the crossing places, was another line of forts, the Benedictine monasteries of Worcester, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester, and, in the rear, Pershore, Evesham, and

Norman Gateway, Evesham.

Winchcombe. One of the more important was the central one, the Worcester fortress.

The wisdom of having the triple line of defence was soon put to a practical test. In A.D. 1074, the Norman earls revolted against the King. Joining with the Welsh, they marched against the royal forces who at Worcester guarded the crossing of the Severn. The treason of the earls had rendered the first line of defence useless. The alliance with the Welsh enabled them to cross the forest, but in front of them was the third line—the bishop with the force of the county. Wulstan did not wait to be attacked. He collected such force as he could, attacked the rebels, won a great victory and suppressed the rebellion.

In the Northern settlement of the county, with the exception of William FitzAnsculf at Dudley, there appears to have been no resident landowner of importance. Robert Dispensator, it is true, had a castle at Elmley, but he died before he could make his influence felt. His brother, Urso d'Abitot, was the sheriff of the county. By means more or less tyrannical, often under the pretence of carrying out the law, he was able to get possession of enough property to make him one of the great county landlords. But he does not seem to have possessed in the county any local habitation. The Church, and only the Church, was the great resident landowner. She held no less than 394 hides out of the 1,200 at which the county was assessed. Being always present, powerful, watchful, she was able to do more than hold her own against a group of absentee landowners. The course of events tended to strengthen the power of the Church. Urso's son, Roger, fell under the King's displeasure for killing one of the King's messengers, and, in consequence, dropped out of the succession to his father. Urso's only other legitimate child was a daughter, one of the great heiresses of the day. A Norman adventurer, William de Beauchamp, who did not own an acre of land in the

county, married her, and so succeeded to all the evil-acquired gains of Urso. These were considerable. In A.D. 1086, in the survey, he is said to have had 40 hides. In 1118 he had added no less than 60 to them, as his son-in-law, Walter de Beauchamp, appears in a survey of the county as entitled to a total of 100 hides. This was the beginning of the great Beauchamp estate, which, to quote the saying as to the Scotch estate of the Stuarts, "Came with a lass and went with a lass." William de Beauchamp increased it further. He succeeded in becoming keeper of the Worcester fort and sheriff of the county, positions to which the different heads of the family succeeded, until the year 1340, when the shrievalty ceased to be hereditary. The Beauchamp estate, like that of the Stuarts, "went with a lass," as it came; it ended in an heiress, who married the King-maker under Edward IV., and its last direct descendant perished under the executioner's axe on Tower Hill.

A rival family rose into importance in the county, but had no abiding dwelling-place in it—the great border house of Mortimer. In the great survey, Ralf de Mortimer held of the Crown, with other lands, Mamble and Sodington—in all, about three hides; so he was far from being one of the great landowners of the county. But Mortimer's opportunity came when Eadric the Wild rebelled. He took a leading part in suppressing the rebellion, and had, as his reward for his great services, a grant of a large part of the rebel's lands. From this time onwards the Wigmore Mortimers were numbered among the great feudal families, but, unlike most of them, this family ended not on the scaffold, but on the throne.

Speaking broadly, after the middle of the twelfth century, the history of the county until the sixteenth century is the history, first, of particular landowners, then of particular movements. As to the landowners,

the one dominant landlord in the county was the Bishop of Worcester. Some idea of his importance may be gained from the fact that in respect of his lands he had to provide for service with the King no less than sixty knights, a number only equalled by that provided by the Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester. Next came the Earl of Warwick. In A.D. 1235, the then representative of the Beauchamps had married another heiress, the representative of the de Maudits, who brought him their castle and earldom. But from this date the Beauchamps must be added to the list of absentee landowners, for Elmley Castle soon became a ruin, and the Beauchamps made Warwick their home. Then came the Mortimers, paramount in Doddingtree Hundred, who were never resident landowners, but yet had a powerful interest in the county. From Tudor times the "individual withered," and the story of the county became that of movements rather than of individuals—of the rivalries between Catholics and Protestants, Royalists and Parliamentarians, Whigs and Tories.

As to the individuals during the period the House of Plantagenet occupied the throne, there was no one in the county of greater importance than the bishop. This was not merely the result of his being so large a landowner; a good deal was also due to the fact that the place was regarded as of sufficient importance to require filling by the pick of English ecclesiastics. It is true that some of the bishops fell short of this standard. It must be remembered that whatever in theory may have been the legal rights of the English kings as to appointing bishops, they had at times to submit to Papal nominees being placed in English bishoprics. Whenever the kings had a free hand, they were usually happy in selecting for Worcester a man who combined strong administrative power with great ecclesiastical dignity. From the accession of Henry II.

in A.D. 1154 to that of Henry VII. in A.D. 1485, there were thirty-five Bishops of Worcester. The list comprised such men as the Earl of Gloucester's son, Roger, who, while siding with Becket, retained the King's friendship; Baldwin, who practically proved his support of the Crusade by dying at Acre; Mauger, one of the few English bishops who has dared to excommunicate an English king; Walter de Cantelupe, the representative of the rebel barons; Giffard, who was prepared to make any sacrifice to maintain intact the rights of the bishopric; Adam of Orleton, who aided an adultress to murder her husband; Morgan, who held the Bishopric of Worcester with the Chancellorship of Normandy; Poulton, who attended the two mediæval councils of Constance and Basle; Bourchier, who crowned three English kings and married Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York. Whatever may have been their faults and shortcomings, it will be seen that the Plantagenet Bishops of Worcester played an important part not merely in local but in national history.

So also did the Beauchamps when, after their marriage with the Warwick heiress, they had risen into personages of more than local importance. William Beauchamp made his name a terror on the Welsh marches. Guy, the Black Cur of Ardennes, as Gaveston called him, exercised his feudal jurisdiction by hanging the King's favourite. Thomas fought at Crecy and Poictiers. His son, another Thomas, was sentenced to death for treason under Richard II., but survived to see his master die dishonoured. Richard, the greatest of the family, who won the Garter on the field of Shrewsbury, carried Henry VI. at his coronation at Notre Dame, and gave his life in trying to maintain a continental province for England. He died at Rouen the English Lieutenant-General of the Realm of France and Duchy of Normandy. His daughter, Anne, took the Beauchamp titles and estates to the Nevilles. Her life shewed that

truth was stranger than fiction, for her husband, the last of the barons, died on the field of Barnet, and she who had been the greatest of English heiresses was driven to beg her bread. Her daughter married as her second husband the man who had stabbed to death her first "in his prime of youth at Tewkesbury."

The story of the Mortimers does not fall short in romantic incidents of the story of the Beauchamps. They were constant to only one thing—fighting the Welsh. Of all the lords marchers, none so fully lived up to the part as the Lords of Wigmore and Ludlow. Roger, the Lord Mortimer in the time of Henry III., fought for his King at Lewes, aided his King's son to escape from captivity, and contributed in no small degree to the crushing victory of Evesham. His grandson, Roger, brought about the tragedy which caused "shrieks through Berkeley's roof to ring," and added a clause to the English Statute of Treasons. His great-grandson married his victor's great-granddaughter, and so secured the throne for the family. Their son was killed at Wakefield; his son was Edward IV., King of England.

Such were the men the county contributed to the stormiest period of English history. Within her borders, Worcestershire experienced much of the storm. During the anarchy under Stephen, Worcester was taken and retaken. It formed the base from which Henry II. directed his operations against the holders of rebel castles and against the Welsh. Richard I. granted the city a charter in return for a contribution. It was taken by the French under John, and retaken from them. John so believed in the sanctity of the spot as to direct that his body was to be conveyed across England to rest between the two local saints, Oswald and Wulstan. Within its borders Henry III. triumphed over his rebel barons. It was Edward's base for his Welsh wars until the Black Death depopulated it. Its men went forth to fight for the

King in the French wars. Worcester stood another siege from the French when, with the aid of Owen Glendower, they advanced from Wales to England, thus being one of the few inland English towns that has twice been besieged by the French. It sent men to help Henry V. in his French wars. A monument in Kidderminster church still keeps alive the name of one also who died at Harfleur. The forest furnished shelter to the fugitive Lancastrians after the route of Tewkesbury. It was at Worcester that, after that defeat, the undaunted Margaret of Anjou faced her captors with such splendid courage. Worcestershire men fought at Bosworth. A Worcestershire man, the last Earl of Warwick, was executed on Tower Hill to bring about a marriage between a Tudor Princess and a Spanish Infanta. The first act of that marriage took place at Bewdley; the last act in connection with it in Worcester Cathedral. The Bishopric of Worcester was chosen by Henry VII. as the one that could best be utilized in providing the pay of an English Ambassador at the Vatican. It is a strange instance of the irony of history that one of the men appointed as bishop by Henry VIII. was that Cardinal Medici who, as Pope Clement VII., did more than any other man to bring about the separation between Rome and England.

To some extent the county furnished another actor in that important change. About A.D 1400, a member of a Cornish family named Nanfan became possessed of Birts Morton. One of them, Sir Richard Nanfan, a fine old soldier, was appointed to the important post of Lieutenant of Calais. He required a sharp lad to do the clerical work of the post, and engaged a boy, who turned out to be of exceptional ability. Living in Nanfan's family, he came at times with his master to Birts Morton. He was so useful and so completely won the old man's confidence that he named him one of his executors in his will, which the old knight seems to have considered a sufficient reward for his services. But the boy was

fated to fill a higher position than executor to the will of a Worcestershire squire. He had lost none of his opportunities at Calais, and had come under the notice of the Court. He went on from step to step until, at his death, he had played the greatest part played by any Englishman in the great questions of the sixteenth century. He was England's great Foreign Minister—the Cardinal Archbishop of York, Thomas Wolsey.

If a Bishop of Worcester helped to bring about the separation between England and Rome, two other of her bishops were destined to shew the world of what stuff English Protestants were made, and to confer on Worcester an exceptional distinction. Worcester is the only English see that, in the first half of the sixteenth century, numbered among her bishops one Pope and two martyrs. Clement VII., the Worcester Pope, lived to see two of his successors in the see, Bishops of Worcester, burnt at the stake—the one, Nicholas Latimer, at Oxford; the other, John Hooper, at Gloucester.

The Dissolution of the Monasteries did not produce so great an effect in Worcestershire as in other counties, as the dispersal of abbey lands was smaller here than elsewhere. Neither the lay estates of the Worcester or Pershore houses passed into lay hands—those of Worcester passing to the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, those of Pershore to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The estate of Bordesley went almost as a whole to the Windsors, those of Dudley to the Dudleys, those of Halesowen to the Lytteltons. The lands of the two Malvern houses and of Evesham were dispersed among a certain number of new men, but nothing to the same extent as in other counties.

For some reason there was in Worcestershire a very strong Catholic residue left after the Protestant wave had subsided. All through Elizabeth's reign complaints from local justices are found in the State papers of Catholic conspiracies and the number of

Popish recusants. The complaints were by no means groundless. One great Worcestershire family, the Throckmortons, was mixed up with the designs against Elizabeth, and for his share in these Francis Throckmorton died on the scaffold. Several Worcestershire gentlemen underwent what the Privy Council of that day considered merciful treatment for Catholics: they were compelled to reside with noteworthy Protestant divines, and made to listen to attempts to convert them from the error of their ways. One who suffered as much as anyone by this process was Sir John Talbot of Grafton.

The result of the discipline which the Catholics had to undergo tended to alienate them from the English Government. At Elizabeth's death they expected some relaxation in the penal laws. As it was not forthcoming, they relapsed into treason. So far as it can be said to have been a local as opposed to a general movement, gunpowder treason was a Worcestershire plot. The Winters were Worcestershire men; so were the Lytteltons and the Habingtons. The priests, Garnett and Oldcorn, spent much of their time in Worcester. It was here they were arrested; it was here Oldcorn was hung; it was to the county Habington was confined.

The reigns of Elizabeth and James witnessed an important change that had come over the county. After the accession of Henry VII. and the grant of the Warwick lands, Worcestershire had gradually become a grazing county, and what with her own wool and the wool that came from Wales a very considerable trade had grown up in the manufacture of cloth. Worcester, Kidderminster, and other towns became places where cloth was made. Clothing became not merely a very profitable trade, but the one great trade of the district. Elizabeth incorporated the Worcester clothiers. For some years the leading Worcester citizens were clothiers; so were most of the old Worcester city families whose names are preserved, such as the Wyldes, Berkeleys,

Nashes, and Johnsons. From the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the outbreak of the Civil Wars the clothiers were the ruling body in the city, and had a very considerable hold on the county. The change was important. The landed gentry mostly sided with the Court, the clothiers with the Parliament. It is a popular mistake to think that Worcestershire as a whole was strongly on the side of the King. It was possibly so in the country districts, but not in the towns. Here a strong religious feeling had been stirred up against the gentry and clergy, but the religious wave had not reached the country. There was also a local cause. The forest of Feckenham and the chase of Malvern had recently been enclosed, Charles having sold his forestal rights to raise money. The residents in and near the forests had acquired land by enclosure. This was opposed to popular opinion. If the Parliament triumphed, enclosures might be thrown open; they certainly would not be if the King had his own. So in self-interest there was considerable Royalist support.

Worcestershire felt deeply the Civil War. Its marks are still left in the county. As it lay on the direct line to and from the places from which the King drew his supplies, Wales, Cheshire, and Lancashire, it naturally attracted the Parliament generals to take steps to break the lines of communication between Oxford and its sources of supply. This could best be done by fighting in Worcestershire, and accounts for most of the fighting the county witnessed. Essex's march to Worcester in A.D. 1642 was to cut off Charles from Wales and prevent him marching on London. The fighting that took up so much of A.D. 1643 was to drive the Parliament from the Severn Valley; that in A.D. 1644 to cut the King's communication between Worcester, Hereford, and Wales. A.D. 1645 saw, after the defeat at Naseby, the Royalist attempt to rally and raise an army to avenge it, an attempt which ended at the fight on the Cotswold Hills, near

Stow. Although a great deal has been written about the war in Worcestershire, no one has tried to tell the story as to how the county was impoverished by the war, nor to give any account of the injury caused to trade and the effect on the local prosperity. To give one instance. There is hardly a bridge in the county that has not had to be rebuilt or substantially repaired on account of damage done to it during the Civil War. Bridges can still be mentioned which have never been put into repair, only patched, since the Civil War. There was no money with which to do it. Another point is the homes of the county gentlemen. From the Restoration to the Revolution the number of new houses built were very few. The landowners had no money for building, and had difficulty in clearing off the mortgages on their estates for raising money for compounding. Indeed, it is said that in one case the mortgage is still (1911) in existence. So heavily were some of the estates incumbered that the owners were never able to recover themselves, and had to sell. There was also another result. The clothing trade declined, and has never recovered. It gradually dwindled until it disappeared, and now the only trace of it is the survival of the old Clothiers Company. The city of Worcester suffered severely. One proof can be seen — almost all the churches in Worcester had to be rebuilt within a century of the battle. They were done up temporarily after the war, but it took a hundred years to find the money to rebuild them. In the first half of the eighteenth century there was a great trade revival in Worcester, and when men had money they could afford to spend, they rebuilt the churches.

Another effect of the war was the strength of Nonconformity in the county. After the war Quakers abounded. Quite a number, including the great George Fox himself, were from time to time imprisoned in Worcester goal. County magistrates were always alleging

they had discovered plots usually said to be the work of Catholics.

There was a good deal of insecurity for landowners. The war had left a number of idle persons, disbanded soldiers, and the like, who were always ready to join in any movement from which it was possible for them to derive pleasure and profit. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Windsor, believed that force was the only remedy, and whenever there was the smallest pretence, employed the militia to help in preserving order. For some reason the non-jurors were very strong in the county. The Bishop (Thomas), the Dean (Hickes), and some fourteen of the parochial clergy declined to recognise the Restoration settlement, and rather than do so they submitted to be turned out of their benefices. Thomas the Bishop died before he could be deprived, but Hickes the Dean had to choose between perjury and ejection. He chose the latter. He was one of the most learned men of his time, and is usually said to have been one of the most distinguished holders of the Worcester Deanery. He is not, however, by any means the best remembered of the Worcester non-jurors. Even now every visitor to the cathedral is shewn the cloisters, and on the north side a flat stone inscribed with the one word, "Miserimus." It marks the last resting-place of one of the ejected non-jurors—a minor canon, Thomas Morris, who followed his bishop and his dean in his refusal to admit the title of William III. to the throne.

The Nonconformity in the diocese is said to have led to the appointment of the last of the Worcester bishops who made himself a name outside his diocese—William Lloyd, then Bishop of St. Asaph. He had been one of the seven bishops who went to the Tower. He was translated (1) to Lichfield and (2) to Worcester in A.D. 1699. A Whig of the Whigs, he did not believe that the Pretender was the son of the King nor the rightful heir to the throne of England. Those who desire to have

an account of the ceremonies that were indispensable, and those that could be left out at the birth of a prince next in succession to the throne, will find a study of the pamphlets, some of which it is alleged were written by the bishop himself or inspired by him, of considerable interest—pamphlets such as "A just vindication of the Bp. of W——r," which goes into extraordinary details.

The Whig zeal of Lloyd did not stop here. He considered it to be his duty to endeavour to influence the election of the county members, and when once started Lloyd could not stop. He described the Tory candidate, Sir John Pakington, "as a man who had inherited all the vices of the males of his family without the virtues of any of the females," alluding to the Lady Pakington, who is said to have written the "Whole Duty of Man"—a description which for bitterness could hardly be surpassed by even the writer of "Junius," if he was one of the two Worcestershire persons to whom they have been attributed. The House of Commons resented the bishop's action, and presented an address to the Queen to remove him from the office of Her Majesty's Almoner. This was done. The bishop had his revenge when Sacheverell came to Worcester. Lloyd positively forbade any church bells to be rung.

It is not, however, by these things that Lloyd is remembered. Lawlessness was at that time very prevalent in the county. A gang of men, which included Thomas Symonds, of White Ladies, Aston, a descendant of the Symonds with whom Cromwell stayed before the battle in A.D. 1651, and a man named Palmer, were the leaders of a band of ruffians who had effected certain "murders, robberies, and burnings" at different places, including Bretforton and Upton Snodsbury, one of the murdered persons being Palmer's own mother. Several members of the gang, including Palmer and Symonds, were convicted, sentenced to death, and subsequently executed on their own farm at White

Ladies, Aston. Some tithes at Sheriffs Lench escheated to the bishop. Regarding them as the proceeds of blood, Lloyd refused to take them. At last he conveyed the property to trustees on trust for the education of children of poor and industrious inhabitants of Worcester—sixteen boys and eight girls. This school, known as Bishop Lloyd's School, still exists—it is the bishop's best monument. He was buried at Fladbury, where his family raised an elaborate monument to him, setting forth all his varied virtues. The monument has been removed to the vestry, and but for his schools Lloyd would have been one of the forgotten bishops.

After the accession of the House of Hanover, Worcestershire history becomes commonplace. Remarkable elections, bloody murders, sensational episodes form the main part of it. All the advantages which the county used to derive from its geographical position have passed away, and with them the county has ceased to have any part in the national history beyond providing "a fitting supply of men duly qualified to serve God in Church and State," who have so served; but except from this point of view, Worcestershire has sunk into one of those places that are said to be happy, because they are not providing any history.

J. W. WILLIS-BUND.

WARWICKSHIRE

WARWICKSHIRE is a land of contrasts. Its story is the story of roads and woods, castles and great estates, of pastures, of mines, and of cities, as well as of the strange and unfathomable thoughts and impulses of men—and now this feature, now that, predominates in its history. Lying as it does in the heart of England, it has long been, and still is, a thoroughfare shire; for all who journey from London to the north-east of England, or from Bristol to the north-west, must needs touch upon some part of Warwickshire earth. Roads minister incalculably to civilization. What the sea has been to Kent and Devon, the Watling Street, the branches of the Holyhead road, and the railway lines have been to Warwickshire.

The county is even now a woodland one. Anciently the whole of the district north of Avon—the Arden—was forest; in Roman times a wedge of woods flanked by roads. This fact will in part account for the comparative scantiness of the traces therein of Roman civilization. Maybe also the prevalence of forest accounts for the wealth of legend within the shire, for old stories and beliefs survive longest where small communities live isolated lives, as they must needs do among woodlands.

Warwickshire was a part of Mercia—the "March" or border—the borderland between Welsh and English; later it lay on the border line between Danes and English, on the Watling Street. Its earthworks, whereof some date from prehistoric times, tell tales, unnoted in written pages, of operations offensive and defensive; and we probably

owe the very name of the county, the grouping together of the hundreds that could defend and be defended by the "burh" of Warwick, to the military necessities of the Danish invasion. In later times the water-defended fort of Kenilworth and that of rock-built Warwick have a vivid feudal and military story of their own, which merges, when the respective castles became royal property, into the dynastic and political history of England. Coventry also, as a walled town, played a noteworthy part in the Wars of the Roses and the Great Rebellion under Charles I.

But the commercial fame of Warwickshire towns dwarfs their military accomplishments. Coventry sprang into greatness with the woollen civilization of the fourteenth, and Birmingham with the coal and iron civilization of the eighteenth, century. The wealth above ground of its pastures, and below ground of its mines, combined with its accessibility, has tended, and still further tends, to urbanize—if the word be admissible—north and mid-Warwickshire. All this growth of cities has given to the people a touch of cosmopolitanism, whereto we may attribute that adaptability and commercial resourcefulness which gives them a present as well as a past. For cities attract strangers; new-comers bring new ideas; and history is the roar of the grinding together of the old and the new about the ocean of time.

But Warwickshire has not lived by trade alone. Here and there the quality of the climate relaxes the energy of the people; it is unusual to find a Midlander with the typical American's biting activity, or the typical Yorkshireman's masterfulness. But where the nervous energy does not discharge itself in the practical sphere, there is greater store of it in the region of thought and feeling. In poets, martyrs, fanatics, reformers, in those who have that supreme quality that they have set aside fear, this little nook of land has been abundantly rich. In literature there are two great names to instance—

Shakespeare's and George Eliot's; in the religious life the Wycliffite and Marian martyrs, and the chief conspirator of the Gunpowder Plot. The long string of agrarian and political reformers, which includes the Barford labourers of the other day, is perhaps more proper to the social than to the general history of the district.

The plough has helped to destroy remnants of prehistoric Warwickshire; while antiquarians have somewhat neglected the spade—hence evidence of early culture is scanty and dubious. Still, on a lofty hill in the sparsely-peopled district of Long Compton stands the one remaining specimen the county affords of megalithic remains—the Rollright Stones. Of these only one—the King Stone, a monolith 8 feet 6 inches high, and 3 feet 6 inches broad—is within the borders of the shire; the circle of stones, probably surrounding a tumulus now gone, and the five others standing apart from the circle and locally known as the "Whispering Knights," the probable remains of a cromlech, lie over the Oxfordshire border.

The ancient earthworks of the county are of many periods; indeed, many of them, loosely called British or Roman, belong to Danish or Norman times, to Stephen's era of unlicensed castle-building, or to the civil wars under John and Henry III. Of prehistoric camps of refuge—irregularly shaped, difficult of access, placed at a point of vantage on a hill-top—Nadbury Camp on Edgehill furnishes the most striking example, though Berry Mound in Solihull and Burrow Camp on Corley Rock belong to a period before the dawn of history.[1]

A swamp served to protect the striking, oval-shaped village forts at Beausale and Claverdon; while the rectangular military camps of Mancetter and (probably) Chesterton are Roman in origin, and served for purposes

1 See Mr. Willoughby Gardner's article on "Ancient Defensive Earthworks," *Victoria County History of Warwickshire*, vol. i.

of offence. Of the moated mount type of fortress—dwelling of a chief, Saxon, Dane, or Norman—Brinklow is one of the finest examples in the country. The great mound at the end of the pear-shaped earthworks can be seen for miles; it is 40 feet high and measures 50 feet across the top. Two adjacent courts lying at the mount's foot, defended by rampart and fosse, served for protection of underlings and cattle. The whole is in fair preservation, though unexcavated; some of the outlying earthworks, however, have disappeared, for the whole fort is said to have extended for twenty-five acres.

A very curious specimen of ancient fortifications formerly engirding an entire village is to be found at old-world, decaying Wapenbury, where the grassy roadway and primitive stepping-stones over the Leam give an added interest to the ramparted enclosure. Only a small portion of these earthworks has escaped the levelling process of cultivation; but sixty or seventy years ago, as Bloxam's map shows, the line of embankment was perfect.

Three Roman ways touch Warwickshire or cut through it—the Watling Street, the Fosse Way, and the Rycknield, Icknield or (locally) Buckle Street. There are numerous Strettons (street-towns) in Warwickshire; one called after the Baskervilles lies near Watling Street. As for the Fosse, it passes near Street Ashton, which partially veils itself in a tax roll of 1327, under the name of "Strothardiston," and Stretton-under-Fosse, through Stretton-on-Dunsmore, and leaves the county at Stretton-on-the-Fosse. There is also a Street-ford (Stratford) on a possible Roman way, useful for the conveyance of salt from Droitwich. The Watling Street running from London to Wroxeter borders the shire in a line that starts four miles S.E. of Rugby, and passing Caves Inn (probably Tripontium), High Cross (Venonæ), and Mancetter (Manduessedum)—all three places of Roman settlement,

though scarcely of important character[1]—enters the county near Atherstone, and running through its north-eastern corner, passes at Fazeley into Staffordshire. The Fosse Way leading from Lincoln through Leicester to Bath and the west, enters the county at High Cross; passes near Monk's Kirby, the probable site of a villa; leaves Snowford Bridge, Long Itchington, site of a further discovery of Roman relics, on the left; and on past Offchurch, popularly connected with King Offa, but on what authority I know not, reaches Chesterton, and runs through the camp supposed—though Mr. Haverfield has his doubts—to be Roman. There was, however, a Roman settlement here, but it is of unremembered name. At Halford, Worcestershire intervenes, but the Fosse soon re-enters Warwickshire, to quit it, however, at Stretton-on-the-Fosse. Unlike Watling Street, now a superb modern main road for many miles in the county, the Fosse often dwindles down to tracks and indescribably rutty lanes. Still, the latter looms large in popular imagination; an old man living at one of the Strettons told me his father used to point to the Milky Way and tell him that was the pathway of the Fosse through the heavens. In the Middle Ages pilgrims called the galaxy of stars "the way to Walsingham" in the sky, so important was the highway, and thronged with travellers, that led to Our Lady's shrine.

Third among Roman roads is Rycknield Street, that connects the towns we know now as Derby, Lichfield, Birmingham, with the Fosse at Bourton-on-the-Water. This road borders the county at Sutton Park; traverses by an uncertain route the city of Birmingham; leaves the shire for that of Worcester; re-enters it; and past Ipsley, Studley, Coughton, comes to Alcester. This locality has furnished comparatively abundant traces of Roman occupation, though there is a hesitancy about scholars when

1 I am indebted to Mr. Haverfield's "Romano-British Warwickshire," in the *Victoria County History of Warwickshire*, vol. i.

they are called on to identify Alcester with Alauna. The street passes on through Wixford and Bidford, of Shakespearean jingle fame, and so reaching Gloucestershire, comes to Bourton.

Legends linger on in backward communities, and Warwickshire is pre-eminently the shire of local romance. This romance has become a little stale with oftentimes telling, and "show" places, we might think, have a self-conscious air, as if sure of a sympathetic inspection from the casual tourist. Romance, too, often absorbs the interest that were better given to historical realities; yet it is not only priggish, it is unscientific, to despise legends, so valuable is the kernel they often contain, the memory of the customs, magic, fear, or ritual of a primitive people. Naturally this rules out of court downright perversions of history such as the Robsart business in Scott's *Kenilworth*, a form of local romance not to be taken seriously by people over the age of fifteen.

Most celebrated in verse and prose of these local legends is Godiva's. This imperishable story is so true to the facts of human experience, which tells what the nature is of the supreme sacrifice life so constantly demands from the supreme heroine, that the question whether the incident of the ride be true to actual historical fact or no matters little. Of contemporary mention of the ride none exists; the earliest chronicler to record it, Roger of Wendover, died in 1237, at least a hundred and fifty years after Godiva's death. On the other hand, the evidence for its mythical origin is relatively strong, as Mr. Hartland has shown in his *Science of Fairy Tales*.[1] In the first place, the story is not confined to Coventry, but is told in (rough) duplicate of a lady at Briavel's Castle, Gloucestershire, in the Forest of Dean, also a woodland district. In the second place, there is a general fairy-tale element embodied in the "Peeping Tom"

1 To which I am indebted for this information.

incident. Thirdly, in certain religious festivals, such as that of the Potraj in Southern India,[1] unclad, or rather bough-clad, women play a conspicuous part. All this tends to make us suppose that some relics of a heathen practice—obscure, half-forgotten by the Christian successors of the ancient peoples of this district—appear to have grouped themselves round Godiva's historic name. The legend is commemorated elsewhere, too; and in the Godiva's procession at Southam, as late as the beginning of the last century, a "black lady" was among the cavalcade. Sixty-five years ago, said an old farm labourer, a shepherd and shepherdess, and a man riding a bull (called "the Devil"), were parts of this Show-fair" held the first Monday in June.[2]

But I am by no means indisposed to believe that either Godiva (a truly beneficent and pious lady) or the wife of one of the Earls of Chester may not have urged the abrogation of some oppressive feudal service on the lord of Coventry. The ancient boasted toll-freedom of the city except for horses, a characteristic of the market as early as the day of Edward I., points to some remission on the part of the owner of the market dues, and the very fact that horses were mentioned in the connection probably suggested the gaining of this remission by means of a ride.[3]

Another relic of ancient ritual comes from Ryton-on-Dunsmore, enshrined in the curious custom of the collection of the so-called wroth silver by the agent of the Duke of Buccleuch, lord of the manor of the Hundred of Knightlow. The collection takes place on Knightlow Hill, at sunrise on Martinmas morning (November 11th); twenty-eight parishes in the Hundred pay sums varying from 2s. 3½d. to 1d., the total amounting to 9s. 3½d.

1 Allen, *Evolution of Idea of God*, p. 110.

2 Hartland, *Fairy Tales;* and private information. See also Dormer Harris, *The Story of Coventry*, pp. 20-22.

3 A friend of mine, Miss Brocas Harris, suggested this association of ideas to me.

Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, looking East.

What "wroth silver" is remains yet a puzzle to antiquaries; ward penny or warh penny is a common feudal payment in Warwickshire and elsewhere. But the time and the place and some of the circumstances of the collection point to immemorial antiquity. The assembly takes place at sunrise, a highly suggestive hour, and redolent of solar worship. The forfeiture for non-payment is a white bull with red nose and ears, a breed now unknown, but referring to the cattle of prehistoric time. The money is laid by the representatives of the various parishes in a hollow in the stump of an ancient cross, which represents, says Mr. Gomme,[1] a monolith, a sacred stone, and before the ceremony began it was usual for the bystanders *to walk three times round the cross*—whether sunwise or "widershins," *i.e.*, against the sun, is not recorded—beyond question a reminiscence of ancient religious observance. Moreover, the cross stands upon a tumulus, whereof the four corners are marked each by a fir tree, representing, says country tradition, the four knights killed and buried there. The matter requires patient sifting, the publication of any documents bearing on the Hundred Court of Knightlow, and careful philological research.

There is a local tradition that wroth-silver was tribute-money, and certainly the neighbourhood of Dunsmore, near the Watling Street and the Danish border, is prolific in tales, for if the Romans left roads, the Danes have left legends. The story of the Danish conquest bulks much larger in local romance than the Norman one, hardly an extraordinary circumstance, since the latter was a short, sharp conflict, practically decided at Hastings, while the former, with various interruptions and vicissitudes, occupied nearly two hundred years. What unrecorded struggles, raids, and massacres that long period witnessed, who shall tell? We know of one in 1016, when the

1 *Antiquary*, vol. xxix.

Danes destroyed Coventry and massacred the local saint, Osburg, virgin and martyr. Possibly the Guy of the Anglo-Norman cycle of stories was originally a local chieftain who had distinguished himself during the Danish invasion. Such a theory is not improbable. Danes appear all over the county. There is a Danes' bank in Coughton Park, a Danes' camp in Solihull. The dwarf elder (*Sambucus ebulus*) is said only to grow where the blood of a Dane has been spilt.[1] So greatly did the English rejoice at the death of Hardicanute, the last Danish king, that Hox Tuesday games were held to celebrate the event.[2] The men of Coventry played the Hox Tuesday plays before Queen Elizabeth in 1575, in commemoration, so they declared, of a victory over the Danes.[3] Probably the story told of a battle to be fought at Rainsbrook, near Dunchurch, where three kings shall appear and their horses be held by a miller with three thumbs, is a reminiscence of an actual fight.[4]

If the Danes left legends, the Normans left castles, not merely mounds, earthworks, and stockading, but solid blocks of masonry. The feudal and military history of the Middle Ages is centred in the two impregnable fortresses of Warwick and Kenilworth. So admirable was their military situation that in the Civil Wars under Charles I., in 1642, Sir Edward Peto defended Warwick with but one piece of ordnance, and only famine forced the De Montfort party to yield Kenilworth in 1266. Both castles became at different periods of their history royal property, either through the rebellion or heirlessness of their respective owners, or through the marriage of heiresses with younger sons of the royal house. Thus the marriage of John of Gaunt, Wycliffe's patron, with Blanche of Lancaster, made him lord of Kenilworth,

1 Burgess, *Historic Warwickshire*, p. 29.
2 Rous, *Historia Regum Angliæ*, p. 105.
3 Sharp, *Coventry Mysteries*, pp. 125-132.
4 Burgess, *Historic Warwickshire*, p. 14.

while that of Richard Crouchback with Anne Neville, the Kingmaker's daughter, transferred Warwick into royal hands. It is of interest to remember that it was during a visit of Richard III. and his queen to Warwick Castle, in August, 1483, that the former determined upon the making away of the two young princes in the Tower.[1] The walled city of Coventry has also its military history, and near connection with the Lancastrian and Yorkist houses. In 1451, Henry VI. visited the city, and offered at St. Michael's Church, on Michaelmas Day, giving freely his robe "of golden tissue furred with a fur of martin sable" to God and the saint in commemoration of the event. A Parliament was held at Coventry during this period, and many councils, wherein frequent attempts were made to patch up reconciliations between inimical parties, between Queen Margaret and the Duke of York under Henry VI., and Warwick and the Woodvilles under Edward IV. The great military event in the city's history was the keeping of it against Edward IV. by the Kingmaker in the Lent of 1471, a piece of defiance the citizens rued later when King Edward came into his own again. Warwick left the city to fight and die at Barnet on Easter Day, and it was possibly at Coventry a little later that the imprisoned Margaret, the woman that brought from the hot-blooded South that terrible lust for personal vengeance which is so characteristic of this ruffianly struggle, heard of the death of her son Edward at Tewkesbury. How he came by his death we know not, this young prince of great promise, but he cried unto his brother-in-law, Clarence, for succour, says a chronicler. And among all those woeful acts of a time full of stupidity and blind hate, none seems more horrible than the picture these words call forth.

The pageant of State prisoners at Kenilworth is a more moving picture than the fancied woeful sojourn of

---

1 Gairdner, *Richard III.*

Amy Robsart there. In January, 1327, Edward II., the king with the imbecile-looking forehead, half fainting from misery and poorly clad, signed the renunciation of the crown in the great hall of the castle. Eleanor Cobham, who supplanted her mistress Jacqueline in the affections of the "good" Duke Humfrey, was imprisoned there on a charge of treason and witchcraft between 1441 and 1447. Perhaps her only fault had been that she tried to awaken the interest of young Henry VI. in natural science.[1] Humfrey seems, in spite of his worthlessness, to have been a popular character, and figures curiously enough in Foxe's *Martyrs*, no doubt because of the hostility of the Church, as typified by Cardinal Beaufort. Both husband and wife appear in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, and possibly in treating of the Lancastrian-Yorkist period Shakespeare may have used some local traditions. Eleanor had been fêted in Warwickshire in her happier days, for when in 1431 she sojourned at Fulbrook Castle, near Barford, the citizens of Coventry sent goodly presents of fish and wine to the Duke and Duchess.[2]

Besides Edward II. another dethroned king has connections with this shire. In 1397, in the height of his power, Richard II. held that extraordinary pageant of the baulked duellists at Gosford Green, on a strip of greensward, preserved as common, and not yet given over to the jerry builder. Richard II., vain, beautiful, alternating between savage imperiousness and nervous collapse, had one supreme moment, when he faced the rebels in 1381, after the death of Wat Tyler, and by his *sang-froid* and promptitude probably saved himself and his followers from instant death. Warwickshire has its link with that marvellous and pathetic rising of the serfs. Not only were the rebels expecting help from Coventry

---

1 *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, s.v. Plantagenet, Humfrey.
2 Dormer Harris, *Life in an Old English Town*, p. 146.

Stoneleigh Abbey: Gate-House.

and Warwick, but after the failure of the revolt, John Ball, who has become the saint of modern Socialism, fled to Coventry on his way towards the west. Here he was captured in an old ruin, and taken off to die a shameful death at St. Albans. All the world knows John Ball's celebrated sermon, with its sound of the eternal puzzle, the eternal complaint, the unequal distribution of good and ill in human life:—

"'We be all come fro one father and one mother, Adam and Eve. Wherby can they [*i.e.*, gentlemen] say or shewe that they be gretter lordes than we be? . . . They dwell in fayre houses, and we have the payne and traveyle, raine and wynde in the feldes; and by that that cometh of our labours they kepe and maynteyne their estates.' . . . And the people . . . wolde murmure one with another in the feldes and in the wayes as they went togyder, affermyng how Jehan Ball sayd trouthe."[1]

Richard II. has another connection with Warwickshire. In 1385 he completed Lord Zouch's foundation of the Carthusian monastery, St. Anne's, or the Charter House at Coventry. Part of this building yet remains, and under the plaster of one room a portion of a gigantic fresco of the Crucifixion has been discovered, with many other pieces of decoration. This monastery had a celebrated inmate in one Nicholas Hereford, once a leader of the Lollards, and a collaborator in Wycliffe's translation of the Bible. After his tenets had been condemned by the council, Hereford set off to Rome on a mission to convert the Pope. But the sovereign Pontiff not only refused to be converted, but cast the clever disputant for his pains into prison. There he might have languished till his death, had not the mob in a popular rising burst open the prisons and set the inmates free. Hereford went home and lived to "make through cowardice the great

---

[1] Berners, *Froissart's Chron.* (1901), ii., 224.

refusal." After being "grievously tormented" at the castle of Saltwood, Kent, he recanted at Paul's Cross, deserting his friends and Wycliffitism, and was substantially rewarded by church preferment. The Lollards bitterly reproached him for his apostasy, and he in his turn showed a fierce zeal in confuting and persecuting his former associates. Late in life he became a Carthusian monk at St. Anne's, and died after 1417.

The history of Lollardy in Warwickshire were well worth the writing. Lutterworth is but just over the Leicestershire border; and many of Wycliffe's followers must have passed through this county on their way to the West. Coventry was always a strong Lollard centre. Swynderby, one of Wycliffe's principal adherents, preached there and made many converts, till he was forced to go by reason of the hostility of the clergy. Still, the effect of his preaching endured until the Reformation. Coventry was a centre for the publishing of Lollard books in Oldcastle's lifetime, and Oldcastle himself took refuge with one John Lacy, Vicar of Chesterton, some time in or before 1415-16. Foxe, of the *Book of Martyrs* fame, who married the daughter of a Coventry citizen, and was in 1545 the Lucys' guest at Charlecote, supplies from eye-witnesses and contemporaries personal touches of the greatest interest. I like the story of John Careless, the Protestant weaver, of Coventry, who died in prison in 1556, and was so trusted by his jailor as to be let out on parole at the feast of Corpus Christi so that he might play in the pageant with his fellow craftsmen. After the play was over Careless returned to prison.[1] The one surviving MS. copy of the Coventry mystery plays is the Weavers'—"The Presentation of Christ at the Temple"—and the manuscript gains an added value in the thought that Careless may have learnt his part from that copy.

[1] *Foxe*, vol. viii., p. 170.

Persecutions were rife in the great wool-weaving city in 1485 and in 1519. In the former year some eight or nine persons, who held unorthodox views, chiefly about the Sacrament and the efficacy of pilgrimages to the image of Our Lady of the Tower at Coventry, were forced to recant and do penance. In 1519, seven of the craftsmen class, who differed from the rest of the city in godliness of life, were burned, chiefly for teaching their children the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in English.[1]

Concerning one of them, Mistress Smith, a widow, the following story is told: She was dismissed for the present and sent away, and it being dark, the summoner, Simon Mourton, who had been very active against the Lollards, offered to give her his protection homewards. As he led her by the arm he heard something rattle in her sleeve, and found it to be a scroll having the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Articles of the Faith in English. "Come," said he, "as good now as another time"; and he brought her again to the bishop, who immediately condemned her. So she suffered with the others in the Little Park.

Unforgettable is the account of Robert Glover, as told by his friend, Austen Bernher, some time of Southam.[2] Robert Glover, who belonged to the famous Mancetter martyrs, was condemned to be burnt at Coventry in 1555. As the time drew nigh he felt no spiritual exaltation, but remained "lumpish," and had so much "heaviness and dullness of spirit," that he feared the Lord had withdrawn His favour from him. This mood continued until, on his way to the stake, suddenly "he was so mightily replenished with God's holy comfort and heavenly joy, that he cried out, clapping his hands, to Austen, and saying unto him these words, 'Austen, He is come, He is come,' and that with such joy and alacrity as one

1 *Foxe*, vol. iv., pp. 133, 557. 2 *Ibid.*

seeming rather to be risen from some deadly danger to liberty and life, than as one passing out of the world by any pains of death."[1]

But if weavers and cappers in large cities which had kept alive the Wycliffite tradition were willing to suffer for their faith, the country squire in remoter districts clung to the old religion, dared mightily and suffered for it, what time Catholic recusancy was a serious bar to a man's success in life. The Gunpowder Plot had this one characteristic which damns it—unsuccess. Had Catesby succeeded in blowing up everybody of importance in England and establishing a Catholic *régime*, thereby changing the whole course of history, the verdict of posterity would have been entirely different.

The Gunpowder Plot was a Warwickshire conspiracy; Robert Catesby, the prime mover in it, was a Warwickshire man, born probably at Bushwood, near Lapworth. John Grant, whose house at Northbrook, between Stratford and Warwick, was the rendezvous and powder magazine of the conspirators, was of the gentry of the county. Other conspirators rented houses in the neighbourhood in order to be near the scene of action; thus Ambrose Rokewood rented Clopton, near Stratford, from the Carews; Sir Everard Digby, to whom the task of rousing the Catholic gentry of the Midlands was assigned, domiciled himself at Coughton, the home of the Throckmortons; while the Wrights moved to Lapworth. There was a regular network of conspirators' houses all over the county, and in some of these houses the construction of secret hiding-places had become a fine art.[2]

It was a wild-cat scheme, such as is only planned by desperate men. The conspirators were mostly converts —Jesuit converts. Some owed their conversion to the celebrated Father Parsons, and had been indoctrinated with the idea that the end justifies the means; if they were

[1] *Foxe.*

[2] At Clopton there was a little chapel hidden in the roof.

men of old families, they were—with a few exceptions—men with broken fortunes, who had everything to gain and little to hazard by the advent of the new order. But at the same time they were men whose grievances were perfectly real and well-grounded. In the old Queen's time they had groaned under her rule; hers was the tyrannical spirit of old age, thronged with fears; and she was well served by the plodding Cecils, who in their turn were well served with spies. But the Catholic disappointment at the conduct of Mary Stuart's son was bitter, and despair begets temerity. Catesby and his friends were well-known malcontents, and their proceedings were carefully watched by agents of the Government, who seem to have been aware of the conspiracy a long time before Mounteagle's letter arrived or Fawkes was taken.[1]

The story is almost too well known for repetition. Before midnight on November 4th Fawkes was seized, and by four o'clock the next morning they brought him to the king's chamber. The word passed to the conspirators that all was lost; and they started down the Holyhead Road to meet their confederates at Dunchurch. Ambrose Rokewood, whose fine stud his fellow plotters had deemed a sufficient excuse for including him in their design, had placed relays of mounts at different stages of the road. All rode at a terrific speed. Rokewood, who started later, caught up the earliest fugitives and covered the distance of eighty-one miles within seven hours, while Percy and John Wright, as they galloped, cast off their cloaks to lighten the horses' load.

The party arrived at Dunchurch with failure written on their faces, and incontinent the group of Midland Catholics melted away. Then Catesby and his following made a wild dash for Wales through the terrible night, tearing through Princethorp, Weston, and Lillington till

1 See "The Gunpowder Plot," *Memorials of Old Northamptonshire.*

they came to Warwick, where they stole the King's horses from the Castle, and likewise those found in the stables of one Mr. Benock, a horse trainer, for they were in sore need of fresh mounts. How they dashed on to Northbrook, where Grant lived, on to Huddington, the Winters' home, on to Hewell Grange, Lord Windsor's, and then to Holbeche, the Littletons', the sheriff at their heels, is a familiar story. By a strange coincidence some gunpowder they put to dry by the fire exploded and scorched their faces, an occurrence which horribly damped their spirits. Robert Winter related a dream he had had wherein he saw steeples "stand awry," and within the churches "strange and unknown faces," which he afterwards called to mind, seeing the disfigured, scorched countenances of his companions.

At last the end came. The sheriff's party arrived at Holbeche.

Thomas Winter was shot in the shoulder and lost the use of his right arm. There were left Catesby, Percy, the Wrights, Rokewood, and Grant. Rokewood and the Wrights fell before the rest. Then said Catesby to Winter, standing before the door whereby the sheriff's posse were to enter: "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together." "So we stood close together, Mr. Catesby, Mr. Percy, and myself," says Winter's narrative—"they two were shot, as far as I could guess, with one bullet—and then the company entered upon me, hurt me in the belly with a pike, and gave me other wounds."[1]

The scene closes, of course, for some of the conspirators yet more tragically on the scaffold, and with them died the hopes of the extreme Catholic party in England.

There are stories of other rides, of Charles I.'s wanderings before Edgehill fight, and of his son's after Worcester. Other royal visits occurred: James II. came to Coventry and William III. to Warwick. The

[1] Sidney, *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 229; Gardiner, *History of England*, vol. i.; and Burgess, *What the Gunpowder Plot was*, pp. 268-70.

Compton Wynyates: South Front.

eighteenth century witnessed the rise of Birmingham, the nineteenth of Leamington. But it is not possible to tell of everything in so short a space. The history of Warwickshire is a great story in little room, one of mighty happenings in one small nook of the earth. When it has been studied more scientifically than hitherto, in Dugdale's spirit but with modern lights, we may find a great deal that may help us with modern problems. For when all is said and done, our forefathers were very little removed in feeling and thought from us, the present inhabitants of this insignificant planet.

MARY DORMER HARRIS.

SHROPSHIRE

I.—Celtic and Saxon Periods.

THE history of Shropshire finds its centre of interest in the fact, which it shares with Cheshire on the north and Herefordshire on the south, that it is a border county, and as such has been associated with every wave of conquest which has passed across our island. It is remarkable, however, that it is first mentioned as a shire in connection with the only one of these waves which has practically left no impress upon its territory. It is in connection with the incursions of the Danes that the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* tells us that in the year 1006 the king (Ethelred) had gone over Thames into "Scrobbesbyrigscire," and there taken his abode in the midwinter's tide. The form of the name in this earliest mention shows that it followed the analogy of Gloucester and Worcester in being associated with the principal town, for Scrobbesbyrigscire is simply Shrewsburyshire; but under Norman influence the name soon took a softened form. Under the year 1088 the same *Chronicle* speaks of the men of "Scrobscyre," and we probably owe to the same influence the form Salop, which is still used as a designation both of the shire and the principal town. Shrewsbury is the capital of Shropshire, or the county of Salop.

When, however, we undertake to trace the story of Shropshire, we must go back to a period far antecedent to Saxon times. It had its part in invasions long before Jutes and Angles were heard of—at a period when the weapons of warfare were of stone and bronze rather than

of iron. No traces of Palæolithic man have been found in the county, but there are fairly numerous remains of the Neolithic period, and of the Bronze and Early Iron Age, some of which are to be seen in the museum at Shrewsbury. As might be expected from the difference in physical character, there was at a very early period a difference between the civilization of the level country north of the Severn, and that of the hill country which

From an] SHREWSBURY. [*old engraving.*

forms the southern half of the county. The northern part was more easily subdued than the south, and so felt the influence of advancing culture sooner—a state of things which is evidenced by the fact that almost, if not quite, all the prehistoric implements of bronze have been found north of the river, while those of stone have been found south of it.

Anyone familiar with the peasantry of Shropshire will easily recognize in them the three earliest types which

prevailed in Britain. There are specimens of the dark type, which we speak of as Iberian—short of stature, with dark hair and eyes and lengthened skulls—and there are still more numerous specimens of the Celtic races which followed—tall and brawny, with red hair and rounded skulls. These Celts, who appear to have come from Central Europe, arrived in Britain in two migrations. First came the Goiedels, or Gaels, and when these had driven the Ibernian race westward, they themselves were disturbed by the Brythons, and driven westward in turn. Each migration marked increased progress in civilization, but as each race moved towards the mountainous district the contest became more and more fierce, and the earth-works which crown so many of the Shropshire hills show how earnest and deadly the struggle was which took place on its borders.

By degrees, however, there loomed on the horizon of Britain a power more mighty, and a civilization much more advanced. This was the Roman Empire, which first interfered in the affairs of the island under Julius Cæsar in the year 55 B.C. It was not, however, till the middle of the following century that Shropshire was brought into contact with Rome. At that time the western borderland of England was occupied by three principal tribes, though it is impossible to define their exact boundaries. These were the Cornavii on the north, whose territory embraced part of Staffordshire and the northern half at least of Shropshire; to the west and south of them were the Ordovices; and, again, south of these lay the Silures. These last were of wilder and fiercer manners than the other two, and included a large mixture of the pre-Celtic tribes, a fact which is evidenced by the prevalence to this day of the Iberian type in the valleys of Monmouthshire and Glamorgan. The chief city of the Cornavii was on the Severn, near the spot where it is joined by the Tern, at no great distance from the foot of the Wrekin, on whose height was the camp of refuge to which they might betake

themselves and their cattle in case of need. The time, however, had come when their city was to pass into other hands. In the year A.D. 43, the Legions of Rome again appeared in Britain, and this time they came to stay. Advancing northward and westward they reduced to subjection one tribe after another, and in the borderland made their power felt in the establishment of a Roman city on the site occupied by the capital of the Cornavii. To this they gave the name of Viroconium, or Uriconium; and monuments found on the site go to show that its foundation dates from the middle of the first century, when Ostorius Scapula was engaged in a final effort to subdue the British chief, Caradoc, or Caractacus. That expedition had important results in various ways, and its immediate issue is thus described by Tacitus:—

"The army next marched against the Silures, who, in addition to the native ferocity of their tribe, placed great hopes in the valour of Caractacus, whom the many changes and prosperous turns of fortune had advanced to a pre-eminence over the rest of the British leaders. He, skilfully availing himself of his knowledge of the country to countervail his inferiority in numbers, transferred the war into the country of the Ordovices, and being joined by those who distrusted the peace subsisting between them and us, soon brought matters to a decisive issue; for he posted himself on a spot to which the approaches were as advantageous to his own party as they were perplexing to us. He then threw up on the more accessible parts of the highest hills a kind of rampart of stone; below and in front of which was a river difficult to ford, and on the works were placed troops of soldiers."[1]

The exact words of the annalist are important, because they are our only guide in fixing the site of this last stand of Caractacus. It will be observed that Tacitus

1 Tacitus, *Annals*, ii. 21 (Giles' translation).

gives three positive data; it was in the country of the Ordovices, and it was on hills difficult of access (*montibus arduis*) on which he threw up a rampart of stone (*inmodum valli saxa præstruit*), and which had at the base a river not easy to ford (*amnis vado incerto*). These particulars make it certain that the battle took place within or on the borders of Shropshire, and various suggestions have been made as to the exact spot. The locality, however, which seems to best fulfil the requirements of the passage from Tacitus—the only one, in fact, which can show both a deep river and a stone rampart—is the Breidden hills on the Montgomeryshire border, where their sides descend abruptly to the Severn, which winds around their base.

The result of the battle is well known—Caractacus was defeated, and soon after carried to Rome, and Shropshire ceased to cause trouble to the Roman arms. Peace brought with it the development of the arts of peace, and Uriconium became an important centre of commerce. In the city itself the huts of the Cornavii gave place to stately buildings of stone, including extensive public baths and a great basilica, of which the remnants still exist; while in the neighbourhood wealthy Romans built villas of which the tesselated pavements discovered from time to time attest the importance. From Uriconium as a centre, roads led in all directions, but the tracks which in British days had guided uncertain steps through the forests gave place under Roman rule to paved ways which led straight to their destination, bridging the streams and triumphing over every obstacle. Lead-mining was developed in the Stiperstones, and copper at Llanymynech Hill, and these products, together with the fruits of the soil, were articles of commerce which kept the roads well frequented, and brought wealth to the districts through which they passed.

There can be no doubt that the era of the Roman occupation was in many respects a time of prosperity for

Shropshire. The wealth, of course, was mainly in the hands of the ruling race, who were probably not always considerate to those they ruled. No doubt it was British labour which reaped the fields and dug into the hills for minerals; no doubt British shoulders bore the stones which paved the roads and gave stateliness to the buildings of the city; but the Romans in return gave them protection and peace, and imparted some at least of the culture which they themselves possessed.

It is impossible to say to what extent this last was the case, and various opinions have been formed; but there can be no doubt as to the advantage of living under a powerful and, on the whole, a beneficent government. And yet this had one drawback, as events proved. There came a time—never anticipated in earlier years—when the Roman power in Britain waned, and her legions were withdrawn to defend territories nearer home. Then it was found that four centuries of peace had made the native races of the island more civilized, but less able to defend themselves when their protectors withdrew. The province had drafted many a brave soldier into the ranks of the legions to fight elsewhere, but the Britons as such had little or no military organization.

They soon found out their need. The last Roman legions left the island in the year 410, and already the clouds of another invasion were beginning to gather. The races of Central Europe who inhabited the lowlands round the mouth of the Elbe—Saxons, Jutes and Angles; men who went down to the sea in ships, and occupied their business in great waters—began to be restless in their own country, and to seek for other homes across the ocean. At first their invasions of this island were confined to the southern and eastern coasts, but like other invaders before them they gradually took firmer grip of the land, and pushed their settlements westward and northward. The wave reached Shropshire in the latter half of the sixth century. In the year 577 the West Saxons, under the

command of two brothers—Ceawlin and Cutha—gained a great victory over the Britons at Deorham, near Bristol, which gave them possession of the surrounding territory. They then, according to their usual method of proceeding, pushed their way up the valley of the Severn. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* informs us that in 584 the brothers penetrated with their forces as far as a place called Fethanleag—possibly in Cheshire, possibly in Staffordshire—where Cutha was slain; but Ceawlin took many towns and much booty. Among them was almost certainly Uriconium, which he left a smoking ruin. There is a curious legend as to its capture, which is of uncertain origin, but has survived to modern times among the neighbouring peasantry—it is to the effect that the assailants, finding it impossible to break through the walls of the town, collected all the sparrows on which they could lay hands, and attaching lights to them, let them fly. These settled on the thatched roofs of the houses, and so set fire to the whole town, and enabled the enemy in the confusion to enter it without difficulty.[1] Anyway, the destruction was effectual. The inhabitants who survived betook themselves to the loop of the Severn within which Shrewsbury now stands, and the ruins of Uriconium became for centuries to the popular mind a haunted place to be avoided by night, but a quarry by day from which might be taken materials for every form of building in the neighbourhood.

As just stated, it is in connection with the destruction of Uriconium that we get our first glimpse of what is now the county town. Under the name of Pengwern (the knoll of alders), a British settlement already occupied the high ground encircled by the river, and though this appears to have suffered in the same raid which destroyed Uriconium, it quickly recovered, and, re-peopled in part by refugees from the ruins of that city, became a

[1] Wright's *Uriconium*, p. 80; Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 100.

flourishing centre of Celtic power, and the capital of the Princes of Powis.

Meanwhile the Saxon invaders were growing more and more formidable; they had effected settlements and set up kingdoms in every part of England except along the shores and among the hills of the west. The progress of their subjugation of Shropshire may be traced with some distinctness in the pages of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.*

After the invasion of the West Saxons under Ceawlin, already described, the next danger came from the north. In the year 606 we are told that "Ethelfrith (of Northumbria) led his army to Chester, and there slew numberless Welsh." Among these were a large body of monks from Bangor Iscoed, "who came thither to pray for the army of the Welsh." The British leader was Brochmail or Scromail, whose home was at Pengwern, and the result of this victory was to cripple the Celtic power in the north of the county, so that in the following reign the Northumbrians were able to attack the British stronghold of Caer Digoll, whose earthworks still crown the summit of the Long Mountain on the borders of the county.

Meanwhile another kingdom was rising in the centre of England—that of Mercia. Its rulers were ambitious and aggressive, and it soon came into conflict with other kingdoms of the invasion. In 642 the *Chronicle* records that "Oswald, King of the Northumbrians, was slain by Penda, the Southumbrian (Mercian) at Maserfield, on the Nones of August." This battle almost certainly took place near Oswestry,[1] which derives its name from Oswald's tree, and it marked a conflict not merely for military supremacy between two kingdoms, but between heathenism and Christianity. King Oswald is better known as St. Oswald, who had done all he could to introduce and foster the Christian Faith in his kingdom. Penda, on the other hand, was the champion of the old paganism which

1 *Shropshire Archæological Society's Transactions*, vol. ii., p. 97.

the invaders had brought with them from beyond the seas; and the defeat and death of Oswald was disastrous because it rolled back for a time the spread of the religion of Christ. It was only, however, for a time. The missions which Oswald had fostered in the north sent out fresh emissaries southward, and before any long time Shropshire accepted Christianity at their hands.

At this period the kingdom of Wessex, after being for a considerable time subject to Mercia, again asserted itself. Turning once more to the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, we read under the date 661 :—

"In this year Kenwealh (King of Wessex) fought at Easter at Posentesbyrig, and Wulfhere, son of Penda, laid the country waste as far as Aescesdun."

Posentesbyrig is clearly Pontesbury, whose hill is still crowned with an extensive earthwork, and Aescesdun is probably to be identified with one of the numerous Astons which are dotted over almost the whole county.

The victory put the West Saxons in possession of an important valley watered by the Rea, in which many of them effected settlements,[1] and from this time the conquest of the shire was as complete as it ever became. All the river valleys had now been explored, and everywhere clearings were effected in the forests. Villages with their stockaded "burh," and their place of "folkmoot," surrounded by their village ground and pasture land, grew up in every direction, and became the rudiments of the villages and townships which form the principal features of country life to this day.

The extent of this Saxon settlement of Shropshire may be easily traced by a study of the place-names which survive. It will be found that these are English over most of the county, but in the district known as Clun Forest on the south-west, and in the hill country at the back of Oswestry, they are very largely Welsh, showing

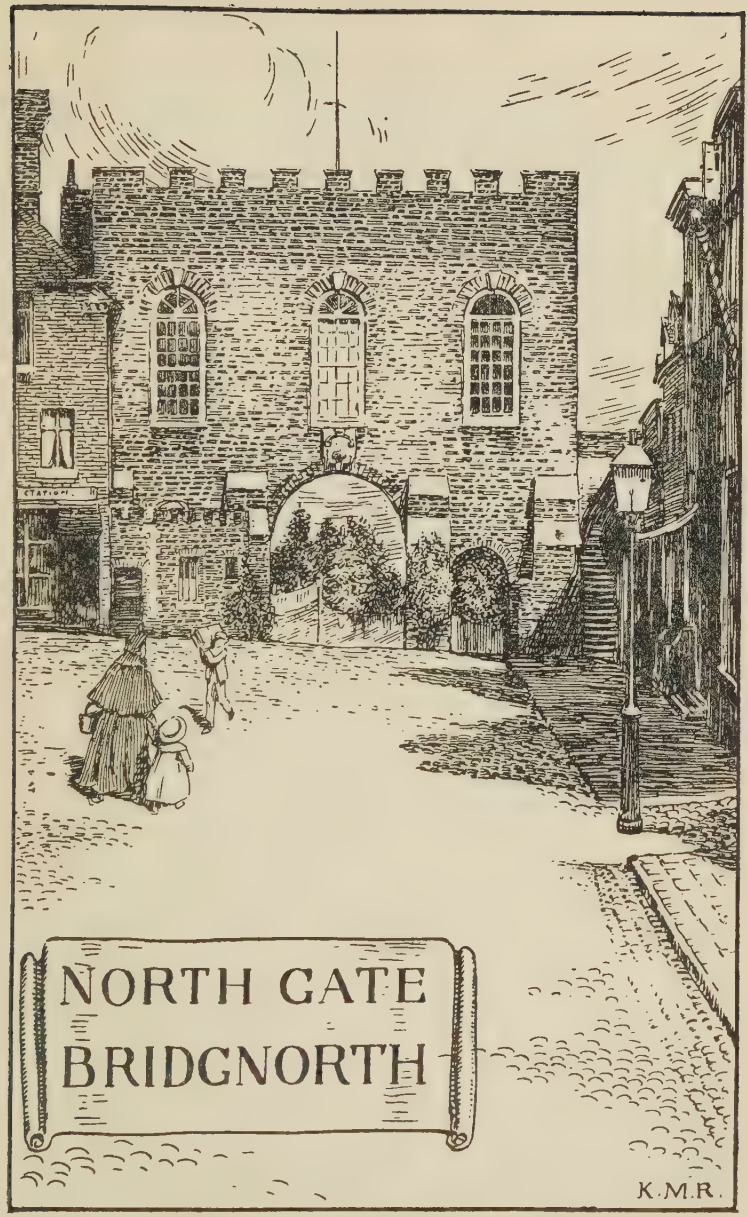
[1] For the effects of the different Saxon invasions on the language and customs of the county, *cf.* Miss Burne's *Folk-Lore*, pp. 618-19.

that these two districts were never really taken possession of by the Saxons, but retained through all changes their old Celtic inhabitants. It only remained for Offa, who reigned over Mercia from 757 to 796, to consolidate the Saxon power in the border country by wresting Pengwern from the Britons and—pushing their boundary further back—to mark and secure the territory thus acquired. This he did by the great earthwork which he constructed, or in part adapted, extending from the mouth of the Dee to that of the Wye, which still bears the name of Offa's Dyke, and remains comparatively perfect in some parts of the county. His reign was also marked by a change of name in the case of the county town such as must have taken place also with many less important settlements. Pengwern (the knoll of alders), when it passed into Saxon hands, became Scrobbesbyrig (the settlement among the shrubs), a name which, like its previous designation, was derived from the character of its site; and this, in various softened forms, has remained its name to this day.

The wave of Danish invasion which rolled over England during the next two centuries scarcely touched Shropshire. As already mentioned, the name occurs first in connection with it, but only incidentally. The first Danish fleet, consisting of only three vessels, arrived on the southern shore of England towards the close of Offa's reign, but this was but the beginning of Viking invasion and devastation. From that period almost up to the Norman Conquest the pages of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* are largely a record of monasteries plundered, churches destroyed, and forces routed by this formidable foe. It contains two entries besides that already alluded to, in which Shropshire is specially concerned. In the year 894, during the reign of Alfred the Great, we are told that the Danes "went up along the Thames until they reached the Severn, then up along the Severn." This apparently means that they penetrated up the Thames valley to the foot of the Cotswolds, and then

crossed that ridge into the Severn valley somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gloucester. The account goes on to say that the "earldorman Ethered" and others collected an army, which included "some parts of the North Welsh race," and "when they were all gathered together they followed after the (Danish) army to Buttington, on the bank of the Severn, and there beset them on every side in a fastness." After some weeks of siege, by which the Danes were reduced to great straits of hunger, an engagement took place, and "the Christians had the victory." The village of Buttington lies just outside the present boundaries of Shropshire at the foot of the Long Mountain, and those who are familiar with the Severn valley at that point will know how wisely Ethered and his allies chose their place of attack. Apparently few of the Danes survived to tell the tale. As late as the year 1839, a large quantity of skulls and other human remains were discovered at the spot, which were evidently relics of some such struggle.

In the year 896 the invaders were again in this part of the country. Having been obliged to abandon their ships on the Lea near London, by the defences which King Alfred had erected between them and the sea, they made their way again across the kingdom. "They went overland," the *Chronicle* tells us, "until they arrived at Quatbridge on the Severn, and there wrought a work"—that is, constructed a fort. "They then sat that winter at Bridge." There is no difficulty in identifying these places. "Bridge" is Bridgnorth, which has near it the village of "Quatford," and the occurrence is still further perpetuated by the name "Danesford" on the river itself. The invaders, however, had no opportunity of effecting permanent settlements. Ethered, whom Alfred had made earldorman of Mercia, kept a vigilant watch on behalf of the king, and in this he was ably seconded by his wife, Ethelfleda, who was the king's daughter. She survived her husband some years, but the defence


NORTH GATE
BRIDGNORTH
K.M.R.

of her territory did not suffer by his death. She erected fortresses at Bridgnorth and Chirbury, and under the title "Lady of the Mercians" won wide regard. She was, traditionally, the founder of the church dedicated to St. Alkmund in the county town.

The best proof, however, of the statement that the Danish invasion left no impress on the county is to be found in a study of the place-names. There is an entire absence of names ending in "by" and "thorpe" and "thwaite," for example, with which we are so familiar in the north and east of England. Danish blood has contributed nothing to the making of the Salopian character.

II.—NORMAN.

IN 1066 came the Norman invasion under William the Conqueror. It had been already prepared for by the weak rule of Edward the Confessor, who had largely given himself over to Norman influence, and in whose reign the Norman Richard FitzScrob had erected a castle on the southern border of this county, which was a centre of oppression to the neighbourhood, and gave its name to the modern village of Richard's Castle. William claimed the crown of England as the appointed heir of Edward the Confessor, but the title universally given to him of "the Conqueror" embodies the true facts of the case. He was no ordinary man. Known at first as William the Bastard, he had, while yet a youth, to overcome opposition in his native duchy which would have overwhelmed the majority of men, but which only served to bring out the force of his character. Everyone is familiar with his invasion of England in September, 1066, and the result of the Battle of Senlac or Hastings. His victory was so complete that he was crowned the following Christmas at Westminster Abbey, then fresh from the hands of its founder, Edward the Confessor; and though

in many parts of the country the submission to him was merely nominal, he was able soon after to return to Normandy. He chose as Regents in his absence his half-brother, Odo (Bishop of Bayeux), whom he created Earl of Kent, and William FitzOsbern, whom he made Earl of Hereford. They had the sternness of William without his wisdom, and the result of their rule was an outbreak of rebellion in various parts of the country. The leader of resistance to the Norman power in the West Midlands was Edric Sylvaticus, or Wild Edric, who held considerable possessions in South Shropshire and Herefordshire. In alliance with the Welsh, he led the men of Shropshire, Hereford, and Cheshire against Shrewsbury, where the Norman power had already established itself, and laid siege to it. Their success, however, seems to have been only partial, and after burning part of the town they retired. The incident illustrates the weak place of all the resistance to William, which was that the efforts were detached and isolated from one another; and so William, by attacking his enemies in detail, overcame one after another, until his power was firmly established.

Among those who helped him and contributed to bring about this result was his friend and kinsman, Roger de Montgomery, and William rewarded him with large possessions, both in the south and west. He made him, first of all, Earl of Arundel, and then, at a later period, appointed him Earl of Shrewsbury, accompanying the latter appointment with lands which practically embraced the whole of Shropshire. As the result, Roger took up his abode at Shrewsbury, and erected a castle on the isthmus between the two arms of the Severn. Nothing of his work now remains except, perhaps, a portion of the entrance gateway; but it was sufficiently formidable to overawe the surrounding district.

Roger's personal rule seems to have varied somewhat according to the domestic influences brought to bear on

him. During the *régime* of his first wife, Mabel de Belesme, who was cruel and oppressive, his policy ran in the same direction; but after her murder by those who had suffered from her rapacity, Roger married Adeliza de Puiset, who was a woman of very different character. Under her influence his rule was milder, and, in particular, he founded various religious houses, including the Cluniac Priory of Wenlock and the Benedictine Abbey of Shrewsbury.

Meanwhile, however, the Earl was growing old. His friend and patron, William the Conqueror, died in 1087; and in 1094, finding his own health failing, he retired to the abbey he had founded, and, enrolling himself as a brother, died there, and was buried near to the high altar of the monastic church. A tomb is still shown there as his monument, but the effigy belongs to a later date than his death.

The social changes wrought in Shropshire by the Norman Conquest were great, as shown by a study of the Domesday Survey. The county was at that time divided into fifteen hundreds, each consisting of a number of manors, whose owners and their tenants are recorded together, with the value of each as it was then and as it had been in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Earl Roger was the owner—or, strictly, *tenant in capite*—of all but a very few manors, which belonged to the Bishop of Chester and Ralph de Mortimer respectively, and those who held under any of the three, almost without exception, bore Norman names. A few were held by ecclesiastical bodies. Among the sub-tenants were a small number who appear from their names to be Saxon, but it is clear that the dispossession of those who had owned the land in the time of King Edward was very complete. It was impossible for this change to take place without injustice and hardship of the severest kind at the time when it was effected, but it had its redeeming features. The Normans were more thrifty and temperate

THE GUILDHALL, MUCH WENLOCK.

in their personal habits, more able to adapt themselves to new circumstances, and to assimilate what was good in their surroundings, than those whom they dispossessed. The result was that the Normans supplied the element of organization which the Saxons had lacked, and no long period elapsed before the two were fused into one powerful nation. "The English tongue and the English law held their own throughout the realm, and within a century the French baron had become an English lord."[1]

As regards Shropshire itself, though this gradual fusion was going on underneath, the century which followed the death of the Conqueror was largely one of trouble and unrest. The reign of Henry I. was disturbed by the rebellion of Robert de Belesme, the eldest son of Roger de Montgomery, who appears to have inherited the bad qualities of his mother, Roger's first wife. Espousing the cause of Robert Curthose on the death of William Rufus, Belesme raised a formidable rebellion against Henry. He was besieged by the king in his castle of Bridgnorth, but escaped to Shrewsbury. Having reduced the garrison left behind at Bridgnorth, the king followed him to Shrewsbury, making his way over Wenlock Edge by a new road which he caused to be formed for the purpose, and so arriving before Belesme was prepared. Henry accepted his submission, and contented himself with banishing him from the kingdom; but he carried his turbulent spirit with him, and a few years later the king seized an opportunity of arresting him, and he ended his days a prisoner in the castle of Wareham.

Henry paid other visits to Shropshire later on in his reign. Two documents issued by him bear date at Norton, in the parish of Condover, and Shrewsbury received from him privileges which are alluded to and confirmed in an extant charter of King John. It is

[1] *Social England* (First Edition), vol. i., p. 243.

CONDOVER HALL.

almost certain that the country also benefited in another way by his administrative ability. A comparison of the Hundreds of Shropshire, as they appear in *Domesday*, and as they existed a century later, shows that there had been wise revision and re-arrangement of their boundaries, by which their administration was rendered more easy. It cannot, indeed, be proved that this was actually the work of Henry, but it was at least work which would be congenial to one who gained the name of Beauclerc by his learning and acquirements; and he knew the county so intimately that he might well choose it for the exercise of his administrative skill.

In 1135, however, Henry died, and twenty years of anarchy followed, in which Shropshire bore its share of suffering. The right to the throne was contested between Matilda, or Maud, the daughter of Henry, and Stephen of Blois, the grandson of the Conqueror through the female line, and this disputed succession gave an opportunity for a display of all the worst features of the feudal system. Barons everywhere erected castles, which became centres of oppression and lawlessness, which there was no central power with sufficient authority to control. Most of the Shropshire nobles seem to have espoused the cause of Matilda. The castles of Ellesmere, Whittington, Ludlow, and Shrewsbury are all mentioned as garrisoned for the Empress, and of these Shrewsbury sustained a siege in 1138 by Stephen himself, who succeeded in capturing it, and he put the garrison to the sword. He had not, however, the tact to reap any advantages from his success, and at last, in utter weariness, an agreement was come to by which Stephen should hold the crown for his life, but that it should then pass to Henry, the son of Matilda.

The anarchy was productive of two good results: the need of a refuge for the weak led to the development of monastic life and a large increase of religious houses; and the insecurity of the country led to the enlargement

of the towns, and their growth in importance and influence. Neither development, indeed, was an unmixed good, but for the time the one secured a home for piety and learning, and the other laid the foundation of liberty and trade.

III.—PLANTAGENET.

HENRY II. succeeded to the throne in 1154. The difficulties which confronted him were enough to daunt the spirit of a man as young as he was at the time, but they only served to bring out the force that was latent in his character. His first work was to lessen the power of the barons by reducing the number of their castles. Among those who resisted the king's wishes in this respect was Hugh de Mortimer, who held castles at Cleobury Mortimer and Bridgnorth in this county, and Wigmore just over the Herefordshire border. Henry laid siege to these in turn, and Mortimer made his submission at Bridgnorth in July, 1155.

Meanwhile the Welsh were becoming increasingly troublesome, and from this period till their final subjugation by Edward I., the records of Shropshire are largely concerned with their incursions and the efforts made to keep them under control.

Henry II. was in North Wales in 1157, and in South Wales the year following, and he made a further expedition against his troublesome neighbours in 1165, but none of these efforts achieved more than a partial and temporary success. The same may be said of the efforts of John and of Henry III. In the reign of both these last-mentioned, the prince who ruled in North Wales was Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, known as Llewelyn the Great; and though John endeavoured to attach him to himself by giving him his natural daughter, Joan, in marriage, he continued to be a scourge to Shropshire as long as he lived. The Welsh supported the barons in extorting

from John the Magna Charta at Runnymede, but Shrewsbury continued loyal to the king, probably in part from the fact that he had conferred on the town no less than three charters. Llewelyn marched against it, and took possession of it, but only held it for a few months. It was destined, however, again to feel that prince's power at a later period. One of the last acts of his reign was to lay waste the surrounding country up to its very gates.

So matters went on till the sceptre fell from the weak hands of Henry III., and passed into those of Edward I. The chief power in Wales at this time was wielded by Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, a grandson of Llewelyn the Great, of whom he was a worthy descendant. He had measured swords with Edward during the rebellion of Simon de Montfort, before his accession to the throne, and had shown himself an adversary worthy of his steel. When Edward became king, Llewelyn first delayed, and at last refused, to do homage, and Edward marched against him, and, with the co-operation of his brother David, effected his submission. As the result, however, of the attempt to introduce English law and custom into Wales, rebellion again broke out under the joint leadership of Llewelyn and David, the latter having forsworn his allegiance to the king. Edward determined once for all to crush the turbulence of Wales, and he succeeded. Llewelyn fell in an obscure skirmish near Builth, and a few months later, in June, 1283, David was betrayed into the king's hands, and sent in chains to Shrewsbury. Here a Parliament was called to consider his case, and he was sentenced to be executed with various marks of barbarity. This Shrewsbury Parliament is, however, chiefly famous as marking a great step in constitutional government. For the first time representatives of the Commons took part in the deliberations by legal authority. During its session in Shrewsbury the king probably stayed at Acton Burnell with his friend

WHITTINGTON CASTLE :

and chancellor, Robert Burnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and when the Parliament had dealt with David, its meeting was adjourned to Acton Burnell itself, where it passed an important statute dealing with the recovery of debts.

Edward followed up the subjugation of Wales by the erection of a large number of border castles, of which the ruins of many still survive. These served the double purpose of overawing the Welsh and protecting the English, who were encouraged to settle among them, and their ruins are an abiding memorial that the power of Wales as an independent nation was permanently crushed.

The century which followed the death of Edward I. was comparatively uneventful to Shropshire, but in 1403 it again came into notice. Political affairs were at the time in a very unsettled condition. The Scots were causing trouble in the north, and Owen Glyndwr was in rebellion in Wales, while the tenure of the crown by Henry IV. had on it the taint of usurpation. In July of that year the Percys, who had been the mainstay of Henry's power in the north, threw off their allegiance, and marched southward against him. Their forces, led by Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, met those of the king near Shrewsbury, and on the spot now marked by the church of Battlefield a fierce contest took place. The result was a great victory for the king. Hotspur was himself slain, with an unusually large number of distinguished men on both sides, and a blow was struck at feudalism from which it never wholly recovered. The interest of the battle of Shrewsbury will, however, always find its centre, not in prose, but in verse; not in the pages of the chronicler, but in those of the dramatist. Shakespeare has immortalized the contest in his *Henry IV.*, and by his creation of the character of Falstaff has given us a fictitious hero who is better known than the real heroes of the fight. Those who remember little about the king or Hotspur, are well acquainted

LUDLOW
CASTLE

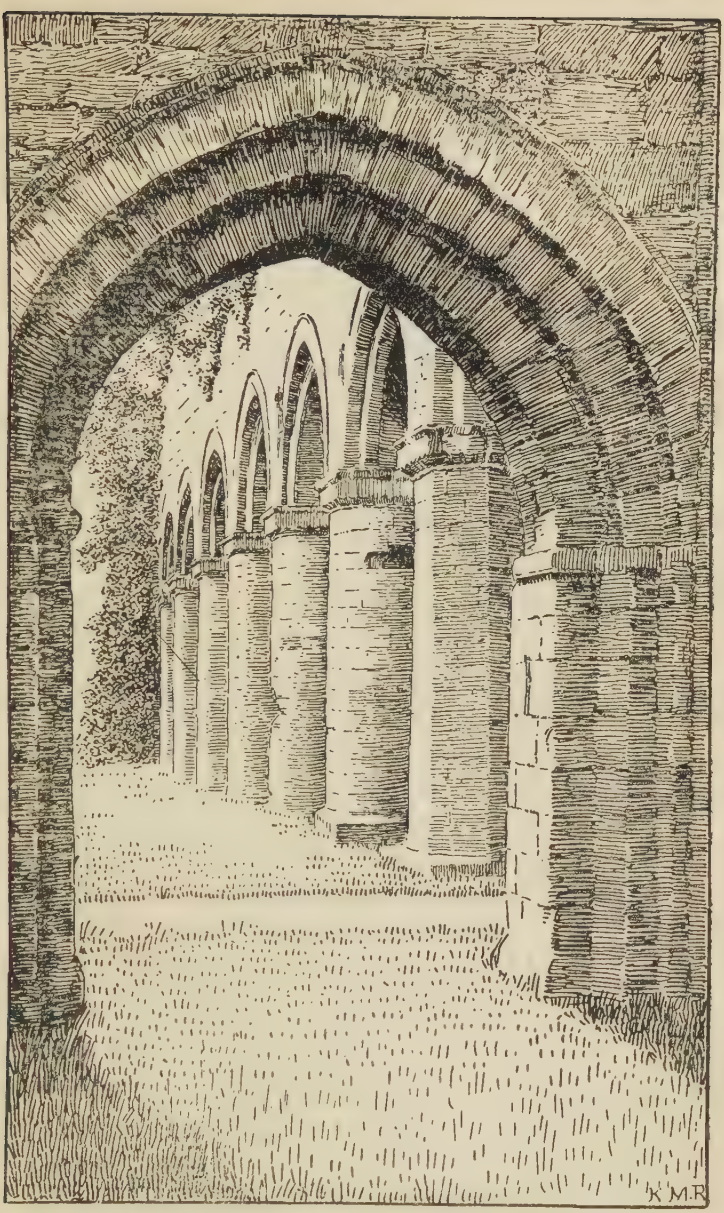
with the deeds and sayings of that fat and doughty knight.

After another half-century of tranquillity, the county was called to bear its part in the Wars of the Roses. Richard, Duke of York, the father of Edward IV., paid several visits to Shropshire, and was so great a favourite in Shrewsbury that his statue, which now fills a niche in the Old Market Hall, was set up over the gate which gave admission at the Welsh Bridge. At the time of his death, his son Edward was staying in Shrewsbury, and it was from thence he marched southward, and by his victory over the Lancastrian forces at Mortimer's Cross, near Ludlow, secured for himself possession of the throne.

After a troubled reign of twenty-two years, Edward IV. died in 1483, and his power passed into the hands of his son, a child of eleven. The reign of Edward V., as might be expected from the temper of the times, was merely nominal. Before three months had elapsed his uncle Richard usurped the throne, and the boy king, along with his little brother (who had been born at Shrewsbury), was smothered in the Tower of London. Richard III., however, was not long to enjoy his usurped authority. Henry, Earl of Richmond, claimed the throne, and in August, 1485, landed at Milford Haven to assert his claim. Thence he directed his course to Shrewsbury, where he slept at the house near the top of the Wyle Cop, which still remains, and so on to Bosworth Field, where Richard was defeated and slain, and he succeeded as Henry VII., the first king of the House of Tudor.

IV.—TUDOR.

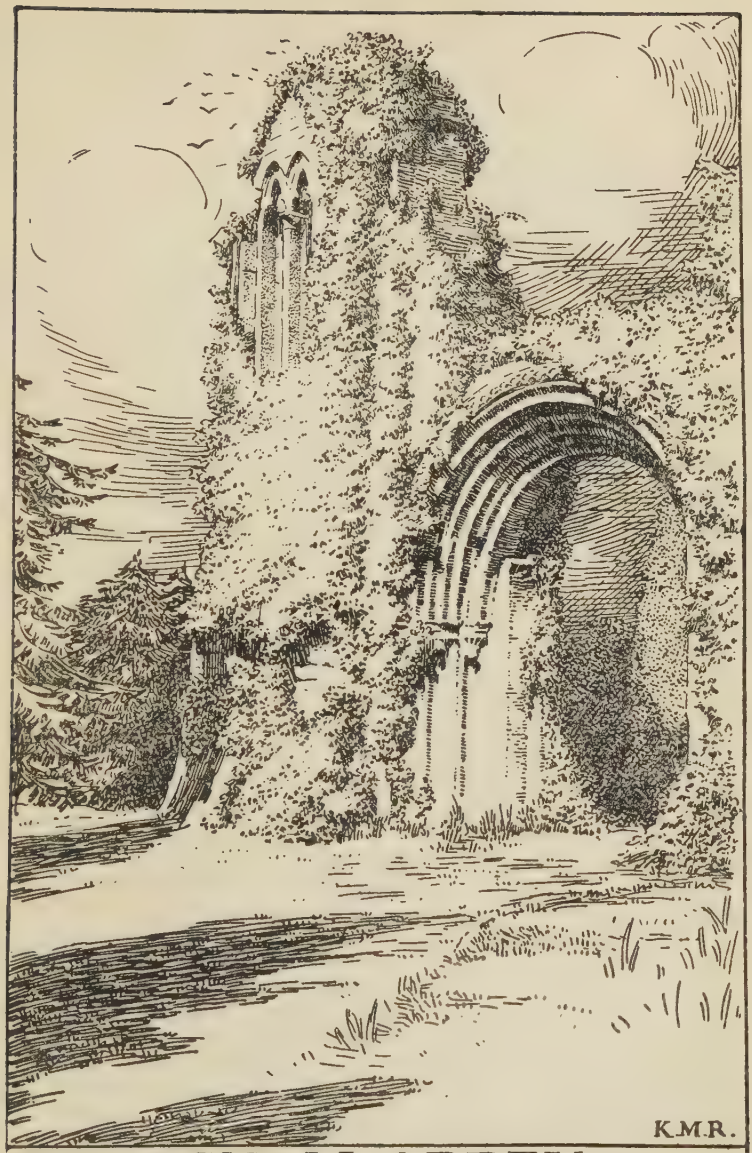
DURING this period the history of Shropshire mainly centres in two movements, one wholly political, the other both political and religious; the former was the foundation and development of the Court of the Marches, the



BUILDWAS ABBEY.

latter was the movement which we know as the Reformation. The treatment of these subjects would require too long a space, and it must suffice to mention that the Court of the Marches had its origin in the reign of Edward IV., who appointed a council to assist his son as Prince of Wales, which should curb the power of the Lord Marchers and secure justice for the Welsh. It was consolidated and made a permanent institution by Henry VII., whose eldest son, Arthur, held court at Ludlow with his bride, Katharine of Arragon. The best known of those who filled the office of President of the Council were Rowland Lee, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, who was appointed in 1534, and who, on his death at Shrewsbury in 1542, was buried in St. Chad's Church; and Sir Henry Sidney, appointed in 1559, whose son, Sir Philip Sidney, was one of the distinguished *alumni* of Shrewsbury School. The Court lasted till 1689, but for some considerable period before that date had lost its original importance.

During the Reformation period, the people of Shropshire were largely content to go quietly on their way, letting others alone, and asking only to be let alone themselves. They saw with some dismay the destruction of the beautiful abbeys, for which the county was famous. Shrewsbury Abbey was one of the most important in England. It was a Benedictine house, to which order Bromfield and Morville priories belonged. Wenlock was a Cluniac house, and Buildwas and Whiteladies were Cistercian, the former for monks, the latter for nuns. There were five Augustinian houses, the most important being Haughmond and Lilleshall; and the famous Halesowen Abbey belonged to the Præmonstratensian order. All these fell victims to the monarch's greed, or, as some assert, had lived their day and served their purpose, and were no longer needed. Some of their ruins proclaim their former beauty, and still bear witness to



LILLESHALL ABBEY :

their superb architectural merit, especially Buildwas and Lilleshall, which are here illustrated.

V.—STUART AND HANOVERIAN.

SHROPSHIRE had its full share in the incidents in the Civil War between Charles I. and the Parliament, and the oak at Boscobel, within its boundaries—as recorded in an inscription at its base—"had the honour of sheltering from his foes his Majesty King Charles II." after the battle of Worcester. In the early years of the contest, at any rate, Shropshire for the most part was Royalist. Charles I. paid a visit to Shrewsbury almost immediately after raising his standard at Nottingham in August, 1642, and evidently regarded the county as one of those in which his cause was strongest. The castles and country houses were nearly all garrisoned—the majority for the king—but various causes combined to weaken his hold, and in spite of the brilliant exploits of Prince Rupert and the more solid work of men like Sir Francis Ottley, the Governor of Shrewsbury, the Royalist cause gradually lost ground, till the battle of Worcester made its ruin for a while complete.

In due time, however, came the reaction, and in 1660 Charles II. was called to his ancestral throne amid the acclamations of the people. Their hopes were not destined to be wholly realized, for want of tact was bound up in the very nature of the Stuarts, but it remained for James II. to exhibit this characteristic in the form most objectionable to the English people. By his own change of religion, and by his arbitrary measures, carried out by men like Judge Jeffreys, he aroused a jealousy for the liberties of the nation which was only satisfied by his exile.

Shropshire did not feel the immediate effects of these changes to any marked degree. Shrewsbury was one of the towns from which, at the close of the reign of

Charles II., was demanded the surrender of its charter, and this was returned by James in a form which provoked strong feeling against his claim to arbitrary power, but it was also one of the towns which he honoured with a personal visit. Jeffreys, too, was connected with the county. He was educated at Shrewsbury School, where there exists a portrait, much more pleasing than might be expected from his character and actions, and it was as Baron of Wem that he was raised to the peerage. He does not, however, appear to have ever made it his home.

Since the Revolution the story of the shire has been for the most part uneventful. The Court of the Marches, as already mentioned, was abolished in 1689, and gradually everything which gave a distinct mark to the public life of the county passed away. But it has maintained a character of its own all through, as is easily recognised by any one who has lived both in Shropshire and in other parts of the Midlands or the North. Local life and local feeling have been, and still are, strong in Shropshire. This has arisen partly from its distance from the Metropolis, and it showed itself especially in the eighteenth century. Then the towns, and particularly Shrewsbury and Ludlow, had each its own season, for which the county families went into residence, as they now go to London. As a tourist who stayed at Ludlow in 1772 said of that town, there were to be found there "abundance of pretty ladies," "provisions extremely plentiful and cheap," and "very good company."[1]

Since that period Shropshire has been brought into closer contact with the outer world, firstly by the rise of coaches, and more recently by that of railways; but—in conjunction to some extent with the two neighbouring shires of Chester and Hereford—it has maintained its individuality more than most counties. Bishop Creighton

1 *Salopian Shreds and Patches*, vol. i., p. 104. For the social life of the county town, *cf.* the Author's *Shrewsbury*, pp. 213-244.

showed his usual true historic instinct, as well as his knowledge of facts, when he said of Shropshire:

"It shows the growth of agricultural prosperity in a fertile district, which became prosperous as soon as it was freed from disorder. It shows how the baronial civilization of early times gave way before the changed conditions of the country which began in the reigns of the Tudor kings. It still bears on its surface the traces of the gradual progress of English society in a region where local life was strong, and where its course had been but slightly affected by the development of modern industry, which in other counties has nearly obliterated the records of the year."[1]

THOMAS AUDEN.

[1] Creighton, *Some English Shires*, p. 209.

HEREFORDSHIRE

TO one standing on the summit of an eminence such as Lincoln, with its vista of fen-land, the horizon appears vague and objectless. Strain your eyes as you will, the sky-line eludes their gaze. So, also, with history. Its foreground may be vivid, its middle distance present sharp outlines, but the past fades in mist. To the observant eye the broken surface of some among the low-lying hills, surging as waves beneath the environing circle of mountainous ranges which secludes Herefordshire alike from England and from Wales, can but tell of scenes and events whereof we have no cognisance. Try to rede suggestive details into verified history, and the outcome is mere illusion, as picturesque, perchance, and as mysterious, as the Herefordshire "blue" so dear to artists—*i.e.*, the ruddy marl of the hillsides viewed through the medium of its grey exhalations. Wood-crowned rising ground, orchards bearing the rarest fruit, green meadows dotted with pollard oaks—all the glories of leafage and colour—invite the wayfarer to linger in enjoyment, the inhabitant to rejoice in his home; but what lies beyond history resembles the motto of some dust-laden hatchment. *Fuimus* is the inarticulate legend of the ancient hills. They have emerged from eternity silent, passive—*carentes vate sacro.*

The aborigines of this region, according to Tacitus, presented strong points of resemblance to the Iberians—*i.e.*, the Basques of Spain, especially as regards their cranial development, which was dolicho-cephalous, or

elongated, being also accompanied by the large black eyes of the Spaniards. This type of skull still exists in Herefordshire villages, but commonly with vivid blue eyes and a brilliant complexion. Lustrous dark eyes are by no means uncommon, only in combination with less peculiar heads. We have, therefore, a survival of Silurian characteristics, but differentiated; and, in respect of the Iberian theory, which postulates an immigration of Basques in prehistoric days, it may be remarked, *pace* Darwin, that similarity of structure does not necessarily imply identity of origin; while, if we accept the hypothesis that this Basque immigration took place prior to the overflow of the German Ocean, which, according to geologists, forced a channel between England and France, we find ourselves travelling very far towards the nebulous region of vapid conjecture. Suffice it that we are indebted to the careful Roman historian for a description of the native aborigines of this region, and that to this very hour Herefordshire displays affinities with the primæval Silurian stock, blended, nevertheless, with other strains.

No doubt for centuries, if not for æons, these Silurians enjoyed the sole and peaceable occupation of England; but their methods being primitive to the extent of their being unarmed, the time came when from overseas descended upon them a double wave of Celtic invasion. Fortunately, these waves broke against each other, for Goidelic struggling with Brythonic Celt, afforded the Silurians their opportunity, and the Goidelic Celts found themselves under the necessity of courting a Silurian alliance against their own kinsmen. Nevertheless, while on the Welsh border Silurian and Goidelic Celt had coalesced, when the third mighty wave of conquest—that of the disciplined Roman legions—overspread the land, it was the great Brython Caradoc (Latinised as Caractacus) who led, and for a time successfully, the Celtic and Silurian host against Ostorius.

With the captivity of Caradoc, Celt and Silurian lost their individuality, and while some lingered in Herefordshire as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Romans of Magna Castra and Ariconium, the majority sought an asylum among the grim gorges of South Wales, to be styled in the future, Galli or Welsh. They retained their chiefs, and, later on, when the Roman occupation ceased, sought, but in vain, to oust the Saxon sea-wolves, who had followed the trail of the departing Romans, sweeping over the face of the land, and for the nonce displacing Roman civilisation. The newcomers were Teutons—vigorous, capable men; but on the threshold of the invasion, barbarians. Those of them who penetrated as far as the Welsh border, formed for themselves the Kingdom of the Marches—Mercia—and very soon made the Welsh understand that to overstep their dividing line, Offa's Dyke, was to forfeit a hand. Between Saxon and Celt the difference has always paralleled that which separates order from disorder; and of the Welsh horde it might be said, as of Nature, *expellas furcâ tamen usque recurrit.* Unhappily for the turbulent Welsh, while they clashed perpetually with the Saxons on land, they were equally harried by the pirate Danes on the sea coast. None the less, they proved themselves irrepressible. Behind the long curtain of the Black Mountains, which seem to have reminded the Roman invaders of their own dreaded and hated Alps, they were safe from attack, and could descend on the fertile valleys of Herefordshire at will, and did so at intervals in the most cruel and vindictive spirit. Having regard to the fact that the Welsh boasted their Christianity long before Augustine came to Canterbury, it seems the more paradoxical that they should have caught none of its spirit. Temperament doubtless lends its colour to religion, and it remains a coincidence that the discipline of such saints as Dubricius and David should have found

a truculent counterpart in the Welsh Oliver Cromwell—*als* Williams.

The Kingdom of the Marches—Mercia—attained its zenith under Offa, soon to be subjugated by Edward the Elder, and when St. Dunstan unified England, each of the separate kingdoms came under the rule of an earl. Of these earls, Leofric is best remembered as having founded Leominster and as the husband of Lady Godiva, immortalized by the legend of "Peeping Tom" of Coventry. This earl's domain must originally have been spacious, but Edward the Confessor converted the Herefordshire portion into a separate earldom under Sweyn, son of the redoubtable Earl Godwin. The names, Eardisley, Eardisland, and Leinthal Earles recall this phase of the history of the shire.

We are now approaching the last great wave of conquest. The primeval Silurian had succumbed to the Goidelic Celt, the Goidelic Celt to the Brythonic, and all three tribes went down before Ostorius and Frontinus. Then, after the lapse of three centuries, followed the great Saxon wave and the Danish half-wave, so that when the Confessor mounted the throne of England, this moiety of the island, including Wales, contained a congeries of races. He himself was practically French, and imbued with a spice of contempt for his subjects. He had been bred in France, and was son of a French mother. Hence his one idea was to introduce into England French civilisation, which already had assumed the form of feudalism. Earl Sweyn, having seduced the Abbess of Leominster, was banished. Ralph, the Confessor's nephew, became Earl, and with him descended upon the Welsh border a pair of Normanised Englishmen, viz., Richard, son of Scrob, or Scroope, who built for himself Richard's Castle, and Osbern, styled Pentecost—apparently on the *lucus a non* principle, inasmuch as this bold baron was endued with anything but a pentecostal spirit—who erected the castle of Ewyas. Suffice it that

Glyndwr Tower.

the Saxons of the period rose in anger against this new development, and when Ralph was recalled and Sweyn restored to his earldom, ventilated their grievances. It happened, however, that Sweyn, being a second time banished, the Norman Ralph returned to encounter an invasion of the Welsh, which resulted in pillage. Strange to relate, when the Frenchified Englishmen were harried oversea by Earl Godwin, Ralph retained office, but the Pentecost and the son of Scroope disappeared, the former to die fighting with Macbeth at Dunsinane, the latter alone returning on the death of Earl Godwin. Disaster followed. The Welsh, under Algar, burned Hereford Cathedral, and it needed the prowess of the Saxon Harold, son of Earl Godwin, to crush them.

After the Norman Conquest, William FitzOsbern was appointed Earl and Viceroy during the absence of William in Normandy. Confronted by another Welsh rising, this strong man, whose residence on the border seems to have been Richard's Castle, set to work to commence a chain of castles, *parvis componere magna*, resembling Lord Kitchener's block-houses, and stretching from Abergavenny to Shrewsbury. To him may be attributed those "Customs of the Marches" which rendered the Norman barons almost independent. Hence the rapid rise of certain great families, whose names are graven on the annals of the shire. Thus, in 1277, we find a complete list of the then Lord Marchers, as follows:— De Mortemer of Wigmore; De Mortemer of Richard's Castle, inherited from FitzOsbern; Corbet of Caurs; De Verdun, representing De Lacey by marriage; De Geneville, Lord of Ludlow Castle, also representing De Lacey; De Tregoz, representing FitzRobert and De Cantilupe; De Tony of Elvael; De Clifford of Tenbury; Giffard of Clifford Castle; De Braose of Abergavenny; De Chaworth of Kidwelly Castle; De Camville of Llanstephan; FitzMartin of Cemaes; FitzPeter of Talgarth; De Hastings of Cilgeran; Edmund, Earl of Lancaster,

of Grosmont, Skenfrith, and White Castles; De Bohun, Earl of Hereford, of Eardisley Castle; De Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, Strigul Castle; De Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and Lord of Glamorgan.

In the next generation, De Mortemer, of Richard's and Burford Castles, had been succeeded, as regards the latter, by the Cornewalls—descending, with the bende sinister, from the King of the Romans, son of King John —who also held Stepleton Castle; and, as regards Richard's Castle, by the Talbots. But the main line of the De Mortemers—later Mortemer—continued to reign in Wigmore, and their title, Earl of March, seems to indicate a supremacy over the Border barons. It was their high destiny to become fused with royalty, and their blood flows in the veins of the present dynasty.

The Barons, intoxicated by the sway of regal power within their own strongholds, holding the lives of their vassals within the palm of their hands, from time to time took sides with or against the reigning monarchs. Defeated, they suffered, if not death, attainder, with the confiscation of their castles and lands; victorious, they entered on the inheritance of their fallen compeers. Thus the game of civil war became a gamble, wherein all in the long run were certain to be losers. Hence the elimination after the Wars of the Roses of nearly all the original Norman Barons. Mortemer, De Lacey, De Bohun, De Braose, De Clare, De Clifford, and the rest, so far as Herefordshire is concerned, have long since faded into *nominum umbrae*, albeit the blood of many among them remains in the few old families that have survived agricultural depression.

But the fate of the successors of these, the first Norman settlers, was less tragical. After the Norman Baron followed the Knight, sometimes, like Scudamore, Devereux, Baskerville, and Neville, of Norman blood; sometimes, like Lingen and Lenthall, Croft, Harley, and Hopton, Saxon; or, like Vaughan and Mynors, Celtic in

origin. They won their way to the front rank mostly by prowess in the field, though not seldom by lofty alliances; and even on the Welsh Border, where the rule was, of necessity, military, in view of probable and sudden raids, their exercise of lordship proved beneficial. Castellated or crenellated mansions, such as Kynnersley and Kentchurch, supplemented the defensive potentiality of the Norman castles, until, except in the rare instances when an organized inroad on a large scale overtaxed the resources of the castles, the predatory Welsh may be said to have been overawed.

Thus was created by the force of circumstance a community of interest between classes, until the fourteenth century came to be described as the paradise of the labouring man. There was no ejection from house and home when Candlemas, with all the rigours of snow and ice, came round. The real serfdom of a wage dependent on the caprice of a master did not then exist. The great lord might be armed with almost autocratic authority, but if his men were dependent on him, he was even more dependent on his men, who practically were endowed, not merely with labour-right, but with tenant-right also. The village in effect resembled a commune. There was a large tract of pasture open to all. Each labourer held from nine to thirteen acres of arable land, subject only to the condition of working two days out of the six on the lord's lands, and taking his turn at watch and ward in the castle—no great hardship, inasmuch as the little community needed that fortress as a place of refuge should the wild Welsh descend suddenly from the mountains. If a man was unable to put in his two days per week of work, he might compound by a money payment, or by so much honey for the lord's mead-wine. The community further contained a smith and a tailor. Fuel was to be had from the forests, and game and venison when the lord had gone, as often happened, to the wars. Courts Barons settled disputes

and punished crime. Above all, the men enjoyed fixity of labour with fixity of tenure, and on the easiest of terms. If you contrast such a state of things with the lot of the rural labourer in the twentieth century, it will become evident that the much-reviled feudal system, after the harsh reign of the Norman Barons had ceased, so far from being a curse to the toiler of the field, was based on the principle, *jus suum cuique*, and, indeed, almost idyllic in its perfection. But that is not all. From Normandy had been imported the monastic system, and, even if themselves self-indulgent when by their rule they should have been ascetic, the monks, as a matter of conscience, made their abbeys a cornucopia of charity. No poor law was needed or dreamt of prior to the wreckage of the religious houses by Bluebeard Henry, and the charges levelled against the monasteries were evoked mainly by the jealousy of the hungry secular clergy. Incrimination and recrimination between these opposite classes of ecclesiastics conduced to the washing of the Church's dirty linen in public, and paved the way for the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. It was as gross an exaggeration to style a few parochial clergy living in community "a stye of secular canons," as was the retort discourteous of the seculars on the regulars, crystallised in the familiar quatrain of terrible satire:—

Meum est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum est appositum sitienti ori;
Ut dicunt quum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius isti potatori!

which may be freely rendered:—

Mine be the happy lot beneath a tavern's roof to die,
In front of me a flagon to slake the very dry;
That so the angel-chorus[1] incontinent may cry,
"God bless the soul that leaves us wine to all eternity!"

[1] *i.e.*, the monks.

The Juvenals of the Middle Ages indulged in coarse invective, and perhaps the most vehement among them hailed from Herefordshire and its borders—*e.g.*, Langland, author of "Piers Plowman"; Walter Map of Wormesley; and Giraldus Cambrensis, Archdeacon of Brecon. It was the latter who placed in the mouth of Bishop Goliath, a roystering Friar Tuck, the above Latin jingle; and one cannot but detect, in conjunction with a pure zeal for religion, a certain "secular" animus, all of which furnished, later on, convincing arguments for King Henry's commissioners. We remark, moreover, that whereas the Norman Barons had founded and supported monasteries, their successors were generally at variance with them—not so much because of scandals as of encroachments. It would be unrighteous to belittle the transcendent services of the religious orders, alike to religion and to civilisation, because of their gradual degeneracy in the long efflux of time. The ideal, for example, of the Puritan St. Bernard was as exalted as—albeit on more pragmatical lines—that of John Wesley. The debt England owes to the great Benedictine Order has never been adequately acknowledged; and regarding the Middle Ages by the vivid light of modern research, we are the less surprised at the miraculous flash that illumined prejudiced old Cobbett, when he exclaimed, in a vein of ludicrous simplicity, "I tell you, the builders of those cathedrals could not have been savages!" Indeed, there may have been more truth in Kingsley's lines on squire and parson of the early Victorian era than in the diatribes of Walter Map on the mediæval monks.

Herefordshire, too, bore a noble part in the glorious victories which demonstrated the superiority of the English, man for man, to the French. When Napoleon, at Waterloo, beheld the spectacle of the Chiltern and Cotswold lads forming the Oxfordshire regiment, crushing in hand-to-hand combat the invincible Old Guard,

he ingeminated, "Toujours le même depuis Crêcy!" It was at Agincourt, however, that the shire won its grandest laurels. The second in command was a Cornewall of Stepleton Castle—where for two centuries after the trophies[1] of Agincourt remained—and Burford. For services in France he was created, in open Parliament, Lord Fanhope, whence Drayton's stirring lines in *The Polyolbion* concerning the mêlée at Agincourt:—

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made.
Still, as they ran up,
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Lord Fanhope had wedded a princess of the blood royal, who, when he was a mere knight, had been fascinated by his prowess at a tournament. That he won his coronet by merit of a high order may be inferred from his having been left in command of the English army of occupation in France. Among the Herefordshire knights who shone on the field of Agincourt, Sir Rowland Lenthall must be mentioned as second only to the great Cornewall. He returned home so laden with spoils as to have been able to erect in Hampton Court the grandest mansion of Herefordshire, and, indeed, of the West Country.

Prior to Agincourt, the county had been the theatre of the last great Welsh raid—that of Owen Glendower, a descendant of Prince Llewellyn. Smarting under injury, that heroic chieftain raised the ancient standard of Wales, the Red Dragon, at Corwen. To that revered symbol the Principality flocked, and in him found a leader as capable and as elusive as De Wet. For fifteen

[1] These trophies, when Stepleton Castle fell, were removed to Burford Church, and eventually sold to a blacksmith, who used a helmet as a vehicle for carrying ashes. None remain.

long years did Owen render the county an Aceldama, and it needed all the innate military genius of Prince Hal to finally crush this chivalrous, if ruthless, filibuster. That he would have won the mastery of the West of England amounts to a certainty had it not been for the chain of Norman castles. But he seriously impoverished a land wherewith he was closely connected, his daughters having wedded Scudamore of Kentchurch, Croft of Croft Castle, and Monnington of Monnington. It remains to be told how, as an aged and a broken man in disguise, he found an asylum in Kentchurch Court, where Owen Glendower's Tower still stands as his memorial, and how his last resting-place was at Monnington.

The great battle of Mortimer's Cross—a picturesque spot subtending the Lugg, and near the beautiful village of Aymestrey and the Mortimer's splendid castle of Wigmore, the eyrie of eagles, whence they had often swooped down to annihilate their foes—may be said to have ended the Wars of the Roses, while from henceforward the feuds became religious, with, for final arbiter, the sword. Lollardy had already obtained a local habitation and a name in the county, but the spread of the new learning was gradual, and the people themselves by no means enamoured of change. The Church might need a moral upraising, but very few dreamt of impugning her doctrine or of abolishing her ritual. A ballad writer of an earlier period affirmed that the laity pay more attention to the lives than to the doctrine of their teachers. On the very eve of the Reformation a belief in the miracle-working of the shrines of SS. Ethelbert and Cantilupe, the one of Marden, the other of Hereford, prevailed. Although, according to the high authority of Canon Phillott, the feeling of the people in the diocese of Hereford was adverse to the reformed religion, as, indeed, may be inferred from the support given Queen Mary by the men of Leominster,

there were among the gentry those who, during the great spoliations of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., eagerly stooped to profit by the plunder of the Church. The chief mover in the suppression of the religious houses of the shire was a Scudamore, and in the list of Edward's Commissioners we find Sir George Cornewall and Thomas Dansey of Brinsop; while among those who were enriched by the purchase of Church lands at a merely nominal price were the Harleys. Nor was it monasteries only that suffered loss. The parish churches also were deprived, even of their communion plate, to such an extent that there survive only two pre-Reformation chalices—one at Leominster, the other, of great beauty, at Bacton—this latter owing to the benevolent offices of Blanche Parry, Queen Elizabeth's nurse, a portion of this good lady's embroidered dress for many years serving as an altar-cloth for that church.

Wholesale sacrilege did not apparently benefit religion. Although with the Reformers the sermon was the ergon of divine service, sacraments and liturgies being the merest parerga, it remains on record that in twenty-four churches in one hundred, that of Weobley, no sermon was preached for many years during the later years of Elizabeth and the commencement of the reign of James I. It may be that owing to this laxity the lecturers, who were home missioners and, at the same time, strong Calvinists, found favour. Prior to the Civil War there were but few of them in the county, and to this circumstance may be attributed the generally loyal attitude of the gentry. True, Harley represented Puritanism as much as Herefordshire, and was himself an active iconoclast; but, at the outset, constituencies who sent to Parliament men opposed to ship money and the Star Chamber, or, as in North Herefordshire, to the proposal to enclose Malvern Chase—a highly unpopular measure, were not in sympathy with revolution. Taking a rough estimate, we find that, in the main, the northern

Old Timber Houses, Weobley.

portion of the county supplied the more active partisans for the Parliament, the south mostly standing true to the king. But there were exceptions. Bennet Hoskyns sided with the Parliament, as also Reed of Lugwardine, a descendant of the Carmarthen Rhudds, who migrated to Breedon, where almshouses perpetuate their memory, and were co-heirs of the Barony of Beauchamp of Powyke. Scudamore of Kentchurch again took opposite sides to his cousins of Holme Lacey, who, in the person of Viscount Scudamore and his brother Barnabas, the sturdy defender of the city of Hereford, displayed a superb loyalty.

Among the gentlemen of the shire who espoused the cause of the Parliament were Devereux, Earl of Essex, Sir Robert Harley, Sir John Brydges, Sir Richard Hopton, Sir Edward Powell of Pengethly, Sir John Kyrle, the bastard Thomas Baskerville, Robert Mynors, John Pateshall, Henry Vaughan, two Scudamores, and William Littleton. The partisans of the king were men of more positive influence, comprising, in addition to the loyal Scudamores of Holme Lacey, Croft of Croft Castle, Pye of the Mynd, Fitzwilliam and Humphrey Conyngsby of Hampton Court, Baskerville of Eardisley Castle, Woodhouse of Woodhouse, Brabazon, Lingen, Rudhall, Seaborne, Tomkyns of Monnington, Aubrey of Clehonger, Barneby, Berrington of Bishopstone, Cornewall of Berrington—Cornewall of Burford was a "Parliament man," according to Lady Harley—Dansey of Brinsop, Lochard of Canon Pyon, Vaughan of Moccas, and others. In the city of Hereford the two Parliamentarians of note were Dr. Bridstocke Harford, whose son represented that constituency in the Cavalier Parliament, and Silas Taylor, afterwards governor, the musical Puritan.

To employ a Parliamentary colloquialism, very many on either side "wobbled," while we find often enough a house divided against a house. Besides the divided Cornewalls and Scudamores, if Sir Richard

Hopton was for the Parliament, Colonel Edward Hopton fought for the king. The Kyrles again were consistent in their inconsistency, and a clear majority of those who took up arms against the king, like Massey, after the murder of Whitehall repented—albeit too late. They, at all events, saved their estates, whereas the Royalists, clergy and laity alike, sank to a condition of destitution. It may be not uninteresting to record the greatest sufferers of all, the Roman Catholics of the shire, whose sin of loyalty had been multiplied indefinitely by fidelity to conscience. The list, indeed, may be termed a roll of honour, unless we are prepared to disavow as an impossible ideal the principle of toleration. The lands of the following gentry—Royalist recusants—were first sequestered and then sold:—Addis of Lyde; Berrington of Bishopstone; Bodenham of Rotherwas; Bradford of Garnstone; Goodyear of Leinthal Starkes; Gwatkin of Llangarren; Garnons of Garnons; Harper of Amberley; Kemble of Welsh Newton; Blount of Orleton; Harper of Tillington; Jones of Stockton; Loope of Garway; Monnington of Sarnesfield; Moore of Burghope; Street of Gattertop; Wigmore of Fownhope; Scudamore of Treworgan; altogether representing about a tenth of the acreage of the county.

The Civil War itself belongs to the domain of history, and so far as Herefordshire was concerned consisted of a bewildering series of skirmishes, varied by the sturdy defence of the city, to be followed by its occupation after a successful stratagem, and the pitiful and purposeless wanderings of King Charles on the Welsh Border, to whose credit be it related that it contained, even among the neediest, no Judas. The invasion of the Scotch under Leven led to no grander result than their appreciation of Hereford cyder and Herefordshire loot; indeed, the exactions of either party, particularly of Prince Rupert, very soon rendered the war abominable. "Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi" describes the situation,

until at last the iron despotism of a detested dictator was acquiesced in from sheer weariness. Nevertheless, as often happens when military operations lack the dramatic element, certain episodes redeemed the story of the war in the shire from comparative squalor. Chief among these stands forth the splendid defence of Brampton Bryan Castle by Brilliana, wife of Harley, the Member for the County, who was amusing himself at Westminster in smashing the ornaments of the London churches. So engrossing was this occupation to his iconoclastic soul, that he left the duty of defending his crenellated home to a noble wife, concerning whom it may be said that she merited a truer lord and a more manly husband. She has been wrongfully styled "Lady Brilliana Harley." The daughter of Viscount Conway, she would be correctly written either Hon. Brilliana, Lady Harley, or Hon. Lady Harley. Nomenclature apart, this glorious woman proved one of the staunchest among the heroines of the Civil War. Her husband may have infected her with his own fanatical zeal; she shines, however, in a clearer and brighter light. Throughout a long and tense siege, which cost her life itself, this bravest of her sex had but one word in answer to gallant besiegers, who almost implored her to surrender: "My lord bids me hold out!" Her portrait is that of a lady *pur sang*, delicate, refined, with a sweet oval face and an intelligent, lustrous eye; the mouth kind and happy, yet firm; the figure slight; the carriage that of a proud and self-reliant nature.

She was not the only lady who stood a siege in this cruel struggle. The Countess of Derby, a French aristocrat, Blanche, Lady Arundel of Wardour, Lady Wintour, Lady Bankes, all proved their mettle, and will live as long as English history; yet is there a special pathos attaching to the gentle defender of Brampton Bryan. Her letters add a singular lustre to her memory. Now she writes to her son, an Oxford undergraduate, who

became an officer in the Parliamentarian army, with all the tenderness of a fond mother, pointing none the less to the calls of duty; now to the same youth when wounded; now to an unworthy husband, in whom she reposed supreme confidence. Under her very eyes Brampton village was destroyed, its church burnt, the park devastated. Her spirit never faltered. Still she "held the fort," until death relieved her. Chivalrous Lord Hertford refused to attack the lady. Herbert had no such scruples. Vavasour tried to coax her; and when she died her neighbour, Lingen, held the command, with twelve hundred men to her one hundred. Yet in the midst of this sore tribulation she could write to her son to tell his father, "I will be willing to doo what he would hauve me doo."

War is war, but we must admit that the beautiful and brave lady met with rare courtesy from her foes. On the side of the Roundheads the quality of mercy was strained to emptiness. Of this we have an instance in the butchery of the venerable Mr. Ralph, Rector of Tarrington. For fifty long years he had served acceptably the church of the parish; his hair was silvern, yet being between eighty and ninety he passed for a hale man. Walking by St. Edith's well, on the edge of his parish, he found himself confronted by a troop of Massey's horse. To their challenge he replied that he was for "God and the King," whereupon they shot him, not, indeed, dead, but to die of hæmorrhage by the road side. Rupert *en revanche* shot a Puritan minister—an act that stained the Cavalier cause, and did but bring about reprisals.

The exigencies of space compel us to leave the black record of the Civil War, with its interminable catalogue of wrong and robbery, wreckage and ruin. Those of the Norman castles which had survived the wear of centuries were either destroyed or slighted (*i.e.*, dismantled), in many cases so effectually as to reduce them

to ruin. Thus fell to decay the Cornewall's castles of Stepleton and Burford under the mere process of slighting. Hampton Court and Treago, Kentchurch, Kynnersley, and Knill, with Lord Biddulph's early Jacobean mansion at Ledbury, remain to give a faint idea of the glories of Herefordshire prior to the devastating wave of a fanaticism which thought to win its own ideal of the kingdom of God on earth by the sword of the Ironside in lieu of by the sword of the Spirit. As has been well said, when the King came to his own again, he came to another and a different England. He was welcomed right heartily in the west, where his adventure at Boscobel had got to be regarded as a special intervention of Providence. But to repair the ravages of the war was financially impossible. One of the governors of Hereford, Sir William Russell of Strensham, had offered his life if thereby he might save the city of Worcester, and only escaped the claws of vindictive Rainsborough by the magnanimous intervention of Fairfax. He had been reduced from affluence to extreme poverty; yet all the recompense he received consisted in the restoration of his lands. The Roman Catholics of Monmouth and Herefordshire, who had suffered more than other Cavaliers, too soon were rewarded for their splendid loyalty by persecution under the scare caused by the wholesale lying of Titus Oates, whence it happened that the city of Hereford witnessed the last "religious" murder of an innocent man perpetrated on English soil. Religion, in truth, had ceased to be a motive power, and whereas in ancient days the shire furnished a Fair Rosamund to be the *chère amie* of a king, it was now to provide the merry monarch with another, whom he remembered with his dying breath. Of all the king's mistresses, Nell Gwynne, for her large heart, her open hand, and piquant tongue, alone atoned, so far as is possible, for frivolity and frailty.

With the Deliverer and the Georges came a long spell of reaction after the excitement of Civil War. The princely Chandos, a scion of the ancient house of Brugge, which, by an alliance with the family of Sollars, is said to have given its name to Bridge Sollars, flitted across the social stage with something like tinsel splendour. The Harleys annexed the title of the proud De Veres, and the Devereux, as premier viscounts, recalled the loftier memories of Plantagenet days before the Adonis of their race descended to be the toy of a vain queen, whose legitimacy was open to dispute, and before, also, the equivocal hero of Edgehill. The Conygsbys, who reigned in Hampton Court as successors to the Lenthalls for two centuries, by failure of male issue were followed by the Capels. In the course of time, Jockey of Norfolk, the highly festive, inherited the Scudamores' palace of Holme Lacey, to be succeeded by the more decorous Stanhopes. The Barony of Burford collapsed, and Berrington, the home of the Cavalier Cornewalls, was aliened to the great Lord Rodney, their blood, nevertheless, continuing at Moccas. Lord Bateman found a home at Shobdon; Lord Somers converted Castleditch into Eastnor Castle; and in the reign of Dutch William the Worcestershire Foleys built in the then prevailing style their splendid mansion at Stoke Edith. The Cotterells, having inherited the estates of the Giers—a Jacobean family famed for culture and hospitality—erected Garnons. Knill remains with the Walshams; Treago with the Mynors; Canon Frome with the Hopons; Rotherwas still is associated with the name of Bodenham; Much Marcle with that of Kyrle; Bredenbury with Barneby; Pengethly with the Symonds, successors of the Powells; while, in the female line, a Hereford still occupies Sufton Court. Other mansions once associated with ancient names have passed, in the natural evolution of things, to the magnates of trade and commerce—among them, Staunton-on-Arrow, Kynnersley,

Garnstone, Credenhill, Burghill, Bryngwyn, Foxley, Eaton Bishop, and, quite recently, Berrington. "The old order ceaseth, giving place to new," and the new blood imports the grace of gold to an impoverished shire. It seems, nevertheless, desirable that some reverence were displayed for antiquity. After the really æsthetic and exquisite old manor-house of brick and timber, with its mediæval or Jacobean carving, has been discarded in favour of the grandiose castle or hall—the *chef d'œuvre* of some empirical architect—then the true and the beautiful gets to be despised. Quantity, not quality, becomes the object of admiration, and the dear old "Court," one among the vanishing treasures of the shire, is suffered to sink into decay and squalor, to be demolished instead of restored. It remains on record that the son of the antiquary, Duncumb, destroyed the half-timber mediæval priest's house at Kenchester, adorned with priceless carving, including the dragon of St. Michael. Not only are the gems of architecture neglected or, as in Weobley, defaced, but positively a crusade has been initiated against ancient churchyard yews. Perhaps the new blood is too essentially utilitarian and Philistine to have opened "In Memoriam," otherwise one might think that Tennyson's reverent apostrophe to "The Old Yew," and its strange symbolism, might have melted the soul of a stone.

Gladstone, in a more than usually happy vein, affirmed that the history of England is written in her churches—he might have added churchyards. That of Herefordshire especially so, for the churches and churchyards give in fragments the history of the families which have made the shire from the earliest dawn of civilization. Hither, because of æsthetic associations, were attracted such sweet singers as Wordsworth to Brinsop, Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Ledbury, Frances R. Havergal to Upton Bishop. The shire itself has not been prolific of genius. Traherne, the Cromwellian poet, Rector of

Credenhill; Garrick; Sir F. Ouseley, composer and pious founder, but Herefordshire by tenure only, not by birth; Phillips, the "water poet" and panegyrist of cyder, who, again, was Herefordshire by association only, with "Gier's Marsh," and its nectar—such are the few literary names that recur to memory. Although born and bred amid surroundings of beauty, the people seem to be severely practical for the most part, and, withal, endowed with a more than common equipment of homely virtues. After all, it was Athens, not Arcadia, that gave birth to the immortals; and if William Shakespeare had never wandered from his home to Oxford and London, England would not now boast the greatest dramatist of the wide world. Nevertheless, as an eminent sculptor said of the Yazor valley, *the scene grows upon one.* A tender old land spreads her strong magic for sons and daughters to confess:

"*The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground, yea, I have a goodly heritage.*"

Truly the landscape, the purple blue, the wealth of spreading woods, the grace of winding streams, all the *coup d'œuil*, belong to all, and of the feast of form and colour all are sharers. Thus might it be said of Herefordshire and its denizens, high and humble alike:

"Beati, sua si bona norint!"

COMPTON READE.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

FEW counties equal Gloucestershire in historic interest and can rival its store of relics of antiquity. "Cotswold, that great king of shepherds," [1] looks proudly down upon the lovely Severn valley, and proclaims the story of its past, the waves of conquest that have passed over it, the fierce battles that have raged, the piping times of peace and prosperity that have gladdened its old heart, the building of minsters and of goodly houses, for which its own native stone provided the material. Cotswold downs tell of the rich fleeces of their sheep that brought wealth to the old clothiers and merchants of Stroud, Lechlade, Cirencester, Fairford, and a score of old towns which now sleep peacefully in their old age, and Bristol proclaims the glorious deeds of English adventurers beyond seas, and the triumphs of trade and commerce. No other shire tells so well the story of the continuous growth and progress of English industries, or can rival the beauty and attractiveness of its scenery.

Prehistoric man has left many traces of his presence. Palæolithic weapons have been found in the Forest of Dean and on the Cotswolds, and the cave-men have left their rude tools in King Arthur's cave near Symond's Yat. Neolithic folk have left their polished and neatly chipped flints on the Cotswold meadows, where the usual arrow-heads, knives, hammers, and axes have been found. Their pit-dwellings have been discovered on the southern ridges of the Stroud valley, and they buried their dead

[1] Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

in the long barrows which may be seen at Uley, Amberley, Birdlip, Bisley, and in a score of other places. Then came the Celtic tribes, who subdued their long-headed, or dolichocephalic, predecessors. You can discover the round barrows, in which they buried their dead, on the Cotswold downs, where one hundred and fifty have been found, and see their pit-dwellings near Cheltenham and Stroud, while their language is preserved in the name of many a hill and river, scarcely altered by subsequent waves of conquest. The careful excavations of burial mounds, the examination of pit and pile dwellings, the collecting of flint implements and other researches during the last fifty years, have thrown back our historical horizon, and enabled us to become intimate with these primitive folk, who were almost unknown to us half a century ago.

With the advent of the Romans a new era dawned upon the Cotswold land. Julius Cæsar never penetrated so far westward as Gloucestershire, and it was left to the great Roman general, Aulus Plautius, to subjugate the shire. The Celtic tribe then in possession of the land were the Dobuni, with whom we have met in Oxfordshire. They were driven westward by their powerful neighbours, the Cattuellani, who dwelt in the region now known as Buckinghamshire, and when the Roman legions in A.D. 43 landed in Britain they inhabited the Cotswold country. Overawed by the Roman soldiers, they yielded without much fighting, and Aulus Plautius received their submission at Corinium, the ancient name for Cirencester. But complete victory was not yet won, and other British tribes were not so easily subdued. Even the presence of the Roman Emperor, Claudius Cæsar, and the assistance of ponderous beasts strange to the hardy Britons—elephants—were needed to conquer the Cotswold country. The Emperor came and went, gaining some victories, but by no means obtaining a grip of the land. There were the wild and warlike Silures, who delivered harassing attacks on the Roman legionaries, and then

retreated to their fastnesses in the Forest of Dean or the mountainous region of South Wales. They even tired out the veteran general, Aulus Plautius, who returned to Rome, leaving Ostorius Scapula to carry on the weary war. The new general adopted what we modern folk call the blockhouse system that found favour in the concluding scenes of the South African war. Camps were raised to crown each commanding height, and you can see these relics of Roman rule at Painswick, Leckhampton, Willersey, Stanton, Charlton Abbot, Birdlip, Haresfield, Dyrham, Lansdown, and at many other sites. Everyone has heard of the fame of Caractacus, the brave chieftain of the Silures, and called by them Caradoc—how he fought gallantly with the conquerors, but was defeated and subsequently betrayed by another British tribe, and was taken to Rome to grace a Roman triumph. Even then the brave hearts of the Silures were not subdued, and the contest went on for years.

But the Romans rivetted their hold on the fair vales and hills of Gloucestershire, and loved the country well. Corinium (Cirencester), the capital of the Cotswolds, was the most important town in Britain, save London, York, and Colchester. The present town does not cover one-third of the space occupied by the Roman town. A strong rampart surrounded it, and there were four gates, and straight streets leading to a central forum, and forming insulæ, after the usual fashion of town-planning as practised by the Romans. It had a noble basilica, and an amphitheatre, now known as the "Bull Ring," and magnificent houses. The museum at Cirencester contains a rich store of the treasures which the earth has preserved of its ancient masters, who loved to surround themselves with luxuries and comforts, and the artistic adornments of their dwelling-places. Four great roads connected it with other important places. The Irmin Street led from Cirencester over the steep Birdlip hill northward to Gloucester (Glevum), and thence to Caerleon

and Caerwent, and southward from Cirencester to Silchester and London.

The Acman Street, or Southern Foss-way, led to Bath and Exeter. Bath (Aqua Solis) was a fashionable watering-place for rheumatic Romans, who also frequented Ad Aquas, now known as Wells. The Northern Foss-way, or Acman Street, passed through Northleach, Stow-on-the-Wold, Bourton-on-the-Water, and Moreton-on-the-Marsh, and thence to York and Lincoln. And besides these there was the Icnield-way, that joined the Foss-way and the White-way leading to Chedworth and Withington.

Along these roads were country houses and farms. Chedworth and Woodchester are splendid examples of Roman villas, residences of rich Romans. They were built around a square court-yard, and had beautiful tessellated floors, and rooms heated by hypocausts. Woodchester had two courts and was adorned with much decorative ornament. Other important villas have been discovered at Witcombe, Spoonley, Lydney, Tockington, and Rodmarton.

Gloucester, or Glevum, was also a famous Roman city, though not equal in size to Cirencester. It was defended by strong walls and a moat and well-guarded gates. Four principal streets met in the centre of the city. The present streets, Northgate, Southgate, Eastgate, and Westgate, follow the same lines, and many remains of Roman houses and buildings have been discovered.

All was peace in the Severn valley. Britons and Romans lived happily side by side, disturbed only by occasional attacks by the wild Welsh tribes or by the outlaws in the woods. But the time arrived when the Romans were called back to defend their fatherland, and the Britons were left sole masters of the cities and houses of their conquerors. The Second Legion which guarded Gloucestershire had been withdrawn. For some

Berkeley Castle.

time peace continued in the district. Rumours reached the inhabitants of Glevum and Corinium of the advent of the terrible strangers who were soon to wrest the country from them. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* thus tersely describes the opening scene of the campaign:—

"A.D. 577. This year Cuthwine and Ceawlin fought against the Britons, and slew three kings, Conmael, Condidan, and Farinmael, at the place which is called Deorham, and took three cities from them, Gleawanceaster, and Cirencester, and Bathanceaster."

The scene of the battle is the little hill Dyrham, and the victors were the West Saxons, who thus gained possession of the Severn valley and completely established their rule. There they settled, and took the name of Hwiccas, governed by their king, Ceawlin, one of the leaders in the fight. He was a mighty warrior, and marched northwards to extend his kingdom as far as Chester. But the wild Welsh defeated him at Faddiley, and his people, tired of his rule, rose against him, and made his nephew king. Constant fighting raged between these various Saxon kingdoms, and fortune favoured each in turn. The men of Gloucestershire, the Hwiccas, fought side by side with their kinsmen, the men of Wessex, for the extension of their kingdom. At one time their efforts were crowned with success, and Wessex extended from the Warwickshire Avon to the southern coast, and from the Thames to the Severn. But this time of prosperity did not last long. Mercia rose into power, the great middle kingdom, under Penda and Offa, and in 650 the land of the Hwiccas formed part of the Mercian kingdom. This land included parts of the counties of Gloucester and Worcester and a small portion of Warwickshire. Christianity came to this region through Wulfhere, the Christian son of Pagan Penda, King of Mercia, and more especially through Osric, Viceroy of the Hwicca, a Northumbrian prince, who governed the land under Ethelred. Osric founded churches and

monasteries, and when Theodore became Archbishop of Canterbury, seeing that Mercia was too large a district for one bishop, he divided the kingdom into four, and set over the Hwiccas a bishop, who built his church at Worcester, and until the Reformation, Gloucestershire continued to form part of the diocese of Worcester, with the exception of the western portion, which was attached to the See of Hereford.

But the sun of the Mercian kingdom set before the might of Egbert, King of the West Saxons. Though he was of their race, the men of Gloucestershire fought against him, and resisted his sovereignty. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* tells us that Æthelbund, ealderman of the Hwiccas, rode against him, crossing the Thames at the Cynemæres Ford at Kempsford, and fought against Weohstan, the ealderman of Wilts, "and there was muckle fight, and both ealdermen were slain, and the Wilts men won the day." For over twenty years the warfare between the dying Mercia and the rising Wessex continued. A great battle was fought between the rival kingdoms at Wroughton, near Swindon, where Egbert triumphed, and Mercia, with Gloucestershire, became part of Wessex.

But the English had other enemies to encounter when the dread Vikings came with their ships and sailed up the estuary of the Severn, plundering and ravaging, destroying the harvest and killing the people. Their first appearance was in 877, when King Alfred fought against them, exacted terms of treaty from them at Exeter, which were immediately broken by the marauders. They besieged Gloucester and conquered the city, penetrating inland across the Cotswolds to suffer defeat at the hands of Alfred at Edington. Again they came in 879, and settled in Cirencester, and again in 894, when at Buttington they were besieged and suffered great slaughter. But they left their mark on the shire. Bristol sprang into being as a port owing to the settlement of the Danes

STROUD.

in Ireland, which first caused commercial intercourse between the two islands, cargoes of slaves being the iniquitous merchandise. Against this traffic Bishop Wulfstan of Worcester waged unceasing protest. The Danish suffix *thorpe* can be seen attached to several place-names in Gloucestershire, signifying Viking settlements, such as Brookthorpe, Colthrop, Woolstrop, and the Daneway marks the footsteps of the marauders. It may be noted that Alfred's heroic daughter, Ethelfleda, who married Ethelred, and bravely contended with the Danes, lies buried at Gloucester.

The tenth century marked the partition of the Mercian kingdom, which took place about the year 910. It was divided into several shires, which took their names from the chief towns in the various districts. Thus we have Worcester-shire, Warwick-shire, Oxford-shire, and several others, including the shire of Gloucester, which during the Saxon period regained the importance it enjoyed in Roman times. It was destined to become one of the chief cities of the kingdom, and every event of historical importance seems somehow to have been connected with this west-country capital. Hither came King Edward the Confessor raging against Earl Godwin. Castle Godwine, near Painswick, marks the site of the encampment of the earl's army, and hither came his son Harold to wage war against the Welsh, winning the hearts of his future subjects.

Brief was his reign, and then stout William came, and the men of the shire submitted to him without a struggle. The King held his Witan at Gloucester, and arranged there the compilation of Domesday Book. He hunted in the Forest of Dean. He turned out English landowners from their estates, and gave them to his Norman adventurers. After his death the county became the scene of the contest between the Red King and his elder brother, Robert, Duke of Normandy, for the throne of England. The will of the Conqueror decreed the

crown to Rufus; the barons declared themselves in favour of Robert. The lord of the castle of Bristol plundered Berkeley and the southern part of the shire, while Bishop Wulfstan held the northern district for the King. We need not recount the misdeeds of Rufus, his treachery, his purloining of the revenues of the See of Canterbury while he kept it vacant, his repentance during a severe illness at Gloucester, his appointment of Anselm, and then his quick return to his unrighteous ways directly the hand of sickness was removed. His conduct illustrates the old rhyme:

> The de'il was sick, the de'il a monk would be;
> The de'il was well, the de'il a monk was he.

Prophetic were the words that the preacher uttered in Gloucester Abbey Church—"The bow of wrath is bent, the arrow swift to wound is drawn from the quiver"—foretelling the death of the ruthless King in the New Forest. Henry I. brought peace to the land and governed well. The partisans of Duke Robert still troubled the lands of the loyal barons in Normandy, and Henry captured him and brought him to England. For many years he languished in the castle of Bristol, which was rebuilt by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, a natural son of the King.

The shire was the great theatre of the war in Stephen's reign, and suffered much during the struggle. Anarchy prevailed. Earl Robert fought for his sister, Matilda, and Milo, Governor of Gloucester Castle, supported her cause. We see Stephen entering Gloucester and then besieging Bristol, revenging himself for his unsuccessful attack by ravaging the country. Then Matilda came to the capital, and Earl Robert captured Worcester, the Earl of Worcester revenging himself by attacking and plundering Sudeley Castle, which was again taken by the supporters of Matilda, who marched on, over the Cotswolds, past Cirencester, and defeated Stephen's followers

at South Cerney. Stephen was a prisoner for some time at Gloucester Castle. The castle at Cirencester was afterwards taken and destroyed by him, and also that at Beverstone and Sudeley Castle. So the tide of battle rolled on, but with the death of Earl Robert at Bristol in 1147 the struggle wore itself out, and the treaty of Wallingford ended the terrible years of civil war. Adulterine castles were destroyed, the land had rest, and prosperity dawned.

If we would catch a glimpse of the county in the twelfth century, we should see the powerful Earls of Gloucester and Hereford ruling with all the power granted to them by the complete establishment of the feudal system, and the Lords of Berkeley scarcely less powerful in their castle, which still testifies to their greatness. We should see the monks very busy in their monasteries, and the quays of Bristol alive with commerce. Soap and Gascon wines constituted its chief trade, which was assisted by the Jews, who had a wealthy colony in that city. Under Richard I. the Merchants' Guild of Gloucester sprang into being. John's misrule is a sorry chapter in English history, and his hateful presence was not unknown in the city of the west, whither he came to seek refuge from his revolting barons, and in its diocese found his last resting-place. Gloucester saw the coronation of his youthful successor, who loved the city and often sojourned there.

Civil war again raged, and the fair county of Gloucestershire was the scene of many fights. Here Henry came to fight against Richard Marshall, the son of his old friend and counsellor, William Marshall. But the barons espoused Marshall's cause, and the King's foreign favourites were expelled. Again they came in the train of the Queen Eleanor of Provence, and Simon de Montfort, himself an alien, Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and other barons, started a revolt. For a time the barons triumphed, and had the King and Prince

Edward in their power, but they quarrelled amongst themselves. The powerful Earl of Gloucester deserted to the royal cause. Gloucester was captured by the King's party, and at length the battle of Evesham, just beyond the borders of our county, and the death of Simon de Montfort, caused an intolerable civil war to cease.

When Edward I. reigned efforts were made to improve the social condition of the people and perfect the English constitution. Important Parliaments were held at Gloucester, where, in 1278, the Statutes of Gloucester were passed for inquiring into the powers and rights exercised by the great lords in their domains. This led to the diminishing of many burdens and the establishment of English liberties. Bristol increased in importance. Its port was crowded with shipping. By royal command its vessels guarded the Irish Channel, and its citizens became powerful men, united in the guilds and civic life, ready to dispute with the Lords of Berkeley with regard to tolls, and even with the King's commissioners when they deemed that their rights were being tampered with.

The nearness of Wales brought Gloucestershire into connection with the Welsh wars. Though these raged chiefly in the north, some of the southern chiefs rebelled after the death of Llewellyn, and Gloucester saw the assembly of an army under the Earl of Cornwall, which crushed the revolt and hanged the rebels.

The second Edward's reign of misrule brought trouble and war into the shire. The men of the county opposed his favouritism and his favourites, especially the hateful Despencers. Hither came the luckless King to overawe his rebellious barons, especially Lord Berkeley and Sir John Giffard of Brimpsfield Castle. We see him at Gloucester, and then seeking safer quarters at Bristol Castle. At Cirencester, too, he stayed, and kept his Christmas feast. He was opposed by the barons, and on

Birdlip Hill, that steep, troublesome road which tests the powers of modern motor-cars, his baggage was captured. But for a time fortune favoured his arms. His enemies were defeated and slain. Their domains were given to the Despencers, and loudly did the English cry their protests. The Queen headed a revolt against the monarch, and soon the screams of the victim of terrible violence startled the echoes of Berkeley Castle. Gloucester Abbey benefited by his death, whither the body of the murdered king was conveyed after the refusal of the abbots of Malmesbury and Bristol to receive it. It became a place of pilgrimage, and costly offerings were made at his tomb.

Bravely did the men of the shire fight in the French wars, especially the Berkeleys, who were all gallant soldiers, and no better archers in England drew bow than those who came out of the Forest of Dean. The Black Death swept over the shire, Bristol being the starting place of the dread pestilence. During the troubles that beset the new king, Henry IV., Cirencester played an important part. Hither fled the conspirators, the Duke of Kent, the Earl of Salisbury, Lord Spencer, and Sir Thomas Blount, with their troops, on a cold wintry evening, January 7th, 1400. Lancastrians to the core, the men of Cirencester liked not their visitors. They stormed the house in which the nobles slept. Fierce was the fight, but the men forced the rebels to yield, their lives being spared until the King's pleasure was known. Crowds flocked into the town. A house was fired by accident, or by an agent of the rebels. This roused the fury of the mob. They rushed to the abbey and demanded the prisoners, two of whom they beheaded in the market-place. Bristol saw the execution of Lord Spencer, and Oxford the slaughter of Sir Thomas Blount and twenty others. The King did not fail to remember the good services of the men and women of the town, who received annually ten deer and two hogsheads of

wine, while the bailiff, John Gosyn, had a pension of a hundred marks.

The story of Berkeley Castle tells of its sieges and the sad disputes between its rival claimants, and need not be here recorded;[1] but the last and fiercest battle of the Wars of the Roses, the bloodiest battle ever fought on English soil, the death-knell of the House of Lancaster, was fought on Gloucestershire ground at Tewkesbury, when the brave Queen Margaret's host was overwhelmed by the Yorkist Edward, and the light of her eyes, the young Prince Edward, her son, cruelly butchered in her presence. It would be interesting to trace the course of the rival armies, the fortunes of the fight, and the woeful slaughter that ensued, but want of space forbids so long a chronicle.

We will glance at the condition of the people of the shire. Gloucestershire in the fifteenth century was very prosperous. The Cotswold district was ever famous for its sheep, and their rich fleeces laid the foundation of the wealth of the great wool staplers and cloth merchants who reared their fine houses and built noble churches, and caused thriving towns to spring into being in that region. We read that Cotswold feeds "the multitude of sheep, which yield such fine Wool, and so White, that it is coveted not only in other Parts of this Nation, but in foreign Countreys; but the inhabitants are so wise, that they make such improvements of their wool, that their sheep may be said to bear Golden Fleeces to them, for the Clothing Trade is so eminent, and used in so many Towns of this Country, that no other Manufacture deserves to be mentioned in comparison of it." It was the wise policy of Edward III. which encouraged the making of cloth in the Stroud Valley. Fuller tells how the Netherlands grew rich by the manufacture of English wool, and how the Duke of Burgundy instituted the

[1] See an account of Berkeley Castle in the *Memorials of Old Gloucestershire*, by Canon Bazeley.

View of the City of Bristol as it appeared on the night of October 30th, 1831.

Order of the Golden Fleece, wherein, indeed, the "Fleece" was ours, but the "Golden" theirs, our people being as ignorant of the art of making curious drapery as the sheep. Hence the King induced seventy families of skilled Flemish workers to settle in England, and especially in Gloucestershire. Fuller tells of "a prime Dutch cloth-maker in Gloucestershire named Web," whose name still survives, and the names of Clutterbuck, Hague, Malpass, Prout, Pettatt, bespeak a foreign origin.[1] You can read the names of some of these worthy merchants on their tombs in the churches they built. John Tame rebuilt Fairford Church and inserted in the windows some wonderfully beautiful glass.[2] William Grevel, who died in 1407, described as *flos Mercatorum lanarum Totius Angliæ*, lies at Chipping Camden, with his comrades in trade, William Welley, John Letheward, and John Martin. Thomas Bushe, merchant of the staple of Calais, and his wife, Johan, lie at Northleach, which church was "made more lightsome and splendid by one Mr. Forty, a wealthy clothier of this town, at his own proper cost and charge." These and many other churches erected in the fifteenth century in good Perpendicular style are worthy memorials of these good wool merchants, who loved to devote their wealth to the honour of God.

We should like to tell of the iron-workers of the Forest of Dean, of the great merchants of Bristol, of the fame of William Canynges, who built St. Mary Redcliffe, and other great men who made the city prosperous. Our limited space, however, forbids this.

But a great change soon passed over England. A rapacious king and his courtiers cast covetous eyes on the abbeys and other monastic houses throughout the country. The beautiful buildings of the monks and friars were doomed to destruction. Little protest seems to have

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

[1] *The Woollen Industry of Gloucestershire*, by Sir W. H. Marling, Bart.

[2] A full account of the Fairford windows is given in the *Memorials of Old Gloucestershire*, by the present vicar, the Rev. Canon Carbonell.

been made by the men of the shire. Most of them, prosperous middle-class people, were sharers of the spoil. It is well known that the arch-spoiler, King Henry VIII., for conscience sake, devoted some of the wealth derived from his portion of the plunder to the founding of bishoprics. Six sees were created, and it is curious to note that two of them were in Gloucestershire. The church of the Abbey of St. Peter at Gloucester became the cathedral of that city, and that of St. Augustine's Abbey at Bristol the cathedral church of the great port. The church of Tewkesbury Abbey was rescued by the townspeople and preserved as their parish church.

During the period of religious strife the shire showed strong Protestant tendencies. William Tyndale was a Gloucestershire man, born at North Nibley in 1484, and for some time was tutor to the family of Sir John Walsh, of Little Sodbury Manor. There were martyrs for their faith in Gloucestershire, the most prominent being Bishop Hooper, second Bishop of Gloucester, who was burnt in that city, and Bishop Latimer, at one time Bishop of Worcester, of which diocese the shire anciently formed part.

With the advent of Queen Bess, English seamanship increased its strength, and the port of Bristol was crowded with shipping. Adventurers went across the seas to discover new lands and "to singe the beard of the King of Spain." From Bristol port had sailed Sebastian Cabot, who discovered the continent of America before Columbus, more than half a century before the reign of Elizabeth. Visions of new lands, endless treasures, adventures by land and sea, filled the minds of gallant youths, and bravely did they fight for England when the Invincible Armada appeared in sight, and all the country was aroused to face the hostile fleet. Sir Francis Drake was living for a time in the county to inspire their efforts, and the barque *Sutton*, provided by Gloucester and Tewkesbury, played its part in defending the English coast.

There were also peaceful triumphs in those spacious days. The wool-staplers of the Cotswolds greatly flourished, and the manufacture of woollens made rapid progress. This was afterwards greatly aided by the advent of skilled Huguenot families, who fled to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Civil war soon disturbed the quiet hills and vales of Gloucestershire, when King and Parliament were ranged in deadly conflict. The shire seems always to have attracted combatants when strife raged on English ground. The sympathies of the people were on the side of the Parliament, and the feeling strongly Puritan. We cannot follow the fortunes of the war. Cirencester was attacked by the King's troops, but bravely defended by the men of the town. Sudeley Castle was captured by the Parliamentarian forces. Then came the gallant Prince Rupert to the rescue. Cirencester fell before his onslaught, and soon he was hammering at the gates of Bristol, assisted by the Royalist victors of Roundway Down, and caused its surrender. But Gloucester was a thorn in the side of the Royalists. Stubbornly did the citizens resist the attacks of King Charles and his army for nearly a month, when the siege was relieved by Essex and the trained bands of London. This was a severe blow to the Royalist cause. Much fighting, marching, and counter-marching ensued, and we cannot follow the movements of the King, Essex and Waller, Sir William Vavasour, Massey and other leaders. Skirmishes and bloodshed took place everywhere. The farms were pillaged by both parties, and the woollen mills were plundered. Food was scarce and the people starving. It was in Gloucestershire, at Stow-on-the-Wold, that the deciding battle took place, which forced Charles to yield himself to the foe, and to begin his last sad march, that ended at the scaffold at Whitehall.

"When the King enjoyed his own again," and monarchy was restored, there were great rejoicings in the

country, wearied of Cromwellian rule. The King wreaked vengeance on the Gloucester city that had resisted his father's arms, and ordered it to be dismantled and its castle destroyed.

The Duke of Monmouth's rebellion caused the sound of fighting to be heard again at Sedgmoor, just over the county boundaries, and the wicked Judge Jeffreys came into the county on his "Bloody Assize," and hanged or transported to the West Indies hundreds of innocent persons. The port of Bristol was busy shipping these white slaves across the Atlantic, and the merchants found the trade so profitable that they kidnapped people and shipped them over-seas to the plantations. This infamous traffic was a disgrace to the fair fame of the western port. To Bristol came Dutch William on his march to London to seize the royal crown. Since then the western county has been undisturbed by war's alarms, or been the scene of any great historical events. The trade of the county has declined; machinery and steam have revolutionised the old methods of wool-spinning and cloth-making; and much of the manufacture has been transferred to the more favourable regions of Lancashire and Yorkshire; but thirty years ago the trade was prosperous; no cloth in England is better than that produced by the West of England looms, and the skill of the cloth-makers of the Stroud Valley may soon restore prosperity to Gloucestershire's ancient industry.

If space permitted, we should like to visit and to describe Cheltenham in the days of its glory, when, owing to its famous waters, it was the leading centre of fashion, and vied with Bath and other watering-places for the patronage of the *beau monde*. The visit of George III., Queen Charlotte, and their buxom daughters in 1788 was the starting-point in its history. Its rise was rapid. "Already we hear nothing but Cheltenham modes, the Cheltenham cap, the Cheltenham bonnet, the Cheltenham buckles; in fact, all the fashions are com-

pletely Cheltenhamized throughout Great Britain"—so the London newspapers of the day tell us. It would require a graphic pen to describe all the routs and balls, plays and junketings which a study of the *Cheltenham Post-bag* and other kindred literature reveals. Though its revellings have ceased, Cheltenham preserves its beauty, its schools are world-renowned, and the town is the Mecca of military men, who, though still vigorous, a foolish country forces into retirement.

The shire still retains its attractiveness. The noble buildings of the Cotswolds, the gentle Severn river, the crowded port of Bristol, the solitudes of the Forest of Dean, the steep roads that climb the hill, such as Birdlip or Leckhampton, all recall the story of the past history of the county, and make to live again the momentous events which they have witnessed in times that are gone.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

OXFORDSHIRE

TO the historian Oxfordshire has a peculiar fascination. It is the shire of the great city, the wondrous Oxford, with its annals of nigh seven centuries of University life and changing manners, the home of learning, the Saxon and Norman stronghold that played a great part in the Danish strife, the Civil War of the twelfth century, and in the national drama of the seventeenth. The shire that has Oxford for its capital lacks not historic interest. Hence it has come to pass that the story of the great city and University has overshadowed that of the shire, and little is known of the old villages and churches, the quaint towns, mansions, and manor houses that stud the county, or of the old families which have sacrificed their noblest sons for their king and country. We are endeavouring to tell again the story of some of these, and though we must not quite forget the chronicles of Oxford, our eyes will wander most often to the hills and forests of the shire, which are replete with associations of the past.

Earthworks, cromlechs, camps and roads tell us of the earliest peoples who inhabited this district. On the west they formed their tribal boundary where Edgehill overlooks the plains of leafy Warwickshire. There are camps at Nadbury, Madmarston, Tadmarton, and Ilbury. Crouch Hill has an entrenchment. Maiden Bower was a strong fortress. Castle Hill and Gredenton were fortified, and numerous trackways connect these camps. On the south the Thames formed a means of

defence, and opposite the Berkshire stronghold of Sinodun, near Wallingford, stands the camp called the Dyke Hills, protected by a double vallum and a trench. The Rollright stones were raised by the same folk who made these camps—the Hoar Stone at Enstone, the Devil's Quoits at Stanton Harcourt, the dolmen at Steeple Barton, preserve their memory. The county has also two Grimsdikes, one stretching from the Evenlode to the Glyme, the other from the Thames by Mongewell to the foot of the Chilterns at Nuffield. Emm's Ditch, near Witney, is probably a corruption of Grimsditch, and marks yet another tribal boundary, and Ashbank,

THE ROLLRIGHT STONES.

Wattlebank, and Avesditch or Goblin's Bank are various names for the vallum which runs from Akeman Street to Middleton Park. The ancient Icknield Way runs through the county, entering it at Chinnor, and the track-ways are numerous. The earliest inhabitants of whom we have any record were the Dobuni,[1] a warlike Celtic race, who were surrounded by strong tribes, the Carnabii on the west, the Coritani on the north, the Atrebates on the south, and the Catuvellani on the east. There was much fighting between these tribes; the Dobuni extended their territory as far as the Severn;

[1] Ptolemy calls them *Δοβόυνοι*, and Dion Cassius *Βοδόυνοι*.

then they were pressed by their Buckinghamshire neighbours, the Catuvellani, who conquered the greater part of the country now known as Oxfordshire. The Dobuni and their conquerors both coined money, and examples of their coinage have been found. The former bears the inscription "BODUOC," with the figure of a

HOAR STONE, ENSTONE.

horse on the reverse; the latter has the name of Cunobeline, the Cymbeline of Shakespeare, foremost of the Celtic chieftains.

Of the coming of the Romans we have many evidences. Cæsar could not penetrate the forests of Oxfordshire, and it was left to Aulus Plautius to receive the submission of the Dobuni. The conquerors have left

many traces of their occupation. Akeman Street, a branch of Watling Street, passed through the county, and can be easily traced from Blackthorn, near Ambrosden, through Chesterton, Kirtlington, Stonesfield, Asthall, across the Windrush to Gloucestershire. The Icknield Way, leading from Chinnor through Wallingford to Silchester, became a Roman street. Of Roman towns and stations there are few. Alchester, the Old Chester, an important *castrum*, has only a few heaps of earth to mark its site on the road between Oxford and Bicester. Coins, walls, hypocausts, and other evidences of the presence of the Romans have been found here. Dorchester, as its name implies, was also a Roman

DOLMEN.

MENHIR.

station, and extensive finds of coins and other relics confirm the witness of its nomenclature. These were the only two Roman stations in Oxfordshire, but the county was dotted over with Roman villas, which were some of the finest in England. Stonesfield, Northleigh, Wigginton, Beckley, Wheatley, Fringford, Middleton and Woodperry possess grand examples of the residences of noble Romans, with fine quadrangles, tessellated pavements, hypocausts, and the usual comforts with which the luxurious Roman loved to surround himself.

When the Roman occupation came to an end, though the legions had returned to the Eternal City and many of Britain's bravest sons had gone with them, the old country life of rural Oxfordshire continued with little

interruption. The Anglo-Saxons were coming in clans and families, but they were far away on the southern coast, and for years seed-time and harvest and the occupations of country life went on in the villages without let or hindrance. Dorchester continued its placid existence; Alchester may have been abandoned; Cirencester was the "county town" and market which attracted the Celtic or semi-Roman gentry by the delights of its amphitheatre and its busy forum. News sometimes came along the great roads of fightings and hideous slaughter, but for the present the peaceful rural life continued and all was well. There was a rude awakening. Troops of fair-haired Saxons were making their way along the Thames and across the Berkshire Downs. Silchester had fallen. They fought with the Britons in 556 at Beranbyrig, or Banbury, and only obtained a partial success.[1] Cuthwulf and his West Saxons in A.D. 571 took Bensington, Aylesbury, and Eynsham. A few years later they overran the country, destroying the beautiful villas and reducing the population to slavery. The wealthy folk fled before the storm, the rustics changed masters and were left to till the soil, or found a refuge in the woods and forests, and Oxfordshire became part of the powerful kingdom of Wessex.

Then followed a long period of anarchy and unrest. The West Saxons, advancing from the south, were confronted with the Mercians coming from the north, and the records of six centuries tell of little but constant fighting between these opposing powers and their common enemy, the Danes. At the beginning of the seventh century Oxfordshire was part of Wessex; then Penda of Mercia conquered Cwichelm of Wessex, and by an agreement the Thames was made the division between the two kingdoms. Penda's successor, Wulfhere, invaded Berkshire and took possession of the northern

1 "A.D. 556. This year Cyric and Ceawlin fought with the Britons at Beranbyrig." *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.*

part of that district. Then Ine of Wessex drove the invaders across the river, and made it the boundary of his kingdom. In 752 Cuthred of Wessex crossed the river, fought Ethelbald, King of Mercia, at Burford, and conquered the country. "Battle Edge," near Burford, marks the site of the battle, which was commemorated as late as the eighteenth century by a feast and procession in that quaint town, when the figure of a dragon (the device of the standard of Ethelbald) and a giant were carried through the streets.

Again the unhappy county was devastated with war. Offa of Mercia re-conquered his lost possessions by winning a mighty battle at Bensington in A.D. 777. Again the fortunes of war changed, and Egbert in 827 established his sway over Oxfordshire, which was thus finally incorporated with the kingdom of Wessex.

Early in the seventh century Christianity came to the West Saxons, and their apostle was St. Birin. At that time Cynegils was King of Wessex, and to his court at Cholsey the missionary came to proclaim the Gospel. Tradition tells of a great conference at Churn Knob on the Berkshire Downs, which impressed the monarch. The visit of Oswald, the Christian King of Northumbria, who was seeking the hand of his daughter, further influenced him, and Cynegils embraced the Christian Faith and was baptised at Dorchester, Oswald acting as sponsor. His people followed his example, and Dorchester was given to St. Birin "to make there an episcopal see." This little Oxfordshire village thus became the seat of a bishopric, which afterwards extended from the Thames to the Humber. The name of this first bishop still survives in "Birin's Hill" on the Chilterns.

But the proclaiming of the Gospel of Peace did not hush the din of war. As we have seen the contest between Wessex and Mercia continued for many a weary year; and when this happily ceased through the victory of Egbert, the Danish troubles began, and Oxfordshire

suffered severely. For twelve months the marauders sojourned at Cirencester and laid waste Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire with fire and sword. There was fighting, too, between Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, and his cousin Ethelwold. In 914 the Danes plundered the county as far as Hooknorton, and made great slaughter. Tradition tells of another fight at Danesmoor, and many places were totally destroyed,[1] and the country made desolate.

The first historic mention of Oxford is in the year 912, when the *Chronicle* states: "This year died Eathered Ealdorman of the Mercians, and King Eadward took possession of London and Oxford, and of all lands which owed obedience thereto." About this time the earliest fortifications at Oxford were constructed, and the well-known mound raised upon which the Norman keep was subsequently erected. For the first time also the geographical delineation of the county was actually made. It is well known that shires which take their names from the chief town were formed somewhat later than the older counties, such as Berkshire, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Norfolk, etc. At the beginning of the tenth century the old kingdom of Mercia was split up into divisions, each shire being named after its chief town. So the actual boundaries of the county were determined, and the district was called the Shire of Oxford.

Edward the Elder at last checked the ravages of the Danes, and for a time the land had peace. Kirtlington was the scene of a great council in 977, when there was a great concourse of thanes and bishops. At the close of the century the Danes renewed their plundering. Ethelred the Unready tried to buy them off, and then in 1002 on St. Brice's Day ordered their massacre. Oxford was the scene of a terrible slaughter. The Danes

1 Some of these ruined towns were Brackley, Stean, near Banbury, Madmarston, King's Sutton, Chipping Warden, Stone Green, Hanwell, Burton Dasset, and Chilgrove.

took refuge in the church of St. Frideswide's Monastery, which was set on fire, so that they perished miserably. Their compatriots soon found revenge, and ravaged the country and sacked and burnt Oxford. It seems to have

FONT IN WHICH EDWARD THE CONFESSOR IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED.

recovered speedily, for a council was held there in 1015, on which occasion Sigefrith and Morkere, two Danish chieftains, were secretly murdered. Edmund Ironsides shared their fate a few years later. Gemots were held

at Oxford in 1018 and 1036, and here Harold died. Edward the Confessor was an Oxfordshire man, having been born at Islip, where his mother Emma happened to be staying, and where there was probably a palace. The font in which it was believed that this monarch was baptised has been removed to Middleton Stoney, but the style of its architecture disproves the truth of the legend. He recognised the place of his birth by bequeathing it to his Abbey of Westminster. An important council was held at Oxford in 1065 to decide about the usurpation of Northumbria by Tostig. King Harold decided in favour of Morkere, and this led to the alliance of Tostig with Hardrada, the battle of Stamford Bridge, the subsequent defeat of Senlac, and the Norman Conquest of England. The most prominent persons in Oxfordshire after the Conquest were Robert D'Oily, who married the heiress of Wigod, lord of Wallingford, and held Hooknorton and about fifty manors in the county; Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who held Deddington, Tew, Somerton, Fritwell, Newington, Barford, and many others; and Roger D'Ivry who was granted twenty-three manors. D'Oily was ordered to build a castle at Oxford, and erected the great square keep familiar to all who know the city. Hithe Bridge and the churches of St. Mary Magdalene, St. Peter-in-the-East and St. Michael were probably built by him. The *Domesday Survey* gives a graphic picture of the county and of each manor within its borders, but an examination of its contents would lead us too far afield. No less than eighty-eight of the estates changed hands, their English owners being dispossessed in favour of the Norman.

The coming of the Normans lowered the high position of Dorchester as an episcopal see. Remigius, the first Norman prelate of the diocese, removed his throne to Lincoln, and there began to build his cathedral. Banbury and Cropredy were confirmed to the see by Honorius II., and Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln in the time of Henry I.,

built a castle at Banbury, which had a notable history and was for a long time the abode of the occupants of the see. Castles were also built during Stephen's reign at King's Sutton, Evenley, Ardley, Swerford, Somerton, Chipping Warden, Chipping Norton, Mixbury, Deddington, Culworth, Sulgrave, Brackley, and Adderbury. This was an age of active church building, and the Norman character of many Oxfordshire churches testifies to their having been erected at this time.

Oxfordshire was always famous for its sport, and in ancient times abounded in forests, where deer flourished. Here the Norman kings loved to hunt. Henry I. had a hunting-lodge at Woodstock, and built the palace of Beaumont, just outside the city of Oxford, where Beaumont Street now runs. He kept a menagerie at Woodstock, and frequently visited there. During Stephen's reign the county suffered much from the Civil War. Great councils of the nation were held at Oxford in 1135 and 1139. During the session of the latter the servants of the bishops of Lincoln, Ely, and Salisbury quarrelled with those of the Earl of Brittany, and some were killed in the fray. Stephen arrested the bishops, and ordered them to give up their castles. Thus Banbury passed into the King's hands, who also held Richard de Camville's castle at Middleton. The castles of Oxford, Woodstock, and Bampton were held for the Empress Maud. She was besieged and hard pressed while at Oxford, and everyone has heard of her escape by night along the frozen Thames, dressed in white, finding safety in the friendly fortress of Wallingford. The war was ended by a Council at Oxford in 1153.

During this period monasticism spread and the shire lacked not religious houses. Osney Priory was founded by Robert D'Oily in 1129. St. Frideswide's, originally founded in Saxon times, was endowed with many rich acres. Eynsham was founded, and Dorchester became a house for Austin Canons. The nunnery of Godstow was

founded in 1138, and a Cistercian monastery at Oddington, afterwards removed to Thame. The Knights Templars had a house at Cowley, and there was an alien priory at Cogges, belonging to the Abbey of Fécamp.

Henry II. set to work to destroy the castles built in the troublous times of his predecessor, which were a plague to the peace of the country. The castles of Middleton Stoney, Ardley, Swerford and Somerton, and many others, were levelled with the ground, but those at Chipping Norton, Mixbury, Deddington, and Banbury were spared. The shire witnessed the rising of the storm between Henry and Becket. It was at Woodstock that the Archbishop bearded the King, and there was forced to assent to the constitutions of Clarendon, so obnoxious to ecclesiastics. In honour of the martyred prelate the churches of St. Thomas, Oxford, Goring, and Elsfield, and a chantry chapel at Burford, were dedicated. Woodstock is also famous for the story of the fair Rosamund, whose ashes lie at Godstow.

The end of the twelfth century saw the rise of the famous Oxford University, owing mainly to a migration of students from that of Paris. Long before this there were schools of learning at Oxford. One "Doctor of Caen" was teaching there in 1117, and legends tell us of the founding of the University by King Alfred. But not until the beginning of the thirteenth century did Oxford become important as a place of education, and then its rise was rapid. We have no space to tell of the founding of its colleges, of the life and progress of the University, and of the great part it has played in the history of the country. In this brief sketch we must confine ourselves to the story of the shire.

Both Richard I. and John were Oxfordshire men, the former having been born at the Palace of Beaumont, the latter at Woodstock. The Crusades stirred the zeal of many in the County. Richard de Camville and Bernard de St. Walery followed the "Lion Heart" to the Holy

Land, and never returned. Those who were left behind were not so loyal to their absent king, conspired against him, and suffered when he returned.

The pomp of chivalry and knightly exercise found a home in the shire, and one of the spots selected by Richard for tournaments lies within its borders. Bears' or Bayard's Green, between Mixbury and Brackley, was the appointed jousting-place, and fancy can picture the scenes of courtly display and knightly prowess which once took place on this roadside common. King John loved the chase, and often came here for that purpose. Not content with his seats at Beaumont and Woodstock, he built a "palace" at Langley, in Wychwood Forest.

Of parliaments and councils held at Oxford it would take too long to write, but the historian must mention the important "Provisions of Oxford," drawn up in 1258, which rank with Magna Carta as the safeguard of English liberties. Of the coming of the Friars there are many evidences; they founded several houses in Oxford, and Edward II. gave to the White Friars his palace of Beaumont. The Prebend of Banbury was founded in 1231, and Thame also became a prebendal of Lincoln. Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, the greatest Churchman of the "Golden Age of Churchmen," built the grand church at Thame and the fine chapel attached to the Prebendal House.

Among the great landowners in the county in the thirteenth century was Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother, who was himself King of the Holy Roman Empire, a man of great wealth. To him Henry III. gave the Honour of St. Walery, including the lordship of Ambrosden, Mixbury, Beckley, and other places. He built a palace at Beckley, enlarged his park, and some of the churches in the shire were built by him, as the presence of his arms on tile or in glass testifies. He built the Cistercian Abbey of Rowley, outside Oxford. The

manor of Bampton was granted to the King's half-brother, William de Valence.

Deddington Castle, now destroyed, tells of the fate of Piers Gaveston, the royal favourite, who was incarcerated there just before he met his death at Warwick at the hands of the "Black Dog" of Warwick. During the reign of Edward II. the order of the Knights Templars was suppressed, and their houses at Temple Cowley and Gosford were given to the Knights Hospitallers.

Oxfordshire supplied a contingent of soldiers for the French wars in the time of Edward III. Oxford was ordered to send thirty armed men, Witney four, Banbury six, Thame three, Chipping Norton three, and Burford four. These doubtless helped to win for England the fight at Crecy. Chaucer is said, with much authority, to have been born at Woodstock; thither he would often come with the court, and his son, Thomas Chaucer, held the manor of Ewelme. The fourteenth century saw the building of many noble houses. Cottisford, Cogges, Grey's Court, Stonor Park, Sherburn, Henton, and Broughton all began their existence at this period, though succeeding ages have either added to their greatness or reduced them to ruins.

Edward III. loved Oxford, where he was educated, and Woodstock frequently saw him. There his sons were born. The Black Death wrought havoc in the fair hills and vales of Oxfordshire, and the city itself suffered terribly from the dread pestilence. The colleges at this and subsequent times provided for themselves rural retreats, whither they could retire when the plague came. Corpus had a house at Witney; Trinity at Garsington; All Souls' required their tenants at Stanton Harcourt Parsonage to provide chambers for its fellows; Magdalen went to Brackley, or Burford, or Ewelme, Thame, Water Eaton, or Witney; Oriel on one occasion used St.

Bartholomew's Hospital, outside the city, and sometimes retired to Dean.

Sounds of fighting were heard on the borders of the county at Radcot Bridge in 1387, when Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a favourite of King Richard II., fought against the forces of the Earls of Gloucester and Derby. De Vere was defeated, and only escaped by swimming his horse across the river. Of this exploit the poet sings:

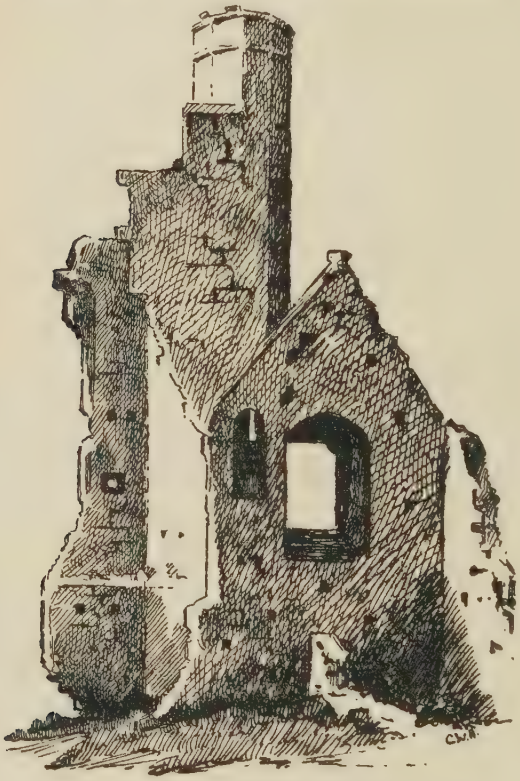
> Here Oxford's hero, famous for his boar,
> While clashing swords upon his varget sound,
> And showers of arrows from his breast rebound,
> Prepared for worst of fates, undaunted stood,
> And urged his heart into the rapid flood;
> The waves of triumph bore him, and were proud
> To sink beneath their honourable load.

King Richard II. kept Christmas at Woodstock in 1391, when a tournament was held in the Park, which ended in tragedy, the youthful Earl of Pembroke being slain by John St. John, whose lance slipped and fatally pierced the Earl's body. Another tournament was to have been held at Oxford in 1400, and was devised by certain conspirators against Henry IV., who were determined to assassinate the King during the jousts and proclaim a certain priest of Magdalen as Richard II. returned again to life. The conspiracy failed, and many noble heads fell.

The Wars of the Roses affected little the life of the University or the peace of rural Oxfordshire.

Edward IV. frequently came to the county and stayed at Woodstock and Langley. Romance tells us that while hunting in Wychwood Forest he first saw and loved Elizabeth Woodville, his future Queen, though the Queen's Oak at Grafton Regis, Northants, lays claim to the honour of having witnessed the affecting meeting. In his reign occurred the Battle of Danesmoor, near Banbury, between an army of insurgents from the north led by Robert of Redesdale, Sir Henry Neville, and Lord

Fitzhugh, and the royal forces under the Earl of Pembroke. This conspiracy was fermented by the Earl of Warwick, who liked not the King's connection with the Woodvilles and the advance of the Queen's relatives. The fight was fought with much stubbornness, and the



THE RUINS OF MINSTER LOVEL.

insurgents triumphed. The Earl of Pembroke, Sir Richard Herbert, his brother, and divers other gentlemen, were taken and beheaded at Banbury, the porch of the old church being, according to tradition, the place of execution. The Earl of Pembroke lost the day through the desertion of Lord Stafford, who was angry because the

Earl put him out of an inn wherein "he delighted muche to be for the love of a damosele that dwelled in the house." [1]

The fall of Richard III. sealed the fate of several Oxfordshire families, amongst them the house of Lovel, the founders of Minster Lovel. A mystery attends the fate of Francis, Viscount Lovel, who fought for Richard. It is said that he escaped from the battle of Stoke, sought refuge in a secret chamber in his old home, was fed for some time by an old housekeeper, who died suddenly, and thus caused her master to die of starvation. William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, a supporter of the Red Rose, the owner of Ewelme, met his death in 1449. He was condemned to exile, but his foes boarded the vessel which was bearing him to France, and beheaded him. Lord Saye, whose son William became by marriage the Lord of Broughton, suffered death at the hands of Jack Cade's rebels in 1451. His son fell at the battle of Barnet, twenty years later. The vicissitudes of noble families were strange and numerous.

Vast changes took place in the time of Henry VIII. Thrice he visited Oxford, and at Woodstock an attempt was made to assassinate him by William Morisco. Wolsey loved Oxford, and intended great things. He suppressed the monastery of St. Frideswide and began to rear his mighty college, but his fall prevented him from carrying out his great conception, though his plans were continued by the King.

Reformation principles were rife in the county, and were suppressed with a strong hand. Burford was a centre of heresy, and Master Dods acted as spy upon his neighbours, and accused his master, the Vicar of Windrush, of lax opinions. Foxe tells of many victims of persecution who were condemned to carry faggots round the market place, to be branded on the cheek, and even

---

1 Hall's *Chronicle*.

to be burnt. Many were sent to monastic prisons, there to be kept as perpetual penitents. But the principles of reform spread and soon the monasteries were condemned. Their suppression is an oft-told story, and the result was disastrous to the University and to the country, while the appropriation of the revenues by the Crown and the spoliation of the goods of the Church were scandalous and unjust. There were about thirty-eight houses in Oxfordshire, including cells, and about seven hospitals. All tell the same tale of wrong, spoliation, and injustice, of greedy appropriation of revenues and church goods. Churchwardens followed the example of the courtiers, and sold costly chalices, vestments, brasses, and lead. Dorchester church was preserved by the generous action of Richard Beauforest, who bought it for £140 and gave it to the town.

As an atonement for the suppression of the monasteries, Henry founded six bishoprics, of which Oxford was one. Osney Abbey Church was given for a cathedral, and Robert King, the last abbot, became the first bishop. The episcopal see was soon removed to the church of St. Frideswide, and a Foundation of Dean and Canons created on economic principles.

The change in the aspect of religious affairs was not effected without some protest, and the Oxfordshire rustics liked not the new Prayer-book. There was some rioting, and stern measures were taken by Lord Grey of Wilton and an army of 1,500 men. A meeting of the squires of Oxfordshire was held at Witney in order to suppress the revolt, and certain persons, including the Vicars of Chipping Norton and Bloxham, were ordered to be hanged on their own steeples. Disaffection was stamped out rigorously, and conformity to the new order of things vehemently enforced. The manor and castle of Banbury passed away from the possession of the Bishops of Lincoln, and were held for a short time by the ever-greedy Protector Somerset. The return of Romanism

with Queen Mary caused some reaction, but the execution of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer made its savour to be abhorred. We need not tell the details of that *auto-da-fé*. It is an oft-told story. The martyrs' memorial stands somewhere near the fatal spot.

The shire knew Queen Elizabeth well. She had been a prisoner at Woodstock and at Rycote. In the former she was not comfortable, as the place was ruinous, and the gatehouse where she sojourned was cold and miserable. She envied a poor milkmaid who was "singing pleasantlie," studied her books, and cultivated astrology under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Dee. On her accession she came to Oxford and had a grand reception. She listened patiently to the disputations in St. Mary's Church, saw plays acted in Christ Church Hall, and breathed a tender farewell when her visit ended. Her favourite's wife, Amy Robsart, the heroine of the romance of Cumnor, was buried in St. Mary's a few years prior to the Queen's advent.

Leicester himself met his death in the county at Cornbury, and it is said that he was poisoned by his wife, Lettice Knollys. Recusants were plentiful in Oxfordshire, and here frequently came Edward Campion, the Jesuit, who found favourite hiding-places at Stonor House, near Henley, Souldern, Mapledurham, and other residences of Roman Catholic families. George Napper, another Jesuit, was captured at Kirtlington, and was executed with revolting atrocities at Oxford. The Queen often came to Woodstock and Langley, and loved especially Ditchley, the home of Sir Henry Lee. James I. was a keen sportsman, and frequently followed the chase and stayed in the same houses, as well as at Wroxton, Broughton, Hanwell, and Chastleton.

It would require a volume to record adequately the part which the shire played in the drama of the Civil War. Oxford was the Royalist headquarters. Battles

were fought at Cropredy and Chalgrove, and at Edgehill, just beyond the borders of the county. The castle of Banbury was a great centre of fighting, and the country round was pillaged and plundered by the armies of both belligerents. A little room in Broughton Castle, the seat of Lord Saye and Sele, is pointed out as the birthplace of the rebellion. There the conspirators met to devise their plan of campaign. Amongst them were Hampden, Pym, the Lords Brook, Essex, and Warwick, and the owner of Broughton, nicknamed "Old Subtlety." In 1642 hostilities commenced. The King held Oxford, Woodstock, Mapledurham, Bletchingdon, and the Roundheads were in possession of Broughton, Banbury, Brackley, Henley, and the Chilterns. Edgehill was fought in October. Broughton and Banbury fell into the King's hands; and the town was pillaged. Oxford was fortified, and became the residence of the King during the greater part of the war. The aspect of the University city was completely changed. Learning was forgotten, and the youths rushed to arms. New College and Christ Church echoed with the sounds of military drilling. Ammunition was stored in the cloisters of New College. Strange scenes were witnessed in the streets. Wounded troopers were carried along; now a company of Parliamentary prisoners is brought in. Against the wall of Merton poor Colonel Winchbank is placed to be shot for surrendering Bletchingdon. The Court lacks not gaiety. Plays are performed before the royal party, and during the interludes of war they hunt at Woodstock. Prince Rupert is busy harrying the enemy. In 1643 the battle of Chalgrove field is fought and Hampden slain. Waller and Essex press the city closer, and Charles leaves Oxford, passing through Wolvercot and Yarnton, Handborough, Witney, and Burford, and so to Worcester. A little later he returns and fights at Cropredy Bridge. Banbury Castle is besieged by the Parliamentary forces under Colonel

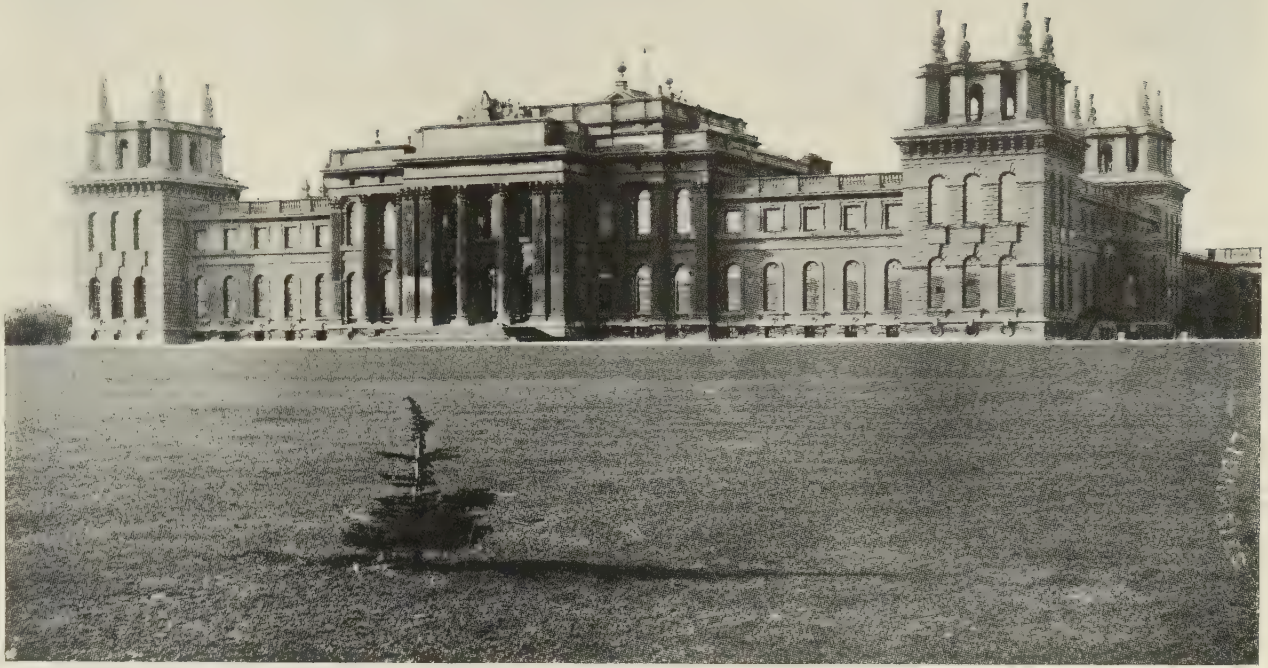
Old Houses and Cake Shop, Ramsbury

Fiennes, who makes the grand old church, so wantonly destroyed in 1790, his headquarters, and plants his artillery in the churchyard. Shots are continually exchanged by the guns of the castle and the church. The fortress holds out bravely, and is at length relieved just when provisions have begun to fail.

At length Naseby sounded the knell of the Royalist cause; Charles soon delivered himself to the Scots; and the war was over. By order of the King, the garrisons of Banbury, Oxford, and other places which had held out so long, marched out and were accorded all the honours of war, having earned the respect of both friend and foe.

The havoc wrought in Oxfordshire by the war was terrible. Banbury had especially suffered, having been frequently pillaged by both parties. Thame suffered in the same way. Henley was plundered by the Royalists. Many old houses were destroyed. Banbury Castle was pulled down. Churches were defaced, stripped of the leaden roofs, which made excellent bullets, and dishonoured by being used as barracks. Many clergymen were ejected from their livings. Speaker Lenthall, of Burford Priory, was one of the chief instruments for the removing of "scandalous ministers." The Vicar of Iffley earned his living by cutting wood. Lydiatt, Rector of Alkerton, was compelled "to borrow a shirt to shift himself"; and Dr. Oldys, of Adderbury, was shot. The ejected Bishop of Oxford, Robert Skinner, was allowed to keep the living of Launton, and, in spite of all Commonwealth commands, read the Book of Common Prayer and ordained three hundred clergymen. A visitation of the University was ordered, which occasioned strange doings at Oxford. Twenty heads of Colleges and professors were ejected, and Mrs. Fell, the wife of the Dean of Christ Church, had to be forcibly removed from the Deanery. The "Levellers" troubled the Commonwealth both at Burford and Oxford.

The Restoration was received with tumultuous joy, and the old order was restored. Puritan ways gave place to boisterous merriment, and the manners of the University were often wild and wanton. When the plague broke out in London, Charles and his court came to Oxford. Parliament met here in 1681. Monmouth's rebellion awakened the military ardour of the students, and several companies were formed, but their services were not required. The broken drum in All Souls' bursary tells of the entertainment of the young soldiers by the Earl of Abingdon at Rycote, and of their return to the city in an inebriated condition. The efforts of James II. to Romanize the University, and his contest with the Fellows of Magdalen with regard to the election of president, are familiar to all students of history, and need not now be recorded. "Dutch William" soon came to the throne. He had little connection with the shire. We hear of him at Burford in 1695, when two saddles were presented to the King, and at Oxford, where a state banquet was provided for him in the Sheldonian Theatre; but he refused to eat anything, and the viands were seized upon and devoured by a rabble of townsfolk. Both the city and the shire were ardently attached to the Stuarts. There were numerous non-jurors, amongst whom was Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, a profound hater of the Hanoverians. The city was said by Wesley "to be paved with the skulls of Jacobites." Popular rejoicings, street riots, songs and toasts, all showed the love of Oxford for the lost cause. The same feeling was prevalent in the county, and northern Oxfordshire was Jacobite to the core. The squires were meditating joining the rising of 1745. Lord Cornbury was the leader of the faction, and the Pretender is said to have visited him, and to have been shaved by a barber of Charlbury. Meetings were held prior to the rebellion at Woodstock, but perhaps prudence prevented the squires from embarking upon the perilous enterprise.



Blenheim.

This attachment to the dying cause lingered on, and not till the last century had begun did the Fellows of St. John's College cease from holding their wine glasses over the finger-bowls and toasting the king over the water.

The eighteenth century saw the rise of Blenheim Palace and the bestowal of the Honour and Manor of Woodstock by a grateful nation upon the hero of many fights, the great Duke of Marlborough. Unhappily, the Duchess destroyed the old manor-house, the home of so many kings and queens of England. There was a mania in that century for destroying old houses and building new ones. Fire also played havoc with many.

With the dying flickers of the flame of Jacobitism the connection of Oxfordshire with the annals of English history may be said to have ceased. We have had many changes in University life. The Evangelical and the Oxford Movements have exercised a lasting effect upon the country, and the University Commission has wrought changes in the life and condition of Oxford. In the shire Enclosure Acts have altered the appearance of the country, and manners change in new times; but Oxfordshire still remains one of the most delightful counties in England. Its old-world towns and villages retain the pleasing associations of their historic past, and recall many a scene of fight and foray enacted in the dim and distant time when the Dobuni struggled with their Eastern neighbours, or when Charles and Cromwell made the shire their battle-field. And Oxford, gentle mother of many sons, sheds her glamour over all, and endears to all her children the shire that gave her birth.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

DERIVATIONS are deceptive, and Camden's theory that the name of the county is derived from the Saxon *Boc*, *Bucken*, *Boccen*, or *Buccen*, signifying beech-trees, is certainly doubtful. Spelman's conjecture that *Buccen* has reference to the bucks, or deer, is equally open to objection; and Lysons' idea that the name is derived from *Boc* or *Bock*, signifying book or charter, and that "Bucking" means charter-meadow, and *ham* a home or mansion, is quite untenable. The syllable *ing* is certainly a patronymic; *Bock*, or *Buck*, was evidently the name of some Saxon chieftain, who, with his children, freedmen, and neighbours, formed a clan and settled at Buckingham, which thus became "the homestead of the family of Buck," and from which ultimately the shire took its name.[1]

But many things had happened in this part of England before Buck came with his Saxon followers. In British times it was occupied by the powerful tribe of the Catyeuchlani, or Cattuellani, whose neighbours, the Dobuni, in Oxfordshire, they had brought under subjection. Their territory included, besides Buckinghamshire, the shires of Bedford, Hertford, and Huntingdon. One of their chief towns was Urolanium, or Verulam, near St. Albans, and Cassivellaunus, who so bravely withstood the Roman legions, was probably their chieftain. Roman

[1] A tribe called the Bucinobantes, or Bucci, dwelt on the Rhine. They probably landed on the shores of Britain, near Yarmouth, where there is a place called Buckenham. Thence they travelled inland, and evidently found their resting-place in the county which now bears their name.

writers themselves bear witness to the skill and daring of this great leader, who formed plans of operations, contrived stratagems and surprises which would have done honour to the greatest captains of Greece and Rome. At length, deserted by his neighbouring chiefs, defeated at his stronghold of Urolanium, he was forced to make terms with the Conqueror Cæsar, who not very reluctantly withdrew with his army to Gaul. Legendary history relates that the great battle between the Britons, led by the sons of Kymbeline, and the Romans under Claudius, was fought on the Chilterns at Great Kimble, when Guiderius, the elder of the brothers, was slain. Geoffrey of Monmouth has much to say concerning this battle, but as his account is mythical we need not stay to consider it. The British camp, called Kimble, or Kunobeline's, Castle, remains near Ellesborough, and fancy may people it with kings and courtiers surrounded with the splendour of "barbaric pearl and gold," and associate it with the joys and sorrows of the fair Imogen. There is also a British camp at Cholesbury, and also at West Wycombe, Hawridge, Burnham, and other places. Hundreds of coins of Cunobeline, or Cymbeline, were found at Whaddon Chase.

The most important of the British remains in the county is Grim's Dyke, which consists of a rampart of earth and a ditch, and extends from Verulam (St. Albans), in Hertfordshire, crossing part of the Chiltern Hills, entering Bucks near Aston Clinton, crossing the Iknield-way, near Wendover, until it enters Berks near Cookham. This vast earthwork was probably made by the Celts as a great tribal boundary, possibly as a defence against the Belgæ. It is mentioned in the records of Ashridge Monastery (*temp.* Henry III.) in the description of a road which is said to pass *ad quoddam fossatum quod dicitur Grimes-dich.* The name was given to it by the Saxons, who, on beholding this stupendous earthwork, attributed its construction to the agent of the

Devil or Grim. The Port-way, near Stone, and proceeding to Aylesbury and Thame, is an old British road, and also the famous Iknield Street, or road of the Iceni, which extends from the Norfolk coast to Cornwall, passing through Bucks, through Edlesborough, Tring, Drayton Beauchamp, Wendover, Great Kimble, Culverton, and enters Oxfordshire near Chinnor. Along this road doubtless travelled the brave Queen of the Iceni, Boadicea, and her warriors, to attack the Romans and avenge her nation's wrongs. Akeman Street also went through the county, passing through Stony Stratford and Buckingham, and thence to Newport and Bedford. Watling Street is still preserved in the road from Brickhill to Stony Stratford.

Roman remains are very plentiful in the county, and mark well the footsteps of the conquerors. They included the county in the province of Flavia Cæsariensis. There was a Roman camp at Stony Stratford on the Watling Street, and an urn filled with the coins of Carausius and Alectus was dug up at Steeple Clayton. At High Wycombe a beautifully tessellated pavement was found, which was about four feet square, having the figure of a wild beast in the centre, with borders curiously ornamented. Coins of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius have also been discovered there, and also at Turville, with pottery and many other relics. Fenny Stratford, the ancient Magiovintum, was the only Roman station, and lies on the road which extended from Verulam (St. Albans) to Lactodorum (Towcester). Here many coins, buildings, and other Roman relics have been discovered. There was also a Roman camp at Brill, and along the course of the Roman road spear heads and other traces of the conquerors have been found. In fact, evidences of the Roman occupation are to be found everywhere—Mentmore, Kimble, Ashenden, Snellshall, Ellesborough, Aston Clinton, Monks Risborough, Princes Risborough, Whaddon, Wing, and numerous other places—

evidently showing that the Romans appreciated the beauties of the Vale of Aylesbury, and loved to plant their villas replete with the treasures of art and luxury.

Of the coming of the Saxons we have many evidences. The West Saxons, under Cerdic and Cynric, landed on the coast of Hampshire in 495, and marched inland, pillaging and ravaging as they went. Their progress was checked at Mount Badon by the Britons. For thirty years the tide of conquest was stayed; then Cynric advanced his warriors and carried all before him. The vales of Berkshire and Surrey were overrun. Perhaps it was at Chearlsley that Cynric fought against the Britons of Bucks, and overcame them, slaying both small and great, leaving not a single soul alive, as Ethelwerd wrote in his chronicle. However, it was not till 571 that the West Saxons, under King Cuthwulf, made themselves masters of the districts which now form Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, crushing the league of the four towns, Eynsham, Bensington, Aylesbury, and Lenborough, and including them in the kingdom of Wessex. They established themselves in the conquered country, planting their settlements, cultivating their fields, calling their lands after their own names. Nearly all the names of the towns and villages are Saxon.

But the West Saxons had other enemies besides the Britons. There was the great Mercian kingdom, which bounded Wessex on the north, and Oxfordshire and Bucks often changed possessors. Penda, King of Mercia, often fought with Kynegil, King of Wessex, until at length they grew weary of fighting and made peace. Then came St. Birinus, bringing the message of peace to the savage Saxons, baptised Kynegil at Dorchester, where he fixed his episcopal see, and extended his pastoral care to the region of Bucks and Mercia. Buckinghamshire has its saints. There was St. Rumbald, son of the King of Northumbria by a daughter of Penda, born at King's Sutton, Oxfordshire, who lived only three days, yet

preached to the people at Brackley, and was finally buried at Buckingham, where a shrine was erected, to which great resort was made by pilgrims.

There was also St. Osyth, who, according to Wynkyn de Worde, was born at Quarrendon, being the daughter of Frithwald, the first Christian king of the East Angles, and of Wilburga, his wife, who was the daughter of the pagan Penda, King of Mercia. She was entrusted to the care of St. Modwen at Polesworth. One day she was sent by her aunt, St. Eaditha, with a book to St. Modwen, and fell into the river and was drowned. After being in the water three days, the legend states that she was restored to life by the prayers of St. Modwen. St. Osyth was betrothed to Sighere, King of Wessex, and on the day of her marriage took the veil, lived a life of sanctity, and became abbess of Chich, in Essex. Two Danish pirates, Inguar and Hubba, cut off her head, and she was buried at Aylesbury. Prayers for deliverance from danger were often addressed to her, and she was commonly known at St. Sythe. Quarrendon also gave birth to two other saints, the aunts of St. Osyth—St. Eaditha, abbess of Polesworth, and St. Edburg, who gave her name to Adderbury and Ellesborough. They were both buried at Aylesbury, the Ægilsbury of the Saxons, which derives its name from "Eglwys," signifying a church.

King Offa, of Mercia, had a palace at Winslow, and held his court there. Moved by devotion to Almighty God, he determined to found a monastery, and, directed by heavenly guidance, he gave his royal manor of Winslow to his newly-founded abbey of St. Albans.

It is unnecessary to record how the strife went on between the kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, and how often the district changed hands, until at length Egbert, the West Saxon king, established his rule over the whole country. But peace did not last long. The Danes began to harass the district with many invasions. The great

white-leaf cross and the cross at Bledlow bear witness to the fights when Edward the Elder defeated the ravaging Danes at the battle of the bloody hill, and cut out the crosses on the chalk hill to commemorate his victories. He built also two forts in the year 918 at Buckingham, on each side of the river, to repel the Danish incursions, and, moreover, dictated his own terms of peace to the Danish chieftain, Turketil. But they soon returned to the attack, and ravaged Buckingham, plundered the villages, drove away the cattle, and killed many inhabitants between Aylesbury and Bernwood forest. Again in 941 they came, and in 1010, when, having plundered the adjacent country, they retreated thither to secure their stores of treasure. Three years later Sweyn marched along Watling Street, and allowed his soldiers to plunder the country, burn the villages, deface the churches, and ill-use and slay the people. Peace was at length concluded at Oxford between the two nations, and the land had rest, Bucks being included in the Danelagh, or Danish, district. The county has several evidences of their residence in the Danish camps which abound.

Edward the Confessor built a noted palace for himself at Brill, where he used frequently to retire to enjoy the pleasure of hunting in Bernwood forest. The fame of the "miracle-worker" was greatly increased by his restoring the sight of one Wulwyn, surnamed Spillicorn, who had been blind seventeen years, and whose eyes were opened by the royal touch. He became keeper of the King's houses. The forest wherein he used to hunt was infested by a wild boar, which was at last slain by a huntsman named Nigel, whom the King rewarded for his service with a grant of some lands to be held by horn-tenure. On this land Nigel built a large manor-house, called Bore-stall, in memory of the event through which he obtained possession. The horn is still in existence, and is of a dark brown colour, the ends being

tipped with silver, and fitted with wreaths of leather to hang round the neck.

Edith, the Queen of Edward the Confessor, held the manor of High Wycombe, which was famous for two miracles wrought by St. Wulstan, and recorded by William of Malmesbury. By virtue of his sanctity a ruinous house refused to fall until the saint with his horses and baggage had removed from the perilous building. Six years later he healed, by means of a piece of gold pierced with the head of the holy lance, a poor maid-servant, who was afflicted with a horrible disease, which caused her head to swell and her tongue to be enlarged to the size of that of an ox. Ulfric, the holy Anchorite, lived at Aylesbury in a cell near the church, and was renowned for his piety, devotion, and extreme abstinence. He was buried in his oratory at Aylesbury, "in which place, to the praise of God and glory of the saint, innumerable miracles are performed to this day," as Matthew Paris declared in 1250.

The coming of the Normans was sorely felt by the Saxon thanes of Bucks, and very few retained their ancestral homes. Wigod, the lord of Wallingford, whose daughter was married to Robert d'Oily, was one of these; but Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Geoffrey, Bishop of Constance, Milo Crispin, Walter Giffard, William Fitz-Ansculf, Geoffrey de Mandeville, and many others received grants of the fair lands of the conquered, who were reduced to the position of tenants or banished from their homes.

Aylesbury was a royal manor, and the King gave certain grants of land on the condition that the owners should provide litter for the King's bed whenever he should come thither. The palace of Edward the Confessor at Brill was used by his Norman successors. Henry II. kept his court here in 1160, when Thomas à Becket attended him as Chancellor, and witnessed the granting of a charter of free warren to Robert, Bishop

of Lincoln, of lands in Banbury. King John kept Christmas here in 1205. He spent a less pleasant time in the county on the little island opposite Runnymede, called Magna Charta Island, where he was forced to sign the charter of English freedom. The spot so famous in history is in the parish of Wrasbury, and is now connected with the Bucks bank of the Thames.

During the Norman period many fine churches and monasteries were founded. The noble churches of Stewkley, Upton, Wing, Dinton, Hughenden, and Water Stratford all contain Norman work. Of the monasteries, Nutley was the most important. It was founded about the year 1162 by Walter Giffard, second Earl of Buckingham, for monks of a reformed branch of the Augustine order established at Arras. The abbey was richly endowed by many benefactors, and Osbert was the first abbot. The last was Richard Ridge, who in 1537 subscribed to the King's supremacy, and surrendered his abbey to Henry VIII., receiving a pension of £100 per annum. Medmenham Abbey was a Cistercian monastery, founded in 1200; John Talbot was the last abbot in 1536, when it was annexed to Bisham. It was subordinate to the greater abbey of Woburn. In 1265, Richard, King of the Romans, founded an abbey of Benedictine nuns at Burnham. Alice Baldwin, the last abbess, yielded her house to the King, and, together with her nuns, was recommended to the King's favour on account of her readiness to agree to his measures. Bradwell priory was founded by Maufelin, Lord of Wolverton, in 1155, as a Benedictine priory. It was dissolved by Papal Bull in 1526, and bestowed upon Cardinal Wolsey, and assigned by him for the endowment of his new college at Oxford. Another Augustinian priory was founded at Missenden by the D'Oyleys, and richly endowed by the Missenden family in consequence of a vow made upon escaping shipwreck. It shared the fate of the other houses, and the abbot was conform-

able and received a pension. At Chetwode there was a small house, which was subsequently united with Nutley; at Ankerwycke a small Benedictine nunnery, founded in the time of Henry II., and at Biddlesden a Cistercian abbey, founded in 1147.

The college of Bonhommes at Ashridge was founded in the reign of Henry III. by his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, who brought back from Germany "a portion of the supposed blood of our Blessed Saviour," and thus caused his foundation to be held in great reverence. There was great resort of pilgrims to Ashridge, to the great advantage of the brethren. Luffield Priory has entirely disappeared. It was founded by charter of Henry I., and suppressed by Pope Alexander VI. in 1491, being annexed to Westminster. A nunnery existed at Ivanhoe, founded by Bishop Giffard in 1129, and also at Little Marlow. A priory of the order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine existed at Ravenstone, founded by Henry III., which was given up to Cardinal Wolsey. Lavendon possessed an abbey of Premonstratensian monks, founded by John de Bidun in the reign of Henry II., and Tickford, near Newport Pagnell, had a priory of Cluniac monks, or Black Canons, founded by Fulk Paganell in the reign of William Rufus. This house had a varied history, but shared the fate of the lesser monasteries in 1525. Snellshall had a Benedictine priory; Newton Longueville a Cluniac house. The Grey Friars were established at Aylesbury, and the Knights Hospitallers at Hogshaw. The monastic houses at North Crawley and Gore were destroyed at an early date. There were hospitals established at Ludgershall, Buckingham, Aylesbury, High Wycombe, Stony Stratford, and Newport Pagnell. This is believed to be a complete list of all the monastic institutions in the county.

The castles built by the Norman lords to overawe their English subjects do not seem to have been very

numerous, and have almost entirely disappeared. There was a castle at Buckingham, built by Walter Giffard, the first Norman Earl of Buckingham, who also held the castle of Long Crendon. "Castle Mead," at Newport Pagnell, is the only relic of the old castle built in the time of Henry I., of which the remains were destroyed in the time of the Civil Wars. It was the residence of John de Someric, who married the last of the Paganells. At Whitchurch formerly stood Bolebec Castle, the ancient home of the family of that name, which has also entirely vanished. Hanslope Castle, at Castlethorpe, was a strong fortress belonging to the Mauduits, which was held for some time against King John. Fawkes de Breauté, the King's favourite general, at length captured the castle and demolished it. There was also a castle at Lavendon, which existed in 1232, for there is a record in the registry of the Bishop of Lincoln of the obligation of the abbot of Lavendon to supply a chaplain to officiate in the chapel of St. Mary in Lavendon castle.

During the period of the miserable misrule of Henry III. and the ascendancy of the royal foreign favourites, there was much confusion and many contentions. Court retainers and foreign soldiers pillaged our English lands, and Bucks was not spared. One Richard Sward and other foreigners laid waste the lands of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, at Brill, and burnt the houses.

An early Parliament was held by Edward I. in the county in the year 1291, being assembled at the college of Bonhommes at Ashridge, in which were great debates respecting the origin and use of fines and their necessity. The same king kept Christmas here in 1290, and remained five weeks, grieving greatly the good people of Dunstable, who were compelled to provide provisions for the monarch and his court. The mournful procession which accompanied the body of his beloved queen, Eleanor, to Westminster, rested at Stony Stratford, and there was

erected one of the beautiful Eleanor crosses, which fell a victim to Puritan iconoclasm in 1646. Tradition associates the name of Princes Risborough with that of Edward the Black Prince, who is said to have had a palace there, but of this I can find no trustworthy evidence. He had, however, a neighbour at Hampden, whose descendant, John, in the days of Charles I., was evidently cast in the same mould, and revered not kings or princes. Of him it was said:

> "Tring, Wing and Ivinghoe,
> Three churches all in a row,
> These manors Hampden did forego
> For striking the Black Prince a blow,
> And glad he did escape so."

Chenies was also a royal palace in the reign of Edward I.

We have noticed that Buckinghamshire formed part of the large diocese of Lincoln, extending from the Thames to the Humber, and the bishops of that see had numerous palaces in the vast area over which they ruled. One of these episcopal palaces was at Fingest, where a noted bishop, Henry de Burgwash, Chancellor of England, who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century, used to come, and, seeking to enlarge his park, encroached upon the village common. After his death this deed sorely troubled the bishop's rest, and caused his ghost to walk, until at length the cause of his trouble was explained to the Canons of Lincoln, who restored the common to the Fingest villagers. There was another episcopal palace at Wooburn, which contained an uncomfortable chamber, called Little Ease, for the imprisonment of heretics. Foxe, in his *Book of Martyrs*, states that in this room Thomas Chase, of Amersham, was barbarously butchered by strangling in 1506, and was afterwards buried in Norland Wood between Wooburn and Little Marlow.

Lollardism found a congenial soil in the county, and was doubtless strengthened at its commencement by the presence of John Wycliffe, the great pre-Reformation reformer, who was Vicar of Ludgershall. Several Lollards suffered death at Amersham, the Smithfield of Bucks in the year 1413.

The great educational movement and desire for learning which became manifest in the fifteenth century influenced Buckinghamshire, and caused the foundation of Eton. Fuller wrote: "It was high time some school should be founded, considering how low grammar-learning then ran in the land." Its royal founder was Henry VI., but William of Waynflete, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was the true originator of the great college, of which he was the first headmaster. He based the statutes on those of Winchester, which formerly he ruled. The buildings were begun in 1441, and finished in 1523, the tower and gateway being built by Provost Lupton, who lies buried in the chapel in a small chantry. His rebus, "Lup," over a tun, appears over the door. Much of English history is connected with Eton, where many of our most illustrious men laid the foundations of their great careers; but of these and of the many distinguished provosts not unknown to history, we cannot now speak particularly.

When the royal founder of Eton was being conducted to the Tower, his youthful successor, Edward IV., was smitten with the charms of Dame Elizabeth Woodville, or Grey, the widow of a slain Lancastrian. Tradition states that the lovers first met near Stony Stratford, where the "Queen's oak" still stands. There also the avowed enemy of the Woodvilles, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, seized the young king, Edward V., and his brother, with several of his supporters, and conveyed them to the Tower.

During the troublous times of the Reformation there were several martyrdoms in Bucks, and Amersham was

the great centre of the reformers. One William Tylesworth was burnt there in 1506, and a few years later John Scrivener suffered a like fate. A peculiar barbarity was added to these proceedings by the compulsion of the children of the sufferers to light the fire. Perhaps the cruelty of these proceedings was the cause of that deep-seated Puritanism which characterised the Bucks people, and made the county the stronghold of the anti-Royalist party in the great struggle of the following century.

As we have seen, all the monastic houses were plundered and destroyed during the time of the great pillage, and the monks and nuns turned adrift. We find Dr. London, the iniquitous agent of the King, very busy in these parts, suppressing monasteries, turning out the poor dwellers, and collecting a vast store of relics, silver and gold vessels and ornaments, and other valuables. He writes from Reading in 1538: "I have occasion for my colledg busynes to go by Aylisbery and Bedford thys next week, and as I suppose by Northampton. In all thees places be howsys of ffryers. If it be my lordes pleasur I will dispache them quyckly, ffor seying they wold fayne be abrode yt were pytie to stay them. And in dyvers of thees howsys moche ydolytrie have been usyd, and the people sore abuysd." It must have been a "sight gude far sore eyne" for the dispossessed and persecuted monks to have seen Dr. London in the hour of his disgrace riding on an ass, facing its tail, with his feet tied beneath the animal, the object of derision and ill-usage all the way from Oxford to Reading.

We find John Knox preaching in the Amersham pulpit on the eve of the return of the papal power, "warning the faithful in England against the approaching retribution for the giddy ways of the past years." At this time the Princess Elizabeth was residing at Ashridge in the deserted college of the Bonhommes, and here she was seized and conveyed to the Tower on account of her supposed connection with the conspiracy of Sir

Thomas Wyatt. She pleaded illness, and declared that she could not leave her bed; but the soldiers were relentless, and carried her off in a litter. When she came to the throne she frequently came to Bucks during her royal progresses, and stayed at Whaddon, Wooburn, and Quarrendon.

Quarrendon was the scene of many knightly tournaments. Sir Henry Lee, the lord of that place during the Queen's first visit, held a tournament on the anniversary of her accession, and, on appearing in the lists, made a vow of chivalry that he would maintain the honour, beauty, and worth of his royal mistress against all comers every year. Following his example, a society of Knights Tilters was formed, and held a tournament every year with much pomp and rejoicing. When Sir Henry Lee could no longer fill with dignity the office of Queen's champion on account of the infirmities of age, he resigned his post, with much courtly ceremonial, to the Earl of Cumberland in the tilt yard at Quarrendon, while choirs sang verses and vestal virgins handed gifts to the Queen, and the old days of chivalry seemed to have returned.

One of the victims of Elizabeth's jealousy was her cousin, Lady Mary Grey, who was imprisoned for a long period at Chequers Court for venturing to marry Thomas Keys.

The Gunpowder Plot is connected with the county by the person of Sir Everard Digby, who owned the manor of Gayhurst. He would certainly have forfeited his property to the Crown had he not, with great precaution, settled his estates on his infant son, afterwards Sir Kenelm Digby, who was famous for his fight against the Venetians and his philosophical writings.

At Gayhurst, Sir Everard frequently entertained Guy Fawkes and the leaders of the conspiracy, who used to assemble in the attic, where was an oratory, and devise their plots. Sir Everard, though not an actual actor in

the conspiracy, contributed largely to the expenses, and was taken in open rebellion, and hung, drawn, and quartered, in 1606.

Buckinghamshire played a distinguished part in the Parliamentary wars, and was consistent in its opposition to the Royalists. The first notes of the coming strife were sounded by a Bucks squire, John Hampden, who resisted so stoutly the payment of ship-money. So popular was he amongst the farmers and gentry that, when it was proposed to arrest him, they organised a demonstration before the King at Hampton Court, and vowed to protect him. When hostilities commenced, he was the first to organise the militia. But a bullet at Chalgrove Field ended his career, and deprived the Parliamentarians of one of their ablest supporters.

The history of the Civil War in Bucks tells us of few great fights. It was one of the first counties to form an association for mutual defence on the side of the Parliament. The King had a garrison at Brill, which Hampden attacked in vain in 1642. Aylesbury was the chief garrison of the Parliament, and Oxford the headquarters of the King. So early in 1643 the Royalists agreed not to come nearer to Aylesbury than Brill, while the Parliamentarians promised not to approach Oxford nearer than Aylesbury. Newport Pagnell was garrisoned for the King, but when threatened by Essex, Sir Lewis Dyve abandoned the town. Brill was also deserted by the King's troops. Prince Rupert endeavoured to stem the tide of reverses by attacking High Wycombe, but without avail, and Aylesbury continued to be the rendezvous of the army of the Parliament, where Essex took up his quarters for some time, and was engaged in watching the King at Oxford. In 1644 the tide of battle flowed in favour of the King's foes, and Marston Moor was the death-blow of the Royalists in the north. In Bucks, however, the King enjoyed a series of brilliant and unexpected successes. He defeated Waller at Cropredy

Hampden House.

Bridge, fixed his quarters at Buckingham, and Borstall House was garrisoned for the King, and though evacuated and taken by the Parliamentary army, was gallantly recaptured by Colonel Gage. Greenland House also endured a severe siege, and ultimately surrendered to General Browne. The bravery of some of the Royalists was remarkable, and the gallant defence of Borstall House, like that of Donnington Castle in Berks, and of Basing House, is one of the brightest incidents in the Civil War. For two years the faithful garrison held on, besieged by Skippon and Fairfax and all the forces of the Parliament; though fighting for a falling cause, dispirited by the news of Naseby and other reverses, they defended their shot-ridden walls, and only when their King had yielded himself to his foes did they surrender, having earned the respect of friends and foes alike. The fall of Borstall was the end of the struggle in Buckinghamshire.

The county continued to follow the fortunes of the Parliament, and was wonderfully "kept in awe" (as a Royalist rector observed) by the presence of Roundhead leaders and their relations, and "became exceedingly zealous and very fanatical." One gallant Bucks Royalist, Sir Edmund Verney of Claydon, standard bearer of Charles I., had laid down his life for his sovereign at Edgehill, "and almost in sight of his home and all he cared for, this good, brave man passed away, while his body was buried among the host of unnamed dead who had spilt their blood fruitlessly in that dismal quarrel."

Before his flight to the Continent, Charles II. found a refuge at Latimer House, where he was entertained by the Countess of Devonshire. Most of the gentry of Buckinghamshire, being of Parliamentary tendencies, securely kept their seats during the Commonwealth period, and very few were dispossessed at the Restoration. Some of the regicides retired here to end their days, amongst whom may be mentioned Thomas Scott, at one time

Member for Aylesbury; Simon Mayne, of Dinton; and a curious creature named Bigg, whom popular tradition declared to have been the actual executioner of Charles I.

Buckinghamshire must have contained a very large number of regicides, as at least thirty of the men who were concerned with the King's trial and death were connected with families belonging to the county.

John Hampden, the grandson of the patriot, was one of the conspirators connected with the Rye House Plot, and narrowly escaped the fate of Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney. He was tried by Judge Jeffreys, found guilty, kept a long time in prison, and fined £40,000. After his liberation he joined the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, was tried for treason, but on pleading guilty was pardoned. He promoted the accession of William III. to the English throne, but ultimately became melancholy mad, and committed suicide in 1696.

In more recent times, Hartwell became famous as the residence of the exiled Louis XVIII., who, with his queen and court, there found a refuge from his turbulent subjects. There his queen died. Many of the beech-trees in the grounds still bear traces of French mottoes carved in their bark by the royal exiles, and the house contains many mementos of their sojourn.

The stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds is associated with many events in the history of our Parliamentary annals in connection with the retirement of members. The duties of the office originally were to protect travellers and inhabitants of the district from the lawless bands of robbers who roamed the wild hills. Though the thieves have gone, the office remains, and is bestowed upon Members of Parliament who wish to resign their seats, which they can only do by the acceptance of some Crown office. The Chilterns are therefore associated with the closing scenes of many an honourable career.

No other events of historical interest have taken place on Bucks soil, but the county has been remarkable on account of the very large number of literary men, distinguished statesmen, poets, and men of letters who have made it their home, sojourned in its beautiful country seats, and made them famous by their writings. Few counties can rival Buckinghamshire in literary pre-eminence. Statesmen like Edmund Burke and Lord Beaconsfield have loved to live in its secluded vales and make their homes in this delightful country. Bucks can boast of no great towns, no thriving centres of industry and enterprise, but it has been connected, as we have seen, with many of the chief events in English history. It can boast of many noble and illustrious families, some few of whom have retained their seats since the Norman Conquest, through all the vicissitudes which Time has caused; and in the spheres of literature and statesmanship, Buckinghamshire may ever be proud of its many great and distinguished sons.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

PUBLIC
DEPTFORD
LIBRARIES

Bemrose & Sons Ltd., Printers, Derby and London.